THE QUEST OF JOHN CHAPMAN

by

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

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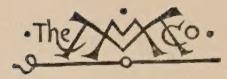
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THE QUEST OF JOHN CHAPMAN

The Story of a Forgotten Hero

BY

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

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To

F. G. C. AND A. V. C.

In Memory of

THEIR FATHER

FOREWORD

Some years ago, in making a study of the natural resources of our country, and the wealth that comes through the grains and fruits, as well as through the forests, mines, and manufacturing, I chanced upon the statement that the orchards of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys go back to the work of an old man called "Johnny Appleseed," who first appeared on the Ohio in 1790, drifting down the river in a boat filled with seeds; a man whose name and work are unfamiliar to our generation, but who is known to have put out a full hundred orchards during his strange career. Something about this story captured my imagination, and at the first opportunity I went to Columbus, Ohio, to search the records of the Historical Society. To my surprise, I found that innumerable legends, myths, and traditions have gathered around the name of this man who seems to have been the idol and hero of a generation that, of necessity, left few written records for historians.

Going to the Congressional Library I found that there is a tradition in Washington that, in 1837, a representative from Ohio rose in his seat and called

the attention of Congress to the death of an old man who had done more for the West than any other man of his era. In Indiana and Illinois I discovered that a man, who began his career as a circuit rider about 1835, had for thirty years told his congregations the story of an autumn day when he found an old man dying under the trees. This circuit rider was going through the forest near the present site of Fort Wayne. Suddenly he came upon some colonists travelling in covered wagons, who had encamped for the night. They were taking care of an old orchardist, whom they had found in the forest. This minister said that the old man assembled the children of the campers, made them kneel down, and offered a prayer for them. And so wonderful an impression did this dying man make upon the circuit rider, that during the rest of his career he insisted that no matter who the old man was, the prayer was the most marvellous prayer to which he had ever listened, and that the man had the sweetest smile, the most wondrous face, and the greatest soul that he had ever seen. Long ago that minister has passed away; indeed, his story of that scene in the forest of Indiana is now only a tradition that lingers in regions where he labored from 1835 to 1870. Later I discovered that shortly before his death Secretary Sherman spoke of this orchardist as one of the most striking figures that the republic has produced, while shortly afterward another influential citizen of Ohio left a large sum

to erect a monument to this outstanding man of the Heroic Age in American History.

During researches that have covered several years, I have read innumerable old files, newspapers, magazine articles, county histories, records of historical societies, not to mention the recent publications of the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland on "Early Western Travels." With the assistance of the Hon. E. O. Randall of Columbus, Ohio, out of many traditions and legends I have sifted these few facts. "Johnny Appleseed's" real name was John Chapman. He first appeared in the valley of the Potomac in 1789, and in western Pennsylvania the following summer. In September of 1790 he drifted down the Ohio in a boat filled with apple seeds. His plan was to go in advance of the settlers, planting orchards in the wilderness. When he had found an open glade in the forest, he dug up the soil, planted several thousand apple seeds, wove a brush fence to keep the deer away, then drifted down the river to repeat his work in another open glade. When the early settlers came, they found these apple, peach, and pear trees, with grape-vines and small fruits, growing in the forest. About 1815 the orchardist was lost in the forest, and suffered probably from an attack of typhoid or malarial fever. Months later, when he reappeared on the edge of the settlement, he wore one of his apple sacks for garments and had an old rusty tin pan on his head;

he was dazed and out of his mind. At this time the man, who at the beginning of his life was evidently a scholar, entered upon a new phase of his career; for several years he was cared for by settlers, who understood their debt to the man whose heroism in carrying on his self-imposed task was quite beyond their comprehension. Later on, he recovered his health, and again took up his work; but many writers, remembering only that tragic epoch in his career, have robbed him of his name and fame by speaking of him as a strange and crazy old man — an error into which one of our later novelists has fallen. Unfortunately the clouded epoch of his life is the epoch of newspapers and written records, while the great period of John Chapman's career was the period of oral tradition that has gone forever. But few permanent records of the years between 1789 and 1815 now remain. One letter, an order for some apple trees, and his pocket-book are now in the possession of, or accessible to, the Historical Society of Ohio. Beyond some simple facts, covering perhaps a hundred lines of writing, nothing save traditions and legends exist. One fact, however, is surely established, he is the Patron Saint of the American Orchards — a man altogether unique, picturesque, pathetic, and broken-hearted. Save Colonel Clark, he is the most striking man of all the generation that crossed the Alleghanies. Walter Scott thought it a matter of moment to his

countrymen that some one should preserve the story of that old man who went through the cemeteries rechiselling the names of dead heroes. But this scarred old hero of our republic is a thousand times more fascinating than Old Mortality or the heroes of the Nibelungen Lied. Our people are eighty millions: few are these types of manhood named the soldier, the inventor, the statesman, the jurist, the ruler, the martyr. Thus far we have produced a score or more of these typical men; and in his own class this man, John Chapman, stands forth easily foremost. Unfortunately, his early career is surrounded with silence and mystery. Why he took up this self-imposed task, what power drove him forward through forty years in the forest, from what source he borrowed his courage, his endurance, and his final victory, through what strength he endured his loneliness and privation, where were the hidings of his powers — these are questions, it is said, that can never be answered. It is true that we know all too little about John Chapman, and yet ours is a world wherein knowledge of the general course of the Mississippi foreshadows its movement for one thousand miles. From the little that is known concerning this picturesque figure, it is not hard to discover what is unknown. This man's career is one of those that is understood without dry details and facts. Nothing lies like history; there is only one truth-teller, — the imagination.

In the olden time, the Greeks told the story of the fruits and grains in the legend of Ceres, goddess of the harvests; in another century, this John Chapman will be known as the Patron Saint of the American Orchard.

Our nation owes an immeasurable debt to the sons and daughters of the Revolution who crossed the Alleghanies and laid the foundation of the great states of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys; and among the builders of these commonwealths we must make a large place for the old orchardists, — for John Chapman, who made possible the apple and peach orchards of the interior states; for Thomas Bull, who gave us the Concord grape; for John Murray, who found the Catawba in the woods of Carolina; for those men who gave us the winesap, the golden pippin, and the duchess pear. One of these men, John Chapman, was a pathfinder and creator. He was a man who could have been produced nowhere else but in this republic. His quality and flavor are unique, differing from foreign peoples as the American Indian corn differs from the barley and oats of the old world. Three motives alone can explain his career, — love and duty and God. His life is full of inspiration, rebuke, and encouragement to the youth of to-day, and in their interest I have tried to bring out the portrait of this scarred hero, who toiled all his life long in the orchards and vineyards for the people of the republic.

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THE QUEST OF JOHN CHAPMAN

CHAPTER I

THE NEW PILGRIMS AND THE SWARMING OF THE HIVE

The year was 1788, the town was Redham, and the scene was the village green. Shortly after daylight the first wagon was driven up to the sheds; after that the teams began to come in groups of two and three, until at six o'clock every road that led toward Redham was filled with footmen, horsemen, and farmers' wagons, all converging toward the public square. Other great days had brought crowds, but not even Thanksgiving Day, nor Fast Day, nor even the day that brought the news from Lexington, had ever called together a multitude like this. Before the clock struck seven, a host numbering some twelve hundred stood with faces turned toward the village church. Awaiting some signal, there they thronged, and pressed, the one upon the other. It was a typical Puritan company — the men stern and cold, representing oak and rock, the women strong and self-sufficing and yet, despite their rigorous life, having something of vine and flower. So large a multitude at such an hour stirred the sense of wonder. Great indeed the event

that could empty every house within a radius of ten miles and draw all the scattered families to the village green.

The throng seemed the stranger by reason of the season, for the month was May, and this was the tenth day of the month, always recognized as the day for opening the furrow and planting the Indian corn, that brought the colonists a grain more precious than its color. The morning also was Monday, a day dear to all housewives, with every minute a precious drop to be converted into terms of spinning and carding and weaving against the frosts of winter. And yet, on this May morning, every farmer within a radius of twenty miles had dropped his axe, forsaken his plough, forgotten his furrow, while all the women had deserted their distaffs and spindles; and, drawn together by some magic, the throngs now stood silent and uncovered in the public square. Plainly, some strange spell had fallen upon the people, and the sense of awe dwelt in the very atmosphere. Men spoke in low and subdued tones; from time to time the women rebuked the children for outbreaking speech or laughter. The low hum of question and answer ever rose and fell, but it was easily to be seen that the sense of silence and mystery had fallen on the multitude — such a spell as always rests on men met to say farewell to some Jason setting forth in quest of the Golden Fleece.

A great day this for the people of Redham! These are the New Pilgrims, and to-day will witness the first swarming of the New England hive. For the multitude, the centre of fascination was the

group of wagons, pack-horses, guides, and soldiers. Picturesque indeed the Conestoga wagons, with their broad wheels and boat-shaped bodies, each made water-tight, overarched with bows and covered with canvas against the rains of summer and the snows of winter. To the wheels of the wagons were tied a score of pack and saddle horses, all of them hobbled, and every one wearing a bell that was muffled by day and freed by night. Hovering about the horses, rubbing their coats, polishing their high hames, their chiming bells, and heavy harnesses, were men who seemed in part guides and trappers, in part hunters and soldiers. Plainly, these wagons were ships of the wilderness, fitted for journeying across rivers, through forests, and over mountains. One great wagon was stored, like the hold of a ship, with ploughs, spades, hoes, and pitchforks, weapons for subduing the wilderness and turning waste places into pastures and meadows. On the inside of the wagons, and resting upon their hooks, were rifles ready to the hunters' hands, while below the axles of another wagon hung a small swivel-gun, forecasting some far-off fort and stockade with defences against the Indians. Perhaps the unconscious thought of coming peril had led the New Pilgrims to camp under the very eaves of the house of God; for these wagons, clustered about the meeting-house, made a kind of mute appeal for the protection of Him whose providence overarches men as the blue sky overarches the earth.

In the darkness, a full hour before the dawn, the door of the merchant's house opened, and William

Durand passed down the steps, went slowly across the green, and entered the village church. There he felt his way from seat to seat until he found the steps that led up into the candlestick pulpit. Reverently he opened the great Bible and slipped a paper in between the velvet cover and the lid. Then he crept down the stairs and found the pew in which he had worshipped as a child, where he fell upon his knees and bowed his head like one who is forced to the earth by sheer weight of heavy burden. Long he remained there, until the day had fully dawned and poured the light through the little window and lent beauty unto the bare walls. Conscious of the flood of warmth upon his face at last he arose, and threw wide the windows that looked out upon the pilgrims, who seemed to the old merchant to represent the knights of a new chivalry. Then it was that the door opened, and his old friend the minister entered.

It was a moist, rich, budding, melodious summer's morn, but for the two men, the great populous, vocal world was as though it were not. That band of pilgrims held their every thought. For them the wagons, the pack-horses, the guides, and trappers were clothed with wonder and mystery, steeped in poetry and passion, in romance, peril, adventure, defeat, and victory. What storms would overwhelm these Pilgrims! What floods must they cross! What perils surmount! They were to cross the Alleghanies and in the rich valley beyond lay the foundations of a new state! To these men, the enterprise seemed so vast, and freighted with possibilities so immeasurable, as to

justify the entrance into the scene of an Invisible Guide and Leader, who should Himself sound the note to which the Pilgrims might march and wave the signals from unseen battlements, and by His own strong hand bring the host through the wilderness into their Promised Land.

Busied with such thoughts as these, William Durand and Dr. Chapman were unconscious of the flight of time. But when the clock struck seven, Captain Picquet approached.

Looking up, the merchant recognized a young trader from Fort Pitt, a man who had crossed the Alleghanies and made his way to Boston that he might spread the news of the vast El Dorado that lay beyond the mountains in the Ohio Valley.

"All your people round about seem to have come in to see us off. Is our enterprise then so big with peril, as the presence of this multitude would indicate?" asked Captain Picquet, in half-laughing and half-cynical tone, as he questioned his host.

"These are our New Pilgrims! God prosper their enterprise!" and William Durand lifted his hat and bowed his head.

And now Captain Picquet, who seemed at once Spaniard and Indian, with copper skin and jet-black hair and piercing eyes, turned and looked questioningly upon this sturdy merchant, whose blood held something of the iron and granite of the New England hills. Then William Durand went on.

"The first Pilgrim fathers assembled on the sands of Holland and looked toward the sea. These New Pilgrims are gathered on the edge of the forest and look toward a land beyond the mountains.

Whether that first *Mayflower* or this second migration represents the greater peril, no man knoweth."

"How long is it since your fathers left Old England?" asked the trader, who seemed to have passed under the spell of the old merchant's enthusiasm and to have confessed anew the fascination of this enterprise.

"It is one hundred and seventy-two years since our *Mayflower* set sail. These young men, therefore, represent the fifth generation. The noble sons of a noble heritage are they! God bless them!" and the old merchant lost himself again in the tide of emotion that swept over him.

"This should be a proud day for you, then, William Durand, in that one who bears your name is the leader of this new enterprise."

"A proud man I am, indeed," answered the merchant. "I trust that my brother will make his name as honorable among the New Pilgrims, as the name Bradford is honored by the Old ones." And now both men followed with their eyes Colonel Durand, who was at the head of the enterprise, and was giving the final commands preparatory to the solemn service to be held an hour later in the white meeting-house.

Now the trader turned his face toward the minister. "Yesterday, sir, in your sermon, you said it was peculiarly fitting that our company should march in solemn procession to the church, and from thence set forth upon their journey. To what did you refer?" asked Picquet. To this man the New England people and their customs seemed strange and unfamiliar.

"It has always been a tradition," replied the minister, "that on the morning our Pilgrim fathers sailed from Leyden, they marched in solemn procession down the street, and then knelt on the sand before the sea on whose waves rocked the *Speedwell*. In that hour the minister, John Robinson, made his forecast of the future of the Pilgrims who were to go forth, not in quest of the Golden Fleece, not to found a new city, that should repeat for Æneas the old and base Troy, but to find a haven of perfect liberty and happiness beyond the sea. In their emergency, the scholar claimed for the Pilgrim fathers the promise given to that great pioneer centuries before. 'Get thee out from thy country and thy kindred unto a goodly land that I will show thee, and I will bless thee, and thy children after thee, and in thee and thy children shall all the families of the earth be blessed.'

"Then, having told the Pilgrim fathers that this was the most glorious promise ever given to a company of men, he charged them to go forth and sow the new continent with the good seed of learning, liberty, and religion. Afterward, marching down to Delft Haven, the Pilgrims chanted a solemn psalm, 'Though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, we will not fear;' — the children singing with the tears streaming down their cheeks, the women singing with many a catch in their throats, while the men, coercing their lips into the accustomed smile, sang with a far-away look in their eyes. Then, kneeling on the shore, while the *Speedwell* tossed on the waters before them, John Robinson committed

the Pilgrim fathers unto Him who controls the seas and who calls the storms back to His hand as a bird returns unto its nest."

"A glorious ship, sir, that *Mayflower!*" exclaimed Picquet. "I cannot understand why your fathers did not preserve the *Mayflower*, even as the Jews preserved the ark that held the tables of their law."

"What great man was ever conscious of the greatness of the deed at the time he was doing it? Did Paul, dying, realize that he had brought democracy into Europe? Did Luther realize that he had transformed Germany? Nothing is so wonderful as the unconsciousness of genius. Our fathers did not know what they had done for liberty. Had they understood it, they would indeed have preserved that ship — the *Mayflower* — a boat freighted with cargo more precious than the *Argo;* a ship that represented interests more sacred than those of the *Santa Maria* of Columbus."

"But," said the young trader, "consider what adventures and perils and obstacles will confront these new colonists! I venture that the time will come when the sons will be counted worthy to rank with their Pilgrim fathers."

"I trust so, sir, and I believe you are right. Something about this enterprise has captured my imagination! Do you remember, William, the old days when we first read the story of 'Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand'? That Grecian company was made up of men alone, men of iron strength; these Pilgrims include women who to-day take life itself into their hands. Xenophon's soldiers marched toward home and native land,

toward Athens, toward familiar scenes and all-embracing love. Our young soldiers march away from home, straight toward death. Here fortune and ease are offered them, but they turn their backs on softness, and go into a country they know not of to do foundation work. I tell you, sir, the history of heroism will furnish no story more thrilling than the story of these Pilgrims who are going forth to brave the perils of frost, famine, flood, winter, burning heat, disease, hunger, heartbreak, savage beasts, and still more savage men," and again the minister forgot himself and wiped his eyes, trying to conceal his emotion.

"My brother says you have lived long in the Ohio River country. You must tell us more about its resources."

"That is a long story," replied the trader, with smiling face. "I am like that ruler who returned from a visit to Solomon's kingdom, and having described it as best she could was compelled to add that not half had been told. If Heaven has smiled upon this region east of the Alleghanies, then, in overflowing benevolence, the skies have laughed outright upon the lands west of the Alleghanies. Oh! it is a goodly land, with rich soil and heavy forests; a land where the wild bees fill all the hollow trees with honey; a land where the wild grapevines are only less large than that clustered vine that Joshua and Caleb tore from a tree and carried on a pole between them when they returned from spying out the promised land."

"Would that I were a younger man!" exclaimed the old merchant. "Oh! I know how a horse

feels when tied to a tree in the moment when all the other horses go thundering by! But," continued William Durand, "I have sometimes feared that our people will be so disturbed by these stories of the great West as to be unfitted for their plain home duties. All our young men seem to be turning their thoughts toward the Ohio River."

This roused the young trader. "Well, sir, can you rightfully blame them? Here in Massachusetts the climate is niggardly, the soil thin and scant, the summer short, the north wind unpropitious; in that far-off Ohio Valley, summer broods long over the fields, the soil is deep and black, the clouds are generous, and so long are the frosts delayed that even in winter, in the open glades, I have seen the sun fall on rich violet beds. Oh, I am an enthusiast," laughed Captain Picquet; "I tell you the Mississippi Valley is the garden of the world. The Eden that long ago was lost must have been located in our valley of sunshine.

"But pardon me, sir," continued Picquet. "This morning our company has through me made one last attempt to induce Colonel Durand to march with us to the church. He refused. I can do nothing with him. He wants us to seek the blessing of the church upon our enterprise, but he will not cross its threshold. Now some of the guides will not go into the church without their leader, though he has released them from all suspicion of disloyalty. A good hater, sir, is Colonel Durand! The men wish you, sir, to make one last appeal to your brother."

Plainly, his enemy would not be reconciled! Deeply disappointed, the minister bowed, and without a word withdrew. Understanding his embarrassment, the young trader now went to the assistance of a guide who was fastening his pack to the back of a young horse, unaccustomed to the burden.

Scarcely had the trader gone when the old merchant crossed the street to urge his brother to reconsider his refusal. Colonel Durand was a stout, stocky man — strong and impassive, rough as granite, and as unyielding as the mountains and hills. He was a man not easily persuaded, one who looked first upon his own things. A plain-spoken Puritan woman, who did not like the stern soldier, once said that a young girl was as likely to fall in love with a piece of granite, or to fondle with bosom words a chunk of ice, as to fall in love with Colonel Durand. Nevertheless, if the geode is rough without, within it has a heart filled with flashing diamond crystals.

"You were up long before day," said the merchant.

"Yes, William, and by rights I should have been up all night," the soldier answered.

"A letter from Boston brings me word that our people there have organized a colony. A leader also has been chosen, a government fitted for the colonists formed, and in sympathy with the movement, the citizens are to assemble in town-meeting to consider voting an appropriation. The next time I go up to Boston I am going to propose to our minister that when their Pilgrims start that the

colonists march in procession to the church and all the people bid them God-speed. The more I think of your movement, the more I fear that your company is entering upon an enterprise as perilous as that of 1620. That single winter left half the little company sleeping under blankets of snow."

Now all the time the old merchant was addressing these words to his soldier brother it was evident that his lips were uttering one sentiment while his mind was upon another. Plainly William Durand was embarrassed. He tapped upon the ground with his cane; he looked straight before him as one who, looking, sees nothing, and his demeanor was that of a man who knows what he ought to do, but dislikes to do it.

Suddenly the old merchant turned sharply around and looked with level eyes into the eyes of his brother.

"You know how deeply interested I am in your plans; you are young and I am old, and most of what I have will soon be yours and Dorothy's. And now for the sake of the old times, since I may never see you again after to-day, I want to say one thing before you and I go in to breakfast and meet Dorothy.

"It is now two full years since you have crossed the threshold of this church; it is two years also since your daughter Dorothy has been allowed to speak to the minister's son. The enmity between you as soldier and my pastor and teacher is an enmity that has burned by day and by night. Once warm friends, you are now bitter enemies. As fathers, you have by every consideration of honor and reverence bound the child of the one not to

speak to the child of the other. But to-day events are to compel the minister and his son John to meet your daughter Dorothy and yourself at the very church that witnessed the beginning of this conflict. What is to be the nature of the meeting between the minister who preaches the sermon to the Pilgrims, and the soldier who leads the Pilgrims forth? Are you two men to meet as two chemicals that come together for a terrible explosion? I am now an old man; you are the Benjamin of our family, twenty years younger. I know men, and I know that you can never coerce your daughter or the minister's son. Is this day, therefore, to witness the final parting of John and Dorothy, or is it to witness the reconciliation of their fathers?"

The soldier's face was now white and drawn, and his hands were tense and clenched. From no one else would he have brooked these words. But William Durand was his only brother; William Durand was a merchant without wife or child; his wealth, also, great for those times, would soon be Dorothy's and his own. Influenced, perchance, by many motives, Colonel Durand listened to his brother when he would have heard no one else.

And now the old merchant continued: "Like you, I arose a great while before day. I made my way to the old church and found the pew that was consecrated by the prayers of our fathers. Last night for a time you tossed on your pillow and then walked the floor. I heard your steps, and I too was sleepless. In the night I went across to the church thinking I might find comfort there.

"As I looked toward the minister's house I saw a

candle burning in John's room, and looking back toward this house, in Dorothy's window I saw another candle burning; and the light in the one, shining through the darkness for the other, burned with pathetic appeal. Through two years a soldier and a minister have stood between two lovers, forbidding them any form of greeting, and when I saw those candles burning last night, and knew that one taper had been lighted by a broken-hearted girl, and that behind the other was a youth who was once the pride of your life, and who was keeping watch the long night through, before Dorothy was torn from him forever, well — it all but breaks my heart."

Then the old merchant walked back and forth until he could pull himself together; but Colonel Durand was in a fury of anger, yet, if his eyes burned like furnaces of fire beneath the overhanging cliffs, the explosion was restrained.

Suddenly the merchant stopped, put his hand upon his brother's arm, saying: "Look at that great multitude. Here are hundreds of men and women come in from fields and farm and village. These people know that when you enter the church and the minister ascends his pulpit, all the elements fitted for an explosion will come together. Because of your position and influence, as soldier and minister, you to-day are the two outstanding figures in the town. One thing both of you have forgotten — from childhood John and Dorothy have been the joy and centre and pride of all the village life. In the hour when the feud between you as minister and soldier was at its keenest, and

the community was divided into two hostile camps, people here have had many harsh thoughts toward the two fathers; but there has not been one man or woman who has not cherished a great pity and love for this unhappy boy and girl, whose sky at the outset has been overcast with storms. It seems to me that to-day you ought to make some overture of reconciliation. The minister feels that you have been in the wrong: he will never yield. I am old and must soon go, and Dorothy is as dear to me as a daughter. Why should we break her heart? For years I have lived in the hope of an alliance between the son of my dearest friend and my own niece."

Again silence fell upon the two men. The old merchant did not realize his brother's attitude; for with iron hand the soldier held himself. In reality Colonel Durand stood over against his brother like a castle armed, locked, and bristling with bayonets.

Then, fortunately, or unfortunately, Captain Picquet returned, and then also came the signal that called the three men into the merchant's house to make ready for the procession to the church. As they crossed the green, the multitude parted, and the people searched the soldier's face as if to forecast the events of the day. For all the men of Redham were burning with curiosity, wondering whether Colonel Durand would in person lead his Pilgrims to the church after his two years' absence; wondering whether the meeting between the enemies would strengthen an old hatred or revive an old friendship. For the hour had fully come when

all would soon know what was hidden behind the veil.

In anticipation of their coming, Dorothy stood on the steps of the old Durand mansion to bring her uncle, her father, and their guest in. Something unwonted in her dress caught and held the startled gaze of her father. By nature she was the child of color, warmth, and sunshine. For years, ever since her mother's death, her soldier father had clothed the beauteous girl in tints that lent themselves to her rich loveliness. To-day, in anticipation of her going from the roof where she was born, Dorothy sought out an attire that befitted her mood, but that stirred the elements of fear in her uncle. Guided by some deep instinct, Dorothy had put on a suit of black broadcloth that had been her mother's. Startled by her garb, and with his brother's words in mind, Colonel Durand with his eyes felt over his daughter's face like one who was searching out what was new and strange. She too had kept her vigil, and, standing there, the soldier was conscious of the dark lines under her eyes. The color also for once had fled from her cheeks. Her mood was gentleness, a strange note was in her voice, but, above all, suddenly the girl seemed to have become a mature woman. Robed in black, she now seemed sister to our Gentle Lady of Sorrows.

Dorothy was rather above the average height, strong, and almost slender. She had dark hair, a broad forehead and the heavy eyebrows that were the birthmark of her mother's family, an oval face that met in a chin that was firm and strong. The time was when Dorothy was as full of laughter

as a running brook; not now. The time was when her face and form were as full of color as the roses in the garden were full of redness; now the profile was cut in marble. The time was when Dorothy was as full of song as the lark in whose throat song bubbles hour by hour; to-day she was silent. Events had dealt harshly with her; an enmity which she could not understand had separated the two households; one long summer and winter, followed by a second summer and winter, had come and gone, and not for one hour had her father relaxed his pitiless rigor; now the Alleghanies were to be placed between Dorothy and her lover. The long night through, the beautiful girl had been in her Gethsemane, but when the day dawned a sweet, gentle peace stole into her heart. Perchance the cup of bitterness stretched out to her was from the Hand that had been pierced. If it was His will, if His hand had mixed the cup, she would drink it to the very dregs. In the olden days she had been touched by the angel of Beauty. Lo, to-day, what the angel of Loveliness could not do, the angel of Sorrow had easily accomplished. For the first time in his life Colonel Durand feared, not understanding his daughter; suddenly his mind passed through an utter revulsion. What he had refused his brother, he determined to grant to his daughter!

"Dorothy, I have decided to lead the procession to the church. You will walk with me. Come, we must start upon the stroke of the clock!"

Startled, the girl drew herself up, threw her head back, while the warm, rich color flooded her

face and neck. Her lips trembled with sudden shock of happiness, her eyes were dim and suffused. As a sunbeam steals into a dark room, Joy had come unawares. For one moment she stood motionless. Then, with the love-light shining in her eyes, and more beautiful than ever before, Dorothy stretched out her hands to meet her uncle and her father and lead them into the home from which soon she was to go forth forever.

CHAPTER II

A SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

On the previous Sunday the minister had announced that the people would assemble in the public square at eight o'clock on Monday morning; that at half-past eight the procession would form to march into the church, there to listen to a solemn charge; and that at ten o'clock the colonists would receive the final farewells of their old friends and neighbors, and set forth upon their march and pilgrimage. Stirred to the very depths by the issues involved in the new enterprise, bound together by a common sympathy, the people were now gathered upon the village green, neighbor whispering with neighbor, friends talking in low tones with friends, about the heroism of these New Pilgrims, the perils of their enterprise, and about the events, perhaps dark and terrible, that were to be disclosed when to-morrow's morrow had drawn the veil from the horizon. Because all the people had but one heart, and that heart was very full, they waited eagerly for the moment that had been appointed. When the hand of the clock on the church tower rested at full half-past eight, and still the procession did not start, all men wondered, and a shade of anxiety flitted from face to face, as the shadow of a cloud flits over a field of wheat. Nine

o'clock came, and John Chapman still stood expectant on the steps of his father's house, ready to give the signal for the procession to enter the church.

"Good men," said the magistrate, looking toward the door of the manse, from whence all were waiting for the minister to appear, "I venture that not in twenty years before has Dr. Chapman been a minute behind the time appointed. This delay brings me disturbance. I fear that some event has happened yonder that augurs no good for these colonists."

"Not so loud, sir," answered his fellow-official, in low, sibilant tones, nodding his head backward as if he feared the youth had overheard. Then the circle of gray heads, representing all the officers of the village, drew closer together.

"You all know," continued the last speaker, "that I never had any sympathy with this hazardous enterprise. I can truly say that the forecast of its future has cost me many sleepless nights. The abuses of King James's era forced our Pilgrim fathers out of the old home, but what wrongs do these young men suffer? Our fathers felt that the old English hive was crowded, but here in New England there is room and to spare. Many a time have I argued in the public assembly against this movement, and always these enthusiasts, hungry for territory, have prevailed over our counsels. I am disturbed and anxious for my friends and neighbors."

"But," replied another, "surely it is too late now for reconsideration. Experience has taught me that a bad plan boldly carried through yields

better results than a good plan feebly executed. Your warnings come too late now. Dr. Chapman waits for the coming of Manasseh Cutler, who must drive over the hills from Ipswich. You know he has written out the plan of government for the company. His own son, too, and his newly married daughter are among the colonists. The hills are steep between here and Ipswich, and perhaps some accident has detained a company that will soon reach our village."

"Yes," answered the old judge, with a tinge of sharpness in his tone, "yes, perhaps some accident! Perhaps Manasseh Cutler's wagon has lost a wheel; perhaps his son's horse has gone lame; but perhaps, also, Manasseh Cutler, at the last moment, understands the perils involved and draws back in a moment when he sees his mistake."

"Yes? Do you really think the man repents this movement he has fostered?"

Closer now drew the gray heads. "I do indeed, and well he may! What folly for the man to send his two children into the forest! What have that stripling boy and his child wife to do with the perils of Indians and wild beasts? It is but yesterday that we all heard of the massacre at Wyoming. Those colonists gave a score of years to building their stockade and their farm-houses, and subduing their fields, yet in a single night the Indians made Wyoming a black heap; and now we are sending these children forth, and delivering them over to the red devils, with their war-paint and their lust for human scalps. But Manasseh Cutler is not content with sending a colony as

far west as Wyoming in Pennsylvania. He must needs send them beyond the Alleghanies and put a thousand miles of forest and half a million Indians between these children and the far-off home land."

"But they will build a fort," urged the old man.

"A fort! Humbug! Think you they will be safe behind any stockade that can be built? What is a stockade save a tiny island, surrounded by an encroaching sea of savagery? Under cover of night Indians will creep from forest to stockade, and lift a torch upon the logs, and flames will lick up the fort. Our people are too ambitious for territory. What if the French and Spanish should set sail up the river and take possession of the Ohio Valley? They will only build towns and cities for us. Afterward, when we have taken all the country east of the mountains, our children's children will assemble on the top of the Alleghanies, march down the western slopes, and push the foreigners back. For myself, I wash my hands of the whole movement. It is flirting with death. The Pilgrims do but tempt the Indians. Their blood be upon their own heads!"

"Well, I too marvel at the foolhardiness of Colonel Durand, who leads this company upon such an errand."

"Oh, Colonel Durand has no enthusiasm for Indian warfare!" And now the judge began to emphasize his words by pounding his cane upon a boulder at his feet. "He is too good a soldier not to understand the perils of this enterprise. Do you know what drives Colonel Durand out of Redham? Look at that boy yonder on the steps — the handsomest boy that ever walked into a lecture-

hall! God save him from pride! And that girl yonder with the red coat and fur! She is the single spot toward which John's eyes are always turned. Yes, yes, yes! We must all confess that it is the bitterness between Colonel Durand and our good minister that is responsible for his position as captain of this company."

"Did you notice that last Sunday the minister said that a scarlet thread runs all through the texture of King George's paper money? Well, the threads of this enterprise are crimson and black;" then the magistrate nodded significantly toward John with his velvet cloak and Dorothy with her red cape over her black dress.

"But who can blame Colonel Durand?" answered the judge, speaking now with more heat. "What folly was it for the minister to expel our colonel from the church and expunge his name from the roll of members! That act disgraced a brave soldier all over the colony! Think of it! A man whose ribbon for gallantry was pinned on his coat by General Warren, a half hour before he fell at the battle at Boston! No braver and no better man ever walked down the aisle of any church than Colonel Durand."

"Yes, yes! It was an evil hour for this town when the feud between the minister and the soldier broke out. It has divided the church into two companies, and digged an abyss between them, and Redham has never been the same since."

"But what else could the minister and the office-bearers do?" said the tithesman. "Colonel Durand insulted both church and minister. Plainly,

you have no sympathy with the high Calvinism of Dr. Chapman."

"Little sympathy it is, that I have! For my part, I think our colonel's bravery on the battle-field was less than his bravery on that Sunday morning when he rose in his pew and rebuked the minister for frightening the people with the pictures of the flames of hell."

"Ah! What a day was that!" exclaimed the old judge. "I count that incident one of the finest incidents of my life! I can see the colonel now, rising in his pew and, with his angry look and uplifted hand, saying, 'As an office-bearer of this church I protest against such statements in the presence of my child.' Our colonel really believes the minister maligned God when he made Him sweep sinful men into hell, as a housewife, on a frosty morning, lifts the iron lid and sweeps the cold benumbed flies into the red-hot coals. That took courage for you! For myself, I think more of our colonel for his protest than of our preacher for expelling the protester."

"But I do not understand how the colonel is improving matters by taking Dorothy into the wilderness beyond the Alleghanies and exposing her to all the dangers of forest and Indian."

"The colonel is not thinking of the wilderness," continued the old judge. "The colonel knows that if he stays here, now that the minister's son has come home, sooner or later John will win Dorothy back. How can the soldier endure the thought that his daughter is to go over to the minister's house, and the minister gain all, while he, in

giving Dorothy to John, will lose all? Having kept Dorothy from speaking to John for two years, he is going to take her out of the reach of temptation, even though she does break her heart."

"Well, Dorothy may be crying her eyes out, but he who wants to see real trouble has only to look toward the minister's son and the minister himself. Everybody knows that during all the years that have passed since Colonel Durand crossed the threshold of our church, he has never allowed John Chapman or the minister to cross the threshold of his house, or permitted either father or son to speak to Dorothy."

"The sweetest cider always makes the sourest vinegar," answered the tithesman. "Once these two men, the minister and our colonel, were as David and Jonathan; but ever since the minister joined the party of Jonathan Edwards they have only disputes, and for love they have hatred. For my part, I think men ought to fight their own battles, without dragging in their children."

"I did not know before that it was a crime for parents to sacrifice their children," replied the magistrate, somewhat tartly. "What if the colonel does sacrifice Dorothy? Did not Jephthah sacrifice his daughter? What if the minister does break John's heart? Did not Abraham offer up Isaac? When men who have loved each other once begin to hate, they hate unto death."

And now a new voice broke in: "Don't you believe that! What! the minister hate Colonel Durand? He loves him as he loves no one else save his own son."

"Right you are! Why, by day and by night Dr. Chapman mourns for his old friend as for one who has wandered from the path of truth! The minister has never been the same man since this trouble split the church in two. And when he asked us to take the colonel's name from the church, it was as if he had torn out his own heart."

"No, Judge, you are mistaken. This is a feud that will burn until death, and beyond it. The two men are as set as the mountains around Jerusalem, that cannot be moved."

"Not if the women have their say," replied the magistrate's wife, who had listened in silence. "This trouble in the church ought to have been settled long ago. Everybody knows that John and Dorothy were made for one another. From the time her mother died, Dorothy has been the pride of every woman in Redham — even as all you men went up to Cambridge to see John graduate, because he has always been your boast."

Just then the noise of approaching vehicles was heard, and a little group of horsemen and wagons came in sight. Fortunately it was Manasseh Cutler's company. So the crowd separated, and in another moment the judges and the magistrate from Ipswich stepped forward to greet their brethren of Redham, and then the procession formed.

First of all came the minister, and on his arm was Manasseh Cutler, still explaining the reason for the delay. He was followed by the pastor of Rockbridge, with the judges and magistrates of the neighboring villages. The colonists proper were led by Colonel Durand, who walked with his daughter

Dorothy upon his arm. Afterward, by two and two, marched some twenty young men with scarcely bearded faces, some of them soldier boys, organized into a band called Sons of the Revolution. Then came the married colonists with their wives, and, last of all, four hunters, wearing coats of buckskin, while the Indian guides marched with hand-axe at the belt and musket on shoulder. When the last of the colonists had entered the church, the people followed after, crowding aisles and gallery, while the rest, unable to get into the church, pushed close to the open windows, through which they easily heard the psalms read by a speaker whose face they could not see. At last the moment to which all had eagerly looked forward was come. The minister arose in his place and spread out his manuscript; leaning on the side of his candlestick pulpit, he began: —

"My children, to-day you go forth upon your pilgrimage. You are the sons of the Pilgrim fathers. They took vows for you, and for you made pledges. As sons of a noble heritage, you must emulate your fathers in your ambition to do foundation work, and to achieve great things for your republic. They came to this new land, leaving every form of treasure behind them. Some were the heirs of great estates in England, but they gave up their lands. Some were the owners of mansions, whose halls and galleries they surrendered. Some also were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, whose libraries and lecture-halls they left behind forever. Here in this New England your fathers founded schools and colleges and churches. You, their children,

have had all the advantages that they could give you. And now we are about to send you away to lay the foundations of another republic beyond the Alleghanies, and perhaps fight a new revolution against the Spanish and French. In that far-off land you will become the architects of a new state, and found institutions that will make your republic the educator of the world in liberty and self-government.

"As you go, I send you out to do for this Great West what one of the apostles did in the early Christian centuries. This man, travelling everywhere, always carried seeds with him. Once, upon a voyage of good-will to a distant country, it chanced that a ship upon which he had taken passage was cast upon a desert island. When the crew had escaped the perils of the surf, they fronted a greater peril of starvation upon land. The island was sere and black from a fire that had swept over the fields, leaving no living thing. Soon all the men fell upon death, but before he died, the man who always carried seeds with him planted these seeds under the shelter of a great rock. Digging up the soil as best he could, he sowed the ground with seeds of grain and vine and tree.

"Long afterwards, another ship was cast upon the shores of that island. But the sailors landing there found the fields covered with grain and fruit, and stretching out their hands they found clusters against their hunger, and hard by were springs of water against their thirst. My children, I send you forth into this land beyond the Alleghanies to sow the soil with the good seed of liberty.

With tears you may sow, but with joy you will reap. No seed will be lost. God's angels will cover the seeds and care for them; when the summer is ended, they will count the sheaves, and give back into your bosom the bundles."

Little did the pastor think that this chance word about orchards was to change the course of his son's life. Nevertheless, henceforth a bough of apple blossoms was to control the boy's life work, and through him enrich his country.

In that moment of strained listening, when every one leaned forward to catch each word, and all were breathless, no one seemed more moved than the minister's son. John stood in the very front of the gallery that was crowded with standing men. By choice or some strange chance he looked directly down upon the pew in which sat Colonel Durand and Dorothy. The youth was separated but by a little distance from the beautiful girl from whom, perhaps, events were soon to separate him forever. Something there was in the story of this man with the apple seeds that sent the blood rushing to John's cheeks. A little later, when all men closed their eyes and bowed their heads during the solemn prayer that committed the Pilgrims into the hands of God, the minister's son worked his way toward the door, thinking that no one would notice him.

Once in the outer world, he ran swiftly into the manse that stood close to the church, hurried straight through the house into the garden behind, went to an apple tree, pulled down a bough, glorious with its blossoms, and breaking off a spray of pink and white bloom, hurried back to his old position in the gallery above the colonel's pew.

Fortunately all men's heads were still bowed. His father was just bringing the prayer to its close.

"And now we commit to Thee this Pilgrim band. In all their journey through the wilderness, be Thou for them a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. They are to know the perils of forests, perils of rivers, perils of the wilderness, perils of savage men; they are to meet loneliness and sorrow and heartbreak. All these are Thine, but they are ours also through love. Not one of this Pilgrim band but is dearer to us than our own soul."

What word was this? Forgetting the irreverence of the act, the old magistrate opened his eyes, in astonishment! Did that word include Colonel Durand?

"Not one but is dearer to us than our own soul"?

Did the soldier hear that word?

If so, of what was he thinking?

What was this note of pain in the speaker's voice? Was the minister stretching out the olive branch of peace? What warmth had melted the icy reserve of the pastor? What sorrow had made the old scholar pray with a sob in his voice and a catch between his words?

But the judge found that if curiosity had opened his eyes, wonder and surprise had also opened the eyes of all the congregation! Men looked in wonder upon their minister and lo! watching his face, they beheld the solar look upon his brow, that look which they would never see again, until the Vision Splendid dawns for them, and all the shadows flee away. At last this cold, iron man in the pulpit had warmed, his heart had dissolved and

become as water. And then, too, it was that with all the congregation looking as his father prayed, young John Chapman worked out his destiny.

Leaning over the gallery, the boy opened his hand. Then a little spray of apple blossoms, moving slowly and leaving a perfumed track behind, fell upon the hands of Dorothy in the pew beneath.

Never was moment more dramatic! Men forgot to breathe.

The minister with his prayer was still oblivious to things here on earth.

Something had startled all the worshippers and opened all eyes.

Colonel Durand had risen to his feet! He was looking now down at the spray of apple blossoms in Dorothy's lap, now up into the eyes of the youth in the gallery above, — a boy whose face was set, brave, and unflinching; yea, all aflame with his great love, and in that moment of confession unashamed and triumphant.

For what seemed a long time, looking eye into eye, the battle of will between lover and soldier went on.

Just as a fencer with his sword protects himself by the flashing blade, and by swift movement of the point makes a rim of blue fire before him, so the swords in John Chapman's eyes flashed and gleamed. In his eyes were the swords of flame with which the angel of Love keeps the gates of Paradise.

In that moment the boy's eyes were gates into the city of his soul, — gates that kept his Eden, and that Eden was the dream of home, and the

angel of Love was defending the paradise that had been lost through the soldier and his father.

Through moments that seemed long indeed to people strained to the highest pitch of excitement, the colonel stood and gazed up at John. Swiftly the blood flushed his bronzed cheeks, only to retreat again; then, sitting down, the soldier threw his iron arm upon the seat behind his daughter — with the look of one who keeps the castle, and has closed the gates and barred the door of the citadel. Beneath his strength the girl rested — rested as the arbutus, sweetest of all blossoms, rests upon the edge of the snow-drift on the frosty ground of February.

In silence the colonel hesitated for one instant, — no more. He knew that the battle was on and the alarum sounded. Eager and expectant, the people gazed, not knowing what would come next. For the first time in two years the colonel had entered the church, and lo, immediately the two enemies were the two outstanding figures. For the first time also, in long months, this youth had made overtures of affection to Dorothy, and this, too, during his father's prayer, while other eyes were closed. For days in every farm-house the one theme of discussion had been whether or not the minister's son and the colonel's daughter would see each other, before these Pilgrims marched away. Curiosity had been at the highest pitch.

The excitement had all centred about the young man and woman, about the minister and the colonel. Most interesting was this drama. The figures in it were the four great figures in the

church, and now all the incidents were being enacted, not in the silence of some house, to be guessed at, but on the platform, in the presence of all the people — a drama most thrilling. For a moment, realizing that all eyes were centred on him, the colonel sat looking down at Dorothy and the spray of apple blossoms. Then he lifted his eyes and looked straight toward the minister, who was now closing his prayer. In that swift moment, this soldier of instant decision made his plans, for events were to happen just as he now anticipated.

Meanwhile the minister was unconscious of what had taken place. Knowing nothing of his son's journey to the orchard and nothing of the spray of apple blossoms; knowing nothing of the colonel's anger; never dreaming that while he prayed his people had so far forgotten themselves as to gaze at a battle that was being fought out in silence; all unconscious of the fact that for him life had entered upon a new stage — the minister stretched forth his hand in benediction, and then started down the pulpit stairs. As he did so, the people rose in reverence, as was their custom. Usually the minister passed straight down the aisle, into the hall, but to-day he changed his custom.

When Dr. Chapman stood opposite the pew occupied by the Pilgrims, at the end of which stood Colonel Durand and Dorothy, he stopped and stretched forth his hand to the soldier, saying: —

"You are a brave man, sir; to-day you go forth upon an enterprise that is great and perilous. As a brother, I wish you good fortune, success, and God's protection."

Suddenly all the people realized that all they had questioned about and thought would remain uncertain was to be clear. What all men had desired to see, and expected to die without seeing, all were now to behold.

At last the old enmity was to be turned to friendship.

These two, so long estranged, were now to be reconciled. Through very tenseness of excitement, for the moment, men forgot themselves, strained their heads forward, the people in the gallery looking eagerly down and searching the soldier's face, as with lighted candles, for the first sign of his yielding.

It was a critical moment for all. It was as if life and death were in the balance. Again for a moment the man of iron hesitated, while a tremor of pain passed over his face. Then the soldier looked down at Dorothy and up at the minister, as if to say, "With reconciliation you gain all and I lose all." Suddenly Colonel Durand straightened up, declined the overture and the proffered greeting. Thrusting both hands behind his back in silence, he bowed over the hand he spurned.

It was then that something in Dorothy's heart broke. All heard her piteous cry, "Oh, father, father!"

Many also heard the soldier's low response, "It is too late now for that, Dorothy."

No refusal could be more emphatic! No decision was ever more final!

The blood mounted in red waves to Dr. Chap-

man's face. In that moment men had but one heart, and the people drew a long breath that sounded like a gasp. Then came the strange rustle and flutter and whispered speech of a multitude in the moment when tense silence turns to emotion and finds voice.

Instantly all the people understood that this enmity was forever.

The abyss was digged deeper; this chasm now would never be bridged, at least never by any structure built by human hands. These two men will never understand until they come before God's throne and He explains the misunderstandings of the one and makes clear the troubles of the other.

If for an instant the minister hesitated, it was through sudden pain. The arrow had struck and it was tipped with fire. Drawing back, he moved swiftly down the aisle, followed by the magistrates. The silence became a hum of universal denunciation.

"It is shameful!" said one. "That man's heart is stone!" answered another; while others exclaimed that they had always believed that Colonel Durand was to blame.

Plainly, a reaction against the soldier had set in. In such moments history makes rapidly. Instead of there being two parties in the church and town, there would soon be but one. The tide of sympathy for the soldier had turned and was now running out, as the tide of the sea runs out and leaves the craft alone upon the beach.

Fortunate it was for Colonel Durand that now every moment was crowded. Already the hour for

starting the procession had passed, and therefore, as soon as the soldier crossed the threshold of the church, he gave the signal to make ready for the march. The marshal made a way through the crowd for the colonists to pass to their wagons. Eager for the start, the men mounted to their seats, the drivers took their places, pack and saddle horses fell into line, soldier boys received their command, the colonel gave a second signal, while the farmers' boys shouted: "There they go! That's the signal!" In that moment of excitement there arose a chorus of good-bys, and "God bless you," with the waving of handkerchiefs from parents who had endured a thousand troubles for themselves, but who now, in forecast, were dissolved in tears, unable to endure the thought of poverty, peril, and privation for their sons and daughters.

Then, again, the unexpected happened! Again the spell of silence fell upon the people. Under some influence, those who remained behind, massed upon the village green, had fallen back, feeling that the minister and John should be the last to wave farewell. It chanced also that the band of Pilgrims who were to march away felt that the last ones to receive the signals of honor and farewell must be Colonel Durand and Dorothy. Over against the one band, therefore, stood the other company. Some instinct led the minister to push John forward, until this youth, with his black cloak, stood forth, like the point of a vast human wedge. Thinking only of the farewells, Colonel Durand now held his daughter's horse back, that last of all the people might look on Dorothy.

There stood the youth with white, tense face and the love-light shining in his eyes, and near him, so near that he could have touched her hand, was Dorothy. Then it was that the people realized that the heart of the one band was beating with the heart of that boy with the velvet cloak, while the heart of the other band was throbbing with the heart of that beautiful girl, Dorothy.

There the two stood, separated now by only a little space, while all the people realized that for the sole purpose of tearing John and Dorothy apart had all these events taken place. When the space between the boy and girl began to widen, it was as if some tiny crack had appeared in the earth, and grown into a chasm that widened and still widened. With the pain of it the women could have cried aloud. For the first time even the magistrates felt that some awful wrong had been done. Yet a strange spell was on the people. They could not speak nor struggle. Some force held them with strong hand, and some invisible barrier stood between that youth in black and that girl with her red cloak. And now the soldier steps between those two quivering points and gives command. Motionless, and broken with the pity of it, the people watched the beginning of the separation. The chasm widens and widens. In a little time the Pilgrim company is yonder on the edge of the forest. One object still holds all eyes, — Dorothy's red coat. To their excited vision that crimson garment is a spot of fire that flickers and waves like a candle flame. Then, while the people gazed, suddenly the flame went out, and the forest swallowed it up forever.

CHAPTER III

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

An hour later the little company of Pilgims were miles away in the forest. With their departure, also, came a revival of interest in the fields and crops, and soon the last horseman and farmer's wagon disappeared over the hills. Deserted now was the village green. Redham was as silent and peaceful as on a quiet Sabbath morning.

But if the farmers in the fields and the women, busied with their wool and distaffs mused in their hearts, wondering what these events might mean, and, busied with their tasks, soon forgot them, there was no forgetting in the manse. The minister was locked in his study, and to all sent word that he wished to remain undisturbed. John was in the forest alone, and wrestling with himself. Considerations of reverence for his father, and of respect for Colonel Durand also, forbade him to follow the soldier's company.

It was John's darkest hour. Gone Colonel Durand and his Pilgrim band! Gone Dorothy, perhaps forever! Life seemed like some city an hour after an awful earthquake has passed, leaving only ruin behind. Perished, henceforth, all the zest of life! Nothing was left now, save endurance, and knitting the brow to the accustomed task. John

Chapman went into the woods a boy, — a man he was to come out of the woods. During those hours of excitement and solitude, his brain became as it were a sea of fire. His old ideas, his lifelong convictions, his views of right and wrong, were heated and molten, and now began to crystallize anew.

Slowly the hours passed, until the western sun neared the horizon. The more he considered, the more rebellious the boy became. One by one he passed in review the events of the day, and of the years that led up to that day. Once more he analyzed his relations to his father and his duty to the minister. For years he had been taught that no son could have God's blessing and set himself against his father's will, in his own father's house. But now he knew that the day that had witnessed the battle with Dorothy's father was to witness a contest with his own father. That tumultuous moment witnessed the birth of his new manhood, and suddenly he sprang up, conscious that with altered eyes he looked upon an altered world, and that henceforth he must lead his own life, choose his own path, and for himself grasp the handle of his own being.

All unconsciously, the boy carried a double endowment. Seemingly one person, he carried two temperaments. In one mood he was a scholar, living by reason; in another he was a mystic, dreaming his dreams. Sometimes in mixing glass, the blue and crimson blend in a soft royal purple; and sometimes the masses of glass unite in one globe, indeed, but the one hemisphere remains blue, and the other remains crimson; and not otherwise was

it with this son. His father was all intellect, cold and clear as white light; his mother, long dead, was all warmth and sunshine. It was enough for the father if the house was warm; for the mother the rooms must be beautiful. The father wanted the food to be substantial; John remembered his mother in hours when she spread a little frosting over the cake, a little spray of green on the roast, and often she hung a golden autumn bough above the door or window. He always thought of his father as a great mind; he always remembered his mother as a great heart. The strong, practical temperament of the father often came into collision with the artistic temperament of the mother.

For a long time the two temperaments quarrelled on the outside in the parents. When John was born, the two temperaments met and quarrelled on the inside in the house of man's soul. Fortunately, the son fell heir to all that was best in both parents. The father's rugged strength was shot through and through with the mother's fineness and warmth. He was full of fire and passion, and feeling swept through him oft with all the might of a summer storm. If he had his father's strength, he had his mother's lovableness. A graduate of the college of Cambridge at twenty, he was the pride and joy of all the people of the village, and, like that other youth, he was a king that ruled by his native right.

In those long hours of excitement, the young man passed in review the events of the years. He went back to the old days when sorrow united the minister and the soldier. One night, ten years

before, a messenger had come for his father. Going to the colonel's home, the minister beheld the soldier wrestling with the Death Angel. At midnight, the strong man was defeated, and unclasped his arms to let a winged spirit fly. Then darkness and desolation settled down upon that house. All night the two men kept their vigil, the soldier on one side of the fireplace, the minister on the other. Not one word did the man of God speak; this trouble was too vast for speech, too deep for tears. That sacred hour belonged to the angels of prayer and silence. With the gray morning light came the women of the village to fulfil their offices of sympathy. But even then the minister did not offer to pray; with the soldier he stood silent beside a face now white and still forever; and then in silence also he went away.

The next week that sickness became an epidemic. One morning the boy, John Chapman, wakened in terror to find that the light and joy had gone out of his life with the going of his mother. Now the soldier did for his father's household what the minister had done for the soldier's. As the years came and went again, the two households became all but one, and John loved Colonel Durand above other men, save only his father. Leaving college at twenty, for the last three years he had been in Boston, studying with the minister of the old church. For a long time he had looked forward to returning to be his father's assistant, and also to winning Dorothy.

At this point he began to analyze the rise of the feud between the soldier and his father — men who

once had loved each other with a love that seemed to pass the love of women. Just when the rift in the lute began, he could not tell. He knew that Colonel Durand always traced it back to the early ascendency of Jonathan Edwards's philosophy over the minister's mind. Twenty years before, the great philosopher came to Redham for a series of meetings. From the very beginning he seemed strangely drawn to the minister. It was as if Edwards looked upon the younger man as a possible disciple, and hoped to hand himself forward through this new friend and student. Afterwards, when the minister had long studied the works of the philosopher, a strange chill began to creep into his sermons, just as the glaciers creep southward when the earth assumes a little different angle toward the sun.

At this epoch it must have been that the soldier and his father began to disagree in theology. For several years they met for friendly discussion, while they left John and Dorothy to amuse themselves. The two men well understood that the young collegian and the beautiful girl were thinking of subjects far removed from disputation. Then came that Sunday night after the sermon, when Dorothy and John were aroused by bitter words between their fathers. At midnight, in anger, midst the astonishment and tears of their children, the two men parted.

The next week the theologian decided to answer his opponent. With the fever and excitement still in his mind, the minister went into the pulpit and preached a sermon that went, if possible, beyond

the fiery terrors of Jonathan Edwards himself. But if he thought that in the meeting-house the soldier must needs be silent, he reckoned without his host. After the prayer, Colonel Durand rose in his pew and exclaimed, "I most solemnly protest against such doctrine." Then, taking Dorothy by the hand, he stalked out of the church, while the congregation sat speechless with surprise and horror.

Then came the mistake of the soldier's expulsion from the church, the break between the two homes, the command that forbade Dorothy's speaking to, or meeting, the minister's son. Oh! those two desolate years, when the people in the church assembled never began their worship without looking at the empty pew which was once Colonel Durand's, and thinking of the great white house yonder, with the green blinds, behind which sat the old soldier and Dorothy, now a woman of two-and-twenty, concealing her tears and hiding her broken heart as best she might.

At first, John and Dorothy could not believe the enmity would be for more than a few days; and when the soldier's command separated them, and Dorothy was forbidden to write to John, or to receive letters from him, they heard the decree in hope rather than despair. On the street one day in passing, they hurriedly agreed that each would burn a candle in the window, at eventide, in thought of the other. One night, by some accident, and at the time without his knowledge, John's candle went out; after an hour Dorothy extinguished her taper, and never again until the night before her departure burned the light as a message from her room.

Now that Dorothy was gone, with what bitter thoughts did John condemn himself. By way of preëminence, that was the age of self-repression. On the village green was a little fountain. Returning to the village from a visit to Boston, some years before, Colonel Durand, the one rich man of the community, brought with him the bronze figure of a Greek boy. It was for a fountain on the green. Flowing down from the hills above the village the crystal flood poured up through the statue, and bubbled upon the lips of the bronze boy, with all the joy and freedom and fulness with which the old Greek expressed himself. But the cold, frosty climate of Puritan New England laid her hand of repression upon the fountain. In January the frost forbade the flow, and turned every crystal drop to ice. Soon, where there had been the joy of the tinkling fountain, and the beauty of a godlike figure, there stood forth a shapeless mass of ice; and in that hour John saw in the frozen fountain the pattern of his repressed and ruined life.

Once, indeed, during the winter holidays, he had gone to the soldier's house to speak to Dorothy. The night was bitter cold. The clouds hung low and the darkness was very thick. The hour was scarcely more than seven, when the boy started up the familiar path, yet in the cold and dark he seemed alone in the universe. At the last moment some impulse of unwillingness to disobey his father rose within him, and he was also conscious of fear of an open battle with Colonel Durand, who had forbidden his coming. At the right hand of the long path stood several evergreen trees. Stepping

aside, the youth stood in the darkness between the trees. Suddenly the inside shutters of the sitting room opened. There at the window stood Dorothy, with a great candle in her hand, and there, too, sat the grim soldier, reading beside the blazing logs. Long the girl stood, looking out into the night and the falling snow. To John's excited mind she seemed to look straight at the point where he now knelt in the drifts and darkness. Stretching out his hands, he called unto one who seemed near, and yet was separated from him by an infinite remove.

In that hour Dorothy seemed as beautiful as one of the angels of God. And now in the darkness and storm a great peace fell upon him! He knew that she was thinking of him and was his — even as he belonged to her. Come soon, come late — at last reconciliation would come. Kneeling in the forest, John closed his eyes and lived that hour over again. Once again Dorothy stood at the window, her candle before her eyes, and close to the glass she pressed her face. And there in the light, golden and glorious, she would stand, a picture beautiful forevermore!

But to-day he had thrown off all restraint. Oh, the joy of that hour, when in the presence of all the people he had dropped the spray of apple blossoms, and, looking into the eyes of Colonel Durand, met will with will, hurled purpose against purpose, resolve against resolve. No more repression for him. Never again would he refuse speech to his finer emotions. If the deep affections and sentiments are not divine, why did God give them to the soul? In the church in Boston was the chime of bells, like

the faculties of man's soul! In his soul tower was one bell named Reason, and one named Memory, and one named Judgment, and one bell also was named Feeling. And who gave his father a right to muffle that bell of Feeling and say that it ought to be silent forever? Henceforth all the bells in his chime should ring!

In his excitement, his silence also seemed a crime to Dorothy as well as to himself. And now, he remembered the legend of the two lovers of the Middle Ages who tried to maintain their love without words. Forbidden to speak to each other or write to each other, these two who lived in houses separated only by a single street, tried other means of expression. Opening the windows, the youth, through the medium of sweet song, tried to send his message across the street. But the trouble was that song was sung by all the other lovers, and it would not carry the boy's special message. Then the youth sent a little picture, and received one in return. But neither lover fully understood the meaning of the painting. Then they tried gifts of flowers, but the flowers faded so soon that they seemed to hold a pathetic hint and warning.

At last the youth grew desperate. One day he made his way to the little church where he knew that his beloved one went to pray, and on her pew he hung a little card that held these words: "A youth going into a far country to make his fortune, asks a young girl's prayers for his safe return." Carrying the card home, the girl went on the strength of its food for many days and nights. What nothing else

could do, words easily did. Remembering that story, John felt that if he could only send Dorothy one word, or receive one word from her, he could live. But no word came. Both were prisoners in separate dungeons. Without speech their love could no longer live. For two years the two had been in the dark, and slowly they were starving to death.

John would endure this no longer. The great hour had come. He who went into the forest a boy, came out in the twilight with the spirit and resolution of a man. He stood upright, like young Atlas, with the power to carry the world between his shoulders. Never was there a finer example of the Puritan youth. With his great, sturdy frame quivering with feeling, he strode on through the forest. Now and then he lifted a stick in his hand, and cut down a bush as a soldier flashes his sword. Every inch of his six feet of sturdy strength was instinct with vitality, and glowed with life. A few minutes later he stood before his father, — his face all aglow, his lips firm with the grip of conviction, a knight ready for his first battle, a man, determined to win a great victory.

Standing at his father's door, John lifted the latch, and stepped into the great room. He had not seen the minister since that moment in the church. After the service his father had shut himself up that he might pray and fast, desiring to see no human face. Dr. Chapman was lying upon his bed with his hands upon the coverlet. Suddenly the hair, face, and hands of his father seemed to John as white as the cloth on which they lay. It was now night, yet the full moon through the

open window made the room all but as bright as day.

The father knew that the critical moment had come. There was a new note in the boy's voice, and it breathed a settled conviction and high resolve. He tried to seem calm, but emotion heaved his soul, as an earthquake heaves the sea.

"Father, I have written a letter to Dorothy. I have saddled Pompey, and I am going to ride to Lynn to give that letter into her hands. I have told Dorothy my story. I know my letter puts me in an attitude of disobedience toward you. I also fear that my letter will be a sword separating Dorothy and her father. But I hope that my decision will not make you and me dwell beneath this roof as enemies, instead of father and son. As parents, Colonel Durand and you have taught Dorothy and me that God will not bless those who defy a father's will. But we have ceased to be children, for Dorothy is a woman of twenty-two, and must act for herself.

"I know that I am excited, but I must follow Dorothy and put this letter in her hands. I am going out to ride through the night. I do not wish to go with the feeling that I shall return to find you angry — but go I must. Before I go, I ask your forgiveness for my disobedience, and your blessing also." In that tumultuous moment John shook like a leaf under the stroke of a strong wind.

The room was silent. The old clock ticked on and on, and every moment the stroke seemed louder and louder. Long time the father meditated his reply; then for the first time the son realized the

whiteness of his father's hands and face. Suddenly a great wave of tenderness and love for that father swept over the boy.

What pain the colonel's insult had cost him John knew, and yet he did not fully appreciate what his father was suffering. Unfortunately, it was the era when all feelings were choked back and the deeper emotions stifled. Parents who would not think of destroying a fragrant bush because it exhaled perfume thought it was a duty to force back the finer feelings that rose in the heart. In that era the father concealed all pride in his child's success, the mother was ashamed of her happy tears in the hour of the son's good fortune or victory; and John, too, repressed the affectionate words that leaped to his lips. When at last the minister spoke, there was a note of uncertainty in his tones, and for the second time that day John found his father's voice breaking with deep feeling.

"Of late, events have gone hard with me. You must overlook my emotion. To-day I seemed to lack self-control, but you have decided wisely. Let the sin of the father lie upon the father's head. Now go. Ride, and God be with you.

"Go tell Dorothy, for the minister that she used to call her foster-father, that it will be a happy day for this house when she crosses its threshold again. Stay — tell her I have been thinking much this afternoon about her mother and your mother. Tell her that love is the only thing worth while; that nothing matters but love and God."

An hour later, the youth was far in the forest. But, for John Chapman, the darkness was as if it

were not, and despite the thick shadows of the forest, the midnight shone as the day. The boy was looking forward to that far-off town where Dorothy was resting, even as some pilgrim in the desert, weary with his burden, looks forward to the hour when he is to enter the oasis. Short seemed the miles, and yet it was full midnight when a farmer who dwelt in the village of Lynn heard the stroke and regular beat of a galloping horse. Stepping from his bed to the window, and looking out into the moonlight, the farmer saw a man riding forward.

"There is sickness in some household to-night," he said to himself, "but there is moonlight to guide the doctor in his ride." So the farmer returned to sleep and forgetfulness.

A little later, John rode up to the magistrate's house, where Dorothy and her father were to be entertained, while the colonists camped on the banks of the little river beyond the village. Something told John that he would not have to arouse the house to call Dorothy from her room. He knew that if the day's events had driven sleep from his eyes, these tumultuous events would drive slumber from her eyelids also. And so it came about, when the boy drew rein beside the great veranda, before he could descend, that the door opened, and the girl stood beside his panting horse.

"I have been waiting for you, John. I knew that you would come."

The note of quietness and perfect tranquillity in Dorothy's voice lifted him out of all fear into the realm of silence and certainty.

"You have ridden Pompey hard, John." Then Dorothy began to stroke the mane of the horse that she herself had ridden a hundred times. John's hand found hers and imprisoned it. Nor was there any other greeting between this Puritan youth and girl, who knew that their meeting was but for a moment.

"I have brought you a letter, Dorothy. It would be dishonorable for me to ask you to read it, and still more dishonorable to seek for an answer, until you have called your father and asked him to permit you to break the seal and read what I have written. To-day, lingering long in the forest after you had gone, I decided to disobey my father and write you; but when I told him of my purpose, so far from disapproving, he rather urged me to ride after you. This message also he sends: he told me to say that it would be a happy day for our house when in friendship you again cross its threshold: that he to-day had thought much of your dead mother and my dead mother; that love alone is worth while, that two things only are great, — love and God. He has always loved you as his own daughter, and something tells me that your father still loves me as he did before this awful trouble separated us. I ask no promise from you, save that you will keep this letter, and read it when your father gives his full permission. Only this I want to say. In two years I am going across the Alleghanies to find you."

Then in silence this girl, from the steps of the veranda, stretched up her hands to John Chapman, and this boy, with her, was caught up and borne

forward on tides of youth and hope and love, and lifted above all possibility of fear or separation or trouble, or any such thing.

For a brief moment they knew only the happiness of united love. One moment they lingered, no more; then the youth lifted his hat in the moonlight, bowed low on his saddle, pressed his lips upon her fingers, and rode back into the night and the forest.

Long stood the girl, straining her eyes toward the thick woods, whose darkness had swallowed up horse and rider. When she turned again toward her room, she trod on air. Forgotten now all the pain of the separation and the fear of the journey. For two years she had starved in sight of bread; for two years she had burned with thirst in sight of a fountain; frozen under the sleet and the pitiless storm, when just beyond the window was the blazing fire that offered warmth and welcome. Long had the door of happiness been closed before her face. Long had she felt like a wanderer lost in the night and the storm. A victim was she to troubles for which she was not responsible.

But if sorrow sours some natures, sorrow had sweetened Dorothy. It is given unto the frost to make the unripe corn bitter, but in the wild grape the same frost turns the acid into sugar. Sorrow had changed this child into a woman and lent her self-reliance. Sympathy turned her bitterness toward her father into tenderness and pity.

Forbidden to recognize John or his father upon the street, separated from the youth to whom until to-night she had given no pledge that was spoken, but from whom she had received innumerable over-

tures and silent pledges, it had not been an easy thing to fulfil the command of her soldier-father. A thousand times, sitting at her window, and watching for John to come down the street, the impulse to rise and call to him had risen within her, and as often she had put away the impulse. A thousand times during those two awful years had she started toward her desk to write him, and as often had she restrained her hand. All the waves of trouble had swept over her, and once, twice perhaps, for a fluttering moment, she had doubted John, and wondered if the waters would not drown his love; though she knew that the multitude of waters could never drown hers.

But now, gone the long night, the morning had come. Gone also the clouds! Easy now it was to forgive her father. All bitter thoughts fled away, just as the bats and beasts of the forests hide in their dens when the sun stands upon the horizon. At last the stroke of the horse's feet, growing fainter and fainter, died away in the forest. The night was still again, — the night, that had become as glorious as the day. Dorothy was alone, this girl whose thoughts could never again be lonely thoughts. Long she stood, looking toward that point where horse and rider had disappeared from sight, but at last she crossed the yard to the edge of the orchard, pulled down an apple bough, broke off a spray, kissed the blossoms of pink and white, thrust them into her bosom, and went swiftly to her room. To her room she went, but not to sleep.

She wanted to be alone that she might fall upon her knees, remember, rejoice and pray.

Joy rose in the girl's heart, as song bubbles in a lark's throat.

Unconsciously her whole nature exhaled happiness as shrubs their perfume.

Thanksgiving to God seemed as natural as for fleecy mists to float heavenward.

These apple blossoms in her hand never seemed so sweet as after the rain had fallen to wash away the dust.

In the June morning the bough is heavy with spiced dew and every leaf holds many sparkling drops. As Dorothy knelt, every thought shook from her eyes some tears, as the softest wind that blows shakes dew from flowers that unfold in the early morning.

Four hours later, when dawn stood upon the east, and she could see to read, without waiting for her father's permission, Dorothy opened John's letter.

"Two years, long and hard to bear, have come and gone, without a word from you, with no message, no look, no overture of friendship. Trouble has digged a wide, deep gulf between us. On one side of that abyss stands your house; on the other side of the gulf stands my house. Oft doubts, dark and terrible, have possessed my soul. Full oft Fear has whispered, 'You will never again cross that gulf to her, nor will she ever cross to you.' But to-day I have decided to disobey my father's will and follow the inner light. At last I know that God will lift up a way across the chasm. Last night, forecasting your departure, I slept a troubled sleep. In my dreams I stood on the edge of a

great abyss. On the other side of the chasm stood your father's house, and you, too, were there, and your hand was lifted to your eyes. To me you stood forth like unto one of the angels of God. You strained your vision, looking, and still looking, for some one. When courage came I lifted up my voice and cried aloud, but you heard not, though long and loud I called. Always there came back only the echo of my cry. At last I stretched out my hands to you. Then you turned and held out your hands to me; and it was as if some unseen presence had come, carrying golden threads from your hands to mine; and these threads grew and became a cord, and the cord grew and became a chain, and the chain still grew and became a bridge.

"On that golden way I crossed over toward you, and you came to meet me. But as you came I marvelled that your steps could be so slow, until I found that you were leading your father forward. I found myself weeping for joy and gladness, for I knew that some power had bridged this awful chasm and was soon to make our fathers friends. Then I rose up, ready to break my father's command, determined to ask you to wait until I could come over the mountains. Something whispers that it will be better farther on. I ask no promise, but I give a thousand pledges. I do not ask you to remember; I know that you can never forget.

"Do not fear; the mountains cannot separate us now.

"Do not think that the rivers can divide us.

"Love narrows the widest river to a silver ribbon that a child's foot can cross.

"Do not think that years can change me. Time will only redouble affection. The sorrow of separation will never end until the separation ends. Remember I am coming soon. Do not fear, — I am coming.

"Every morning in the cloud chariots my thoughts will ride over the mountains to you.

"Every night in the rustling of the winds my thoughts will be pursuing you. Remember ever to look toward the rising sun on the mountain tops, for some morning, looking eastward from your home on the Ohio River, your eyes will behold me bounding down the mountain slope, to meet and greet you. And so I will say, not all hail and farewell! but all hail, and all good fortune until to-morrow's morrow!"

Long time Dorothy knelt at the window, reading and re-reading that letter. From time to time she stayed from kissing the written words to kiss that little spray of apple blossoms hidden in her bosom. Soon she knew the letter by heart, and it was well she did, for in an hour her father was to forbid her answering until two years had passed. But John's letter was bread to her, and on the strength of that bread she went for many days and nights as those pilgrims of the desert once went, living on that manna that came down from heaven.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOLDIER RETURNS AND THE COLLISION COMES

To all travellers there come moments big with terror and big with deliverance also. The mountain guide crosses the dangerous pass, but, coming to a place of safety, he recalls a moment when he stood on the edge of a precipice, and would have been overwhelmed with sudden destruction had not some invisible deliverer stretched forth a hand to draw him back to safety. Journeying through the forest, the woodsman follows a dim trail and is guided only by occasional marks blazoned upon trees. Losing his way, the dark night settles down upon the forest; flakes of snow begin to fall. Then hastening to a hilltop, the traveller looks out upon the wide landscape to find his bearings, and before the night has fully come he determines the course which will lead him to safety and the distant refuge.

Not otherwise was it with John Chapman. For him the last two hours had been critical hours. Riding slowly through the night and the forest, he realized that he had just missed wrecking his entire career. In retrospect, what good fortune was in that sudden resolve to make overtures of friendship to Dorothy! Now that she understood, he doubted not but that full reconciliation would come and

that perhaps both fathers would recover friendship, for time would work wonders. Dorothy was true. Not Penelope herself had more steadfastness; it would be better farther on; just behind the horizon dwelt the angel of Good Fortune, waiting to be generous. Short indeed two years would be! On wings of faith and hope his love easily passed over those short spaces named, — two summers and winters. With these happy thoughts, the youth filled the hours while he rode through the night and the forest. The early dawn had fully come as he entered the village green. When he had cared for his horse, John turned toward the manse, climbed the stairs, entered his room, and, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down and slept the sleep of perfect health and youth and happiness. Not but that he dreamed, yet in his dreams he saw a red cloak, waving like a spot of fire, and always that spot of flame led him on a quest through the forest.

Then the unexpected happened, and high noon brought trouble with it. Conscious of a hand resting upon him, the youth opened his eyes to find his father bending over him.

The minister's face was full of anxiety and trouble.

For a moment he stood silent, but the silence was big with speech and eloquent with its story.

Springing up, the youth exclaimed. "Dorothy! What has happened to Dorothy?" Plainly, he had no thought that was not associated with that midnight ride.

"No," answered his father; "not Dorothy! no, no! Yesterday swept Dorothy and her father away from us; to-day Dorothy's uncle, William Durand, has gone.

"Dorothy will return to us, but we will go to him!"

Then the minister lifted his hat and bowed his head; and John unconsciously bowed his head in the presence of the Great Messenger of release and convoy.

Gone now all his happy dreams! Forgotten in a moment that ride through the forest! For the time being, Joy was dead! and Happiness was utterly prostrate! Once more the sun passed under the clouds.

"What we do must be done quickly! Every moment is precious. William Durand's servants have just brought me the news. I have sent for the magistrate to come to the house, and you and I are to meet him there. In his brother's absence, we must take the responsibility! There is no one else. We must decide whether or not we will send a messenger after Colonel Durand and Dorothy."

In those days men did not dream, but acted. In an hour a swift rider was on his way to overtake the Redham Pilgrims. Already the afternoon was well advanced, but it was believed that the messenger would overtake the company in the early evening, and that on the morrow Colonel Durand could cover by riding in one day the distance that had been covered by two days' marching.

Evidently the old merchant had anticipated the sudden crisis. In the morning, conscious that he

was not well, he had sent for the magistrate, and placed in his hands his last will and left with him the key to his private desk. Now the aged lawyer asked the minister and his son to be witnesses, while he locked that desk and sealed it with wax, until the brother and heir should return.

But for some reason the old magistrate seemed strangely desirous of talking about the dead merchant.

"Yesterday's excitement was too much for our friend. For you also, it must have been a trying day. Already the reaction is on against Colonel Durand. How he could have refused your overture of reconciliation is more than our people can understand."

The old minister drew himself up with an air of dignity. "Colonel Durand is not here to defend himself. For years I have been his friend. I am his friend still;" and Doctor Chapman bowed stiffly, but with evident agitation.

Embarrassed by the plain rebuff, the lawyer made apology, saying: —

"Did William Durand never counsel with you concerning the disposition of his property? I am his attorney and there are reasons for my question."

"He never asked advice from me, sir, and I could not offer it."

"You doubtless know that he has prospered in his business and has accumulated large wealth. You know he had no heirs, save Colonel Durand and Dorothy; and to you I think I may, without overstepping the proprieties, say that it is important that I ask these questions."

"William Durand did indeed speak to me about his sense of indebtedness to certain people. Only yesterday he told me that his health was very uncertain and that he knew not the day when the end might come."

"But he certainly must have told you something about his plans for his brother's expedition, for his niece Dorothy, and for one of his friends?"

"No — he only advised with me about certain personal matters, concerning which it would not be proper for me to speak."

Long and close had been the friendship between the dead merchant and the minister; therefore the two servants asked Dr. Chapman and his son to keep the watch, as was the custom of those days. It happened, therefore, that when the night's darkness had fully come, the two men began their vigil. With many proffers of service, the faithful woman who had served as housekeeper, and the man who had cared for things without the house while his wife had cared for things within, sought to anticipate some want of the minister and his son. It was a relief to both when at last the house was closed and the servants gone to their rest. Then John made his father lie down upon the couch, while he sat beside the fire and watched as his father slept.

Welcome indeed this opportunity of retrospection! How familiar these rooms and how dear the associations of other days! What afternoons of happiness, what evenings of delight, during childhood and youth, had he spent in these rooms before the great trouble came! Would the old friendship never return? The morn would bring Colonel

Durand back; perhaps it would bring Dorothy also. Would her father return in gentler mood? Perhaps death would soften the stern soldier. In any event John would tell his story. While he mused, the hours sped on.

At midnight his father was still sleeping, but the youth knew it not. The candle burned low and at last flickered in the socket. With his book closed upon his knees, John dreamed dreams of other days.

Suddenly the old clock in the hall struck three. Aroused from his revery, it seemed to the youth that there was some one in the house. Try as he might, he could not throw off the impression of a stranger's presence. Everything was still, and yet a subtle instinct told him that some one had stood at the door. Rising swiftly, he crossed the room, opened the door into the great parlor, and, to his surprise, saw a tiny streak of light from the door opening into what had been the merchant's writing room. Swiftly closing the door behind him, the youth crossed the room until he stood in line with the crack. The door was open perhaps an inch; looking through, he saw a narrow section of a sleeve of mingled gray and blue, and also of the merchant's desk, that now was open.

Instantly he recognized the soldier's outer coat. Plainly, the messenger must have overtaken the company early in the evening. By riding all night, Colonel Durand had reached Redham and entered the house by the rear door. In those days, men had no locks upon their houses; theft also was all but unknown! Perhaps the soldier had gone straight to his brother's desk before going up to

his room. Plainly, also, he had left Dorothy behind. This thought gave John a stab of pain. The colonel was his brother's heir, and he was the one person who had the right to these private papers. Nor did it even occur to the young man that it was improper for the soldier to open this desk.

Greatly annoyed, John felt that he was an interloper, that he had no right to be watching the colonel. And yet he feared to move. Just then he saw this hand draw back until a paper came in line. It was stamped, and evidently was the merchant's will. Suddenly that paper was thrust out at arm's length and held close to the candle. Then in a low, muttering, excited voice, the soldier began to read. Here and there the boy caught certain words.

"Well, the minister has succeeded."

"Shameful!"

"So that is his scheme!"

"Dorothy and a fortune also!"

What did these words mean? Plainly, the merchant had not left his money to Colonel Durand.

If not, what an awful shock to his father's enemy! The clock ticked on. John could not move. Plainly, Colonel Durand was in deep trouble. The thought that he had looked upon his discomfiture was agony to John. To have witnessed the events of the last two or three minutes meant degradation inconceivable.

But while the boy stood motionless, suddenly he saw a flame curl up. He moved forward until the candle was in line with the crack. Then he saw the will held in the flame. Slowly the fire rose about it; slowly the red wax melted, until there was only a little heap of black ashes where there

had been the stout parchment. Then the light went out. The door beyond opened and closed again. Steps went up the stairs. A moment later there was silence. Standing stunned in his place, John thought he heard a movement in the room above. The soldier had settled himself down for the rest of the night.

But if the soldier was resting, for the boy there was tumult, not quiet. Not that he thought of himself; all his thoughts were of Dorothy and her sorrow and shame. With instant resolution the impulse to defend her rose up. From this hour, he must lift a shield above the girl. He must stand between her pure spirit and the knowledge of this wicked deed. She must never be ashamed of her father. But what if the events of these few minutes should become known! A cold tremor passed over the boy. Surely Colonel Durand had been guilty of what was a crime. Why did he destroy that will? What risks to take! The very thought of Dorothy's father being arrested and tried filled the youth with terror. His lips drew tight with iron resolution. Come what would, he would defend Colonel Durand.

An hour later, when the servants came down and aroused the house, the soldier also appeared. But how changed his attitude from yesterday in the church!

Standing at the door of the sitting room, he bowed toward the minister and his son, and said: "Death has made a difference. I understand the friendship that existed between my brother William and yourselves. I doubt not but that you

are here by his wish; for that reason, I am silent. One thing let me say. This afternoon I must overtake my company. I will, therefore, send out word asking my friends and neighbors to come in for a service this morning at nine o'clock, that at noon I may begin my journey anew. I trust, sir, this will suit your convenience."

When the minister had bowed his acquiescence, and plans had been made, the events of the morning went forward swiftly. High noon found all the people returning from the little churchyard to their homes.

Then came the magistrate's hour. Immediately after the minister had finished the committal service at the grave, he told Colonel Durand that he was his brother's attorney, and that it was necessary for him to ask the minister and his son, with William Durand's servants, and, perhaps, the judge, to return to the home and listen to the reading of the merchant's will. When a little time therefore had passed, the company assembled in the sitting room that only the night before had witnessed such tumultuous scenes for John Chapman.

When all were seated, the old attorney rose in his place. He addressed his remarks chiefly to Colonel Durand. "Early yesterday morning your brother William sent his man to ask me to come to his house. Some months ago I drew his will, which was witnessed by his servants; later he asked me to make a second copy of the will, which was signed and witnessed. Yesterday morning he requested me to lock this will in his desk, after we had first gone over the papers together. Shortly

afterward I was sent for a second time. When I arrived, your brother had passed away. Knowing how important a last will and testament is, I sealed his desk with wax, and I would now suggest that the seal be broken and the will read."

Colonel Durand looked bewildered. "I do not understand you," he slowly said. "I have already opened my brother's desk, but I found no seal upon it and certainly I did not find a will."

Not believing his own ears, the old lawyer rose to his feet. For a moment he looked fixedly at Colonel Durand and then inquiringly toward the minister and John.

"There seems to be something wrong here," he said slowly. "I would suggest that we examine the desk for ourselves."

Colonel Durand started toward the parlor door, beckoning to the company to follow him. A moment later a group of seven or eight persons stood around the little desk. The key was in its place, the lid was closed, but not locked, and in a corner of the room under the desk lay the white tape with a remnant of the broken wax.

Colonel Durand's face grew more troubled, and, turning toward the lawyer, he exclaimed: "I am, as you know, my brother's sole heir. A few days ago he indicated his purpose to assist me in my enterprise, and spoke of his money going to Dorothy and myself. I knew that above all others I was interested in his will and that I had a perfect right to open this desk. Certainly, when I first saw the desk, it was not sealed; if it had been, I never would have touched it. Some one else has broken open this desk."

And now it was the lawyer's turn to show his anxiety. "All this is very strange, Colonel Durand. Your words amaze me. I am bound to say that I am familiar with the terms of your brother's will, and there are others interested in finding his testament." Then the lawyer opened one drawer after another. It was all too true. The will was gone.

"Do you mean to say that my brother has bequeathed a part of his estate to some one else?" asked the soldier, anxiously.

"I mean just that!"

Colonel Durand grew more troubled. "My brother spoke only of Dorothy and myself. Do you remember what the bequests were?"

"I made a transcript of your brother's bequests and afterward wrote them out in due form. Two copies of the will were made, and both were signed and witnessed. I think I have the original notes that your brother brought me."

For a moment the soldier hesitated, as if he dreaded the knowledge the lawyer had to give.

"Will you then be good enough to read your notes?"

Slowly the old lawyer fumbled among his papers. At length he said, "I do not know where my notes are, but I can tell you the sums. Your brother left five thousand dollars to his niece Dorothy; five thousand dollars to the son of his old friend, John Chapman; five thousand dollars to you, his brother, in sympathy with your new enterprise; one hundred dollars a year to each of his faithful servants; while the residue of his estate was left to you, sir, to be invested for your daughter Dorothy. These, I remember, were the general provisions.

"You will see, therefore, that it is important to the last degree that the will should be found. Yesterday morning the document was in the desk when I sealed it. You have opened the desk," said the old magistrate, fixing his eyes upon Colonel Durand; "now will you explain the will's disappearance?"

No words can describe Colonel Durand's agitation. He seemed overwhelmed by the statement that his brother had willed this large sum to John Chapman. Each moment also increased his trepidation, as he realized how strangely circumstances had combined against him. Meanwhile every man was looking into the face of his brother man, and every eye was full of inquiry as to what all these things might mean.

When the silence had long continued, the old magistrate recovered his speech. Clearing his throat, he looked toward the lawyer and Colonel Durand. Then bowing to the minister he said: "It seems to me that an inquiry should be instituted. I would suggest that we adjourn to William Durand's sitting room. Certain inquiries should be made here in privacy rather than in the magistrate's hall."

When all had returned to the sitting room, therefore, the judge took his place in the great chair of William Durand. He first called for the two servants, to whom he directed certain questions.

Being interrogated, James declared that he saw the desk sealed in the presence of the lawyer and of the minister and John; that at dark he went through the house to close the windows against a

coming storm; that at the time there was no one in the house excepting himself, his wife, the minister, and his son; that at nine o'clock he passed through the office of the merchant and looked at the desk with its red seal; that the seal was all right; that the last thing he did before he went upstairs to bed was to return to ask the minister whether there was enough for supper; that his wife had put on the kitchen table fruit cake and currant wine, cold ham and milk and sandwiches, and that they were covered with a white towel; that he noticed the rising clouds; that he never did think it was a good sign to have a storm follow death.

Here the judge stopped the old servant, and told him that these superstitions were not pertinent to the inquiry.

Much confused, James took his seat.

After that the judge turned to Dr. Chapman. The minister deposed that he was present when the desk was sealed; that he was in the room several times during the afternoon and evening; that the desk had not been tampered with up to the time he retired; that he was overcome with excitement and grief; that he had dropped down on the couch to rest, and must have fallen asleep.

"When did you awake?"

"I suppose it was about a half-hour before daylight."

"Was your son in the room?"

The old minister was agitated. He replied, "He was not."

"Did you look for him?"

The minister answered, "I did."

"Where did you find him?"

"He was in the parlor."

"Was he near the door that leads to the office?"

"He was."

"Was the door into the office open?"

"It was."

"Did you notice anything unusual in your son's action or attitude?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the condition of the desk?"

"I did."

"Was the desk open?"

"It was."

"Do you think your son opened it?"

"He told me he did not."

"What did he say by way of explanation?"

"He was greatly agitated, and requested me not to ask him any questions. Sir, I trust my son implicitly."

What! the desk open and John Chapman standing beside it? What could this mean? Why should John Chapman destroy the will? Again all were staggered. Again men tried to adjust themselves to the new fact. The old lawyer leaned forward and studied John's face. Colonel Durand in his excitement began to pace up and down behind the judge's chair. Suddenly he stopped and said to the judge, "I suggest that you now question John Chapman."

The magistrate bowed, and John Chapman rose in his place.

"You have heard what your father has said?"

The youth bowed in silent reply.

"Are his statements in substance correct?"

"They are, sir."

"Will you recall for us the events in connection with the desk?"

John then declared that the desk was intact the last time that he was in the room; that it was about nine o'clock in the evening; that he closed the door between the office and the parlor, and the second door between the parlor and sitting room, where his father was sleeping; that about midnight he went into the dining room and ate a little supper and left his father to rest; that after this he returned to doze in his chair; that the stroke of the clock at three aroused him; that he thought he heard some noise, and went into the next room; that he saw the door into the office was open and a crack of light showed therefrom; that he looked through and saw that the desk had been opened; that there was a hand lying on the desk; that a moment later he heard a whispered voice reading a part of the will; that he caught the words only imperfectly; that suddenly the parchment was outstretched and struck the candle flame; that he did not know whether it was by accident or not; that he saw the will slowly consumed; that he saw only a section of the wrist and arm and coat; that he told his father not to ask him any questions because of his agitation; that when daylight came he closed the door and went back to the sitting room.

"You did not see the person's face?"

"I did not."

"What color was the sleeve you saw?"

John's face flushed, and he hesitated. He looked like an animal at bay. Plainly, he would have refused to answer had it been possible.

"It was an outer coat of grayish blue."

Here Colonel Durand turned shortly on his heel. His face turned purple, his eyes were full of daggers and seemed to emit sparks, as he shouted: —

"Do you mean a coat like this?"

And John looking steadily at him answered, "I mean a coat just like that."

The room was still as death. All eyes were on Colonel Durand. He alone was enriched by the destruction of the will; now a coat had destroyed him!

Colonel Durand was in a fury. At great length he defended himself. He declared that the messenger bringing the news of his brother's death reached the camp about six o'clock; that he decided that the long ride was perilous for Dorothy; that with Captain Picquet he saddled horses and returned to Redham; that they reached the village about an hour before daylight; that they rubbed their horses down before entering the house; that he suggested to Picquet that they remove their shoes at the kitchen door, lest those who were keeping the death-watch be disturbed; that he went to his room by the back stairs and there changed his garments; that he took his old room and put Captain Picquet in the guest chamber; that he did not go downstairs, or even enter his brother's office until five o'clock; that he then went down to breakfast after an hour's sleep and rest; that he found the key in the lock of the desk; that there was no seal

on the desk; that until the present hour he had not known that the white tape and remnant of wax were lying under the table; that if he had torn the wax off he would have destroyed it; that such a crime was impossible for him: in short, that enemies had formed a conspiracy against his good name.

Then he attacked the minister and his son, and told them that he believed that they had opened the desk and destroyed the will to create a prejudice against him and to punish him. Indeed, but for the lawyers standing before him, in his wild fury and hatred he would have forgotten all reason and made a physical attack upon the minister.

After some minutes had passed, order was restored by the judge and lawyer. Then the magistrate said to Colonel Durand: —

"You have made a very serious charge against the minister. It is conceivable that through chivalry and love for Dorothy a lover might have destroyed the will. And inasmuch as his father found him standing beside the desk, and he has himself confessed that he was there, I would like to ask John Chapman whether or not he opened that desk or destroyed the will?"

But scarcely was the question asked when John rose again and denied it. Fortunately, there was that in his voice and face, his posture and gesture, that carried the instant conviction that he spoke the truth.

From that moment even Colonel Durand himself knew that whoever else had opened the desk it was not John Chapman.

A moment later the minister's denial ended every possibility that he was involved in the crime.

Now Colonel Durand's wits began to return. He asked that Captain Picquet be sent for.

When the young trader came in, he reaffirmed every detail of Colonel Durand's story.

He said it was still dark when they left their horses at the stable; that before entering the house they took off their shoes, — at Colonel Durand's suggestion, — and then went noiselessly up the stairs; that he knew the house well, having been entertained there during the previous week before the company had started West; that Colonel Durand going downstairs could not have left his room without passing Picquet's door; that his door was open; that he had not retired, but sat in a large rocking-chair, thinking over the events of the night; that it was absolutely impossible that Colonel Durand should have destroyed the will; that he would stake life itself upon the fact that he was awake every moment, and that no one passed down or up the stairs, and that whoever else was involved, Colonel Durand was not involved in the destruction of the will.

Twelve o'clock came, three o'clock and night came also, but so far from Colonel Durand having started to return to his company, everything was still in a state of uncertainty. At nine o'clock that night the judge and the lawyer reassembled the group.

In a few words the old judge summed up the situation. He argued that the whole matter was in John's hands; that it was inconceivable that John or his father could have destroyed the will, and so lost a fortune; that the only person interested in destroying it was Colonel Durand; that Captain Picquet's testimony had cleared Colonel

Durand of the charge; but that if John wished to file charges against the colonel on the basis of the color of the coat, an investigation could be opened up; that if the will was not found, the property went to Colonel Durand and his daughter; that the old servants would lose their rights and John would lose his; he therefore suggested that John be heard from.

The minister arose in his place — he knew that the great moment had come. He had told his son of that morning in the church when William Durand had slipped the copy of the will into the Bible cover. He knew that by a word John could have his rights. If, however, the copy was probated, it carried publicity with it, and the proclamation of the soldier's crime. Would John sacrifice himself to save Dorothy's father? Anxiously the minister waited for his son to save his life or lose it to save Dorothy's father.

Although taken off his guard, John was instantly ready with his decision. He declared that he had known nothing of the merchant's bequest to him; that the whole matter was as great a surprise to him as it could have been to Colonel Durand; that he greatly deplored the events of the night; that he made no charge against Dorothy's father, but on the contrary he much preferred that Colonel Durand should have all the property; that he would here and now resign all his rights; that he could not believe that Colonel Durand could be guilty of such a crime, even if his own eyes had seen him perform the deed; he therefore asked the magistrate to charge secrecy upon all, and insisted that

the events of the night and of the hour should not be permitted to go beyond the walls of that room; that all the property, in the absence of the will, belonged to Colonel Durand; and that the people of the community should be left to understand that the estate belonged to William Durand's brother and Dorothy.

Colonel Durand's reply was characteristic: he said that he was in a most embarrassing position; that he was entirely innocent when he opened the desk; that it was inconceivable for him not to have noticed the seal, had it been there; that on opening the desk he saw no will, nor did he destroy one; that he would leave the whole matter to the judge and the lawyer. He directed also that they pay to his brother's servants the sum of one hundred dollars per year; but he added that so far as the minister's son was concerned he never should have one penny from him until the will was found; that he would, however, authorize the lawyer, in the event of the second will being found, to probate it, and as his representative immediately to fulfil its every bequest. Then, having renewed his denial, he charged upon the minister the responsibility for the events of the night, saying that while he did not know how the scheme had been worked, this charge had been trumped up against him. His last words before leaving the house and mounting his horse to ride away were words of bitterness against his old enemy.

For days afterward John went about in a perpetual gloom. This new source of hatred seemed one fixed forever. Day and night this enmity be-

tween his father and Dorothy's father beset him. Try as he would, he could not get out of his mind that crack of light, the gray-blue sleeve, and the sight of the will burning slowly above the candle flame.

That night his father told him where the copy of the will was hidden. On the following Sunday evening when the people had gone away, and the church was silent, John went into the old meeting-house, and there ascended his father's pulpit. Turning the old Bible over, he sought for the psalm, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." The book was covered with a thick leather cover, a task of love that his mother had performed at the beginning of her husband's ministry. When he had turned the heavy lid over upon the palm of his left hand, the youth began to feel for the paper that was hidden between the cover and the lid itself. In that quiet hour in the old church he was glad that he had not spoken. The inner voice told him that sometime, somewhere, somehow, his wrong would be righted.

But John felt that for him now to present the will was to publish to all the people the shame of the soldier and the sorrow of Dorothy. It was the hour of his great temptation, but for the youth there was a way of escape. He decided to keep the secret. Sliding the paper back carefully in its place, he drew the threads together. Binding the cover to the inner lid, he determined that at all hazards he would defend Dorothy's name and the reputation of her father. Again the inner voice whispered, "Renounce! Renounce!" Going out into the night, he was conscious that he had won his great victory.

CHAPTER V

THE TRAIL ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN

On the following day, Colonel Durand and his companion overtook their company and resumed the onward march. Fortunately the long ride through the forest sufficed to cool his anger and clear his judgment. He knew men; he knew when a man was lying and when a man was telling the truth; and he knew that neither John nor his father had burned the will. Who could have broken into the desk? Once, indeed, the suspicion that Picquet might have done it crossed his mind, but he put the thought away as incredible. Probably the destroyer was a plain burglar, an unknown vandal come to rob a dead man's house. If so, he had done John Chapman and his father a great injustice. So far as he was concerned the destruction of the will was an act of God. There he would leave it. Knowing that Dorothy's burdens were as great as she could bear, the soldier said nothing to his daughter about her uncle's will or the tumultuous scene in which he himself had been the central figure. One thing was certain, — the will was gone, and, instead of regrets for the past, there remained work for the present and hope for the future. So with a single mind the leader gave himself to his daily emergencies. He could wait.

The Redham people journeyed by way of Boston and Providence, New Haven and New York, thence across to Harrisburg until they reached the banks of the Susquehanna. There they found the old trail that led to the pass over the mountains, beyond which was Fort Pitt. The road was rough, and many a stream they had to ford. They sent a scout on in advance by day and slept with guards by night. Every day's journey lessened the signs of civilization, and each night seemed to thicken the forest.

It is hard for our generation to understand the sorrows of that early era. Great is the chasm that separates the old ox cart and the new palace car! Greater still the distance between the bad old times and the good new times. Passing through Philadelphia, the Redham Pilgrims saw white slaves on the streets, one of whom had a steel collar around his neck, by which he was chained up for the night; every fifth person they met on the street was horribly disfigured by smallpox. Worshipping in the little church, they heard the minister announce a grand lottery sale, the proceeds of which were to build a grand meeting-house. In those days women were stripped to the back, and whipped in the sight of all people. Negroes were punished for pilfering by having their eyes put out; one wife was sold at auction, led home in a halter, and tied to a kitchen table. There were no comforts, no conveniences, no matches, no stoves, no rubber garments, no inns west of Philadelphia, no mails beyond Harrisburg — nothing but the wild forest. Little wonder that these Pilgrims, when they reached the Susque-

hanna banks, put on the aspect of an armed band and travelled with scouts and outriders.

For Captain Picquet the road was old and the scenes familiar. He was but twelve years of age when first of all his father decided that the life at Fort Pitt was not good for his child, and sent the boy across the mountains to Philadelphia to be educated. Since that time the trader had gone over the route a full score of times. He knew every camping-place and protected nook; he knew where the company would find a settler's cabin with shelter for the women; he knew the watering-places and the natural fortresses offered by overhanging rock or mountain side. In those days, instead of freight trains and palace cars, commerce was carried on through packhorses, and passengers journeyed by way of freight wagons. Between Harrisburg and Fort Pitt the Pilgrims counted one hundred and thirty packhorses and ten Conestoga wagons.

Not until they came to the Susquehanna did Dorothy appreciate the meaning of these wagons, with the body built like a boat with prow in front and curved behind. Coming to the edge of the river, the driver drove the team into the stream until the wagon floated like a boat. Then the horses and running gears were driven back to the land, and the wheels and axles were placed in the body of the wagon which had now become a boat. One driver poled or paddled, the other led the swimming horses, until all were conveyed safely to the opposite shore.

When six full weeks had passed, the Pilgrims

reached the summit of the Alleghanies. There they camped for an entire week to rest and look about. For all the travellers it was a great hour. Turning the eyes westward, the guides showed Dorothy a stream that ran toward the Ohio and the far-off Mississippi; but all her thoughts were in the East. Every morning the girl turned her face toward the rising sun, as if expecting that some one of her old friends was coming over the mountains to meet and greet her.

Something in the mountain peaks lifted the company into an exalted mood. As for Colonel Durand, he seemed to be walking on air and dwelling in the heights above. By day and by night he dreamed dreams of a new empire and saw visions of a new state.

Plainly, the enterprise had gone to the soldier's head like rich wine. The man was made for adventure. Fronting an emergency, he was immediately at his best. Given danger and peril, and all his reserves, mental and physical, came forward to strengthen him and make him equal to his task. With the foresight of a great leader he recognized the possibilities of this new world. What untold wealth in these forests of oak and walnut, of ash, elm, and hickory! What treasures in the mines of coal! How deep and rich the dark soil in the valleys, not to speak of the red riches of the hillsides! What treasures in the fur of the forest! In his dreams he saw floating in these great rivers fleets of war and ships of peace! He saw the river banks sparkling with towns and cities; he saw the valleys waving with corn, the hillsides

become pastures and meadows and vineyards and orchards. He saw the woodman's house and the farmer's home, nestled in sheltered nooks. He saw herds and flocks wandering over a thousand hills. In that hour he exulted over the prospects of the republic. One thing alone seemed worth while, — pioneer work. He counted himself the child of good fortune in that he could help lay the foundations of the new state.

One morning, missing her father, Dorothy questioned the guide as to his whereabouts. Casting about, the hunter soon found a figure standing on the very top of the cliff. Looking at her father, Dorothy saw that his hand was lifted to his ear, and that he was straining to catch a distant cry. Thinking that he had heard some note of alarm or trouble, and that perhaps her keener hearing would catch words that eluded him, Dorothy hastened to her father's side. Touching his arm, she said: —

"What do you hear, father?"

A look of ecstasy was on the soldier's face. Turning slowly, Colonel Durand answered: —

"What do I hear? I hear the tramp of coming millions."

In that moment a strange chill passed over the young girl.

Her eyes became fountains of water.

Entering into her father's rapture, she too dreamed dreams, and saw visions of a new era and a great state beyond the Alleghanies.

For an hour, also, she forgot the old familiar scenes of Redham, as Rachel forgot her father's

house, and with joy turned her face to go into a country that she knew not of.

For Dorothy, the whole life was full of fascination. More and more she loved the outdoor life; the great wide world rimmed with the horizon became at last hardly larger than her father's house. Sleeping in her tent, she marvelled that she could ever have endured a stuffy room. Little by little she mastered every task of the outdoor world. Her father taught her to ride and row, to fish and shoot, and at last she felt herself equal to any emergency. With experience and strength came confidence and happiness, and little by little, taught by the guides and hunters, she became accustomed to the scenes of the mountain road and the events thereof.

With exercise, and sleep, and outdoor life, came health and, if possible, added beauty. From childhood the daughter of loveliness, Dorothy now stood forth clothed with ideal beauty. Through all those days not a man in the company but upon her approach unconsciously did her reverence. Picquet was always on the watch for some sight that would lend amusement or interest to Dorothy's eyes. One day he called her attention to an object on a tree. Dorothy looked up quickly, expecting to see a squirrel or some bird of rich plumage hidden in the branches.

"What is it? Where?"

Once before he had shown her a spot on a bough that looked like part of the tree, because the gray of the panther melted into the gray of the bark, and now she thought that perhaps again he had

found some wild beast that had lingered too near the trail.

"Where? Why, there!"

Still Dorothy looked her inquiry. Then Captain Picquet pointed to the peculiar notch.

"Why, all travellers ought to understand what that sign means."

"But I do not. What does it mean?"

"That is our post-office. That tree is the letter box, that notch is the postman, and above in the tree you will find a hollow, and that is the box holding the letters."

"I do not understand," answered Dorothy, wondering how all this could be.

"Well, from time to time some hunter, or distant settler, comes in from the forest seeking the trail. He wants to send a letter back to his friends in the East. He cannot wait until a chance company passes. When, therefore, he finds a tree with this mark, he knows this is the box in which he can leave his letters, which will be found and carried eastward as far as distant Philadelphia."

"But where does the settler get the stamp, or what does he do for money to pay for the letter?"

"The letter is not paid for by the man who sends the letter, but by the man who receives it. Some day you will find a letter there for you. Then you will understand," and he turned away as he saw the warm color flood Dorothy's face.

The road wound through the forest, crossed over streams, climbed the slanting valleys, and followed the easiest grades, in the interest of the tired horses.

"Do you know who cut this road, Captain Picquet?"

"Yes, Miss Dorothy, the rain. It is the drop of water that finds the easiest road."

"What do you mean?"

"The brook overflowing after the summer's rain finds the path of least resistance, and we follow its lead.

"By travel this road is broad and wide enough for two horses. Yesterday it was wide enough for one rider. Before that there was a path for guides and hunters. Before that it was a trail for Indian braves. When the Indians came, it was only a path for wild deer. When the wild deer found it, it was a path for raindrops, so you see it is the rain that cuts the road."

Daily, as the young trader watched the girl, he marvelled at her increasing loveliness. All beauty is perfect health. It is the outer revelation of an inner soundness. In those days, also, Dorothy's heart was full of hope and all her hours were filled with the forecast of future happiness; and more than all, that letter hidden in her dress warmed her heart.

Colonel Durand's rule was to do the marching during the first half of the day. Because the way was hard, the wagons and packs heavy, the horses were unequal to more than ten miles each day. Going on before, the guides found some nook beside a stream, spread the tents, started the fire, and brought water from the stream for the noon meal.

In late June and during July there were always wild strawberries beside the trail, with wild blackberries, gooseberries, and raspberries. In the glades,

also, they gathered the wild plums and bunches of wild grapes, as yet not fully ripe. There was always fish in the stream, and in the woods were quail and partridge and turkey; on the lakes and rivers were ducks and wild geese.

Sometimes, lying in her tent at night, Dorothy heard from afar the baying of wolves. But the blazing camp-fire and the thought of the guides and hunters sleeping around the camp-fire saved her from any thought of fear. In the evening, when the day's work was done, the colonists gathered around the fire and the men piled high the logs. Then the tongues of the guides and hunters were loosed, and Colonel Durand and Dorothy asked a thousand questions of the grizzled men.

"What do you think about the Indians?"

"Will men ever tame these wild men?" asked Dorothy.

The old guide had suffered much at the hands of the red men, and was very bitter.

"Never. The wild drop of blood cannot be expelled.

"One summer," said the guide, "I saw a prairie chicken rise from the grass. Stooping to look under the tuft, I found a wild hen's nest. Remembering that the cabin was near at hand, I carried the eggs to the clearing and placed them under the barn-yard fowl. When four weeks had passed by, the chicks hatched out. Recalling the strain of wild blood, I decided to fasten the tame mother hen to a peg driven in the ground. Then, putting all the chicks into my cap, I carried the fluffy chickens to the new mother.

"But the little prairie chick was wild, and not tame. Controlled by the impulse of fear, the moment it touched the ground the chick started for some hiding-place. In a few moments the bewildered mother heard one child peeping from the pile of brush hid under the thick leaves, a third sent forth its piping call from the grass, and every thick bush gave forth one faint cry. Alarmed, I cut the old hen loose, but not even this bold act helped matters. If the poor mother hen responded to the cry of one chick here, straightway she was called back by the cry of another there. In five minutes the poor old hen was desperate, and when night came she was chickenless and forsaken."

"Well you ought to have founded an asylum for broken-hearted hens, orphaned of their children, and carried your old barn-yard fowl to that retreat," laughed Dorothy.

But that failure to tame the wild prairie chicken influenced Colonel Durand's whole method of working with the red men who were to be his companions. From the viewpoint of that experience he henceforth interpreted the drops of wild blood in all the animals of the forest, and in the Indian. In after years he used to recall the incident. A thousand times he thought of that old hen, tied to her peg, clucking and stretching her wings to shelter wild chicks that refused help and would not be sheltered. Educated, the hen said, through soothing call, "All is safe." The chicks' wild blood answered, "All is danger." The hen's education said, "Run!" Her guide was Trust; theirs, Fear.

Afterward, when he saw the Indian hunters

standing on the edge of the forest, their cheeks smeared with red paint and yellow ochre, he remembered the wild chicks, and questioned the taming of the drops of wildness in the veins of the forest children.

Late in July, near Fort Pitt, the forest became the forest of Arden. One Saturday the Redham Pilgrims camped beside a stream, for rest over Sunday. The stream was most beautiful, and there were half a dozen cabins on the bank near by. At first Colonel Durand expected to spend only the Sunday in rest. An unexpected event changed his plans. In one of the cabins was a young girl, with a soft bloom on her cheek, but with strength in her arm and hope in her heart. She was an orphan, and lived with her uncle and aunt. One of the young men of the settlement was her lover. Neither girl nor lover looked more than twenty, and from Dorothy's point of superior age they seemed like very young children. When the boy learned that the company was going down the Ohio River, he talked much with the guides and lingered about the camp. Because he looked so strong, and seemed brave, earnest, and manly, Colonel Durand decided to accept him. Then the boy went straight from the camp-fire to the settler's cabin to see the young girl. Just as the guide was banking up the fire beside the wagon, the boy came back to say that if the travellers would wait three days, on Tuesday night there would be a wedding.

On Monday, therefore, all wakened to, oh, what tumultuous excitement! In the forest a wedding was a great event. There were no churches, no

weekly sermons, no flowing together of the families; nor were there festive evenings, nor lectures, nor music. Little wonder, therefore, that when the wedding came, the forest was all a-quiver with excitement. On Monday morning the settlers sent young men over the mountains and through the forest to invite the neighbors. The guides went into the woods for game.

Dorothy was a natural leader, and organized the women to mix and bake and pare and roast. The men drove stakes in the ground and put up rude tables under the trees. The guides brought in a fine deer, and on Tuesday afternoon the men dug a hole, suspended the deer above the coals, and roasted it. The women made pies out of the wild berries; they had roast quail, roast prairie chicken, pheasant, and turkey. For drink the trader brought cider, a barrel of which had been carried on a horse's back from Pennsylvania.

On Tuesday afternoon the settlers began to arrive, many of them on foot. The men came in the garb of hunters, with guns on their shoulders, and the women and children walking behind in their trail. They came from every direction, and with the campers made a little host of a full hundred.

What good fellowship! What friendship and hospitality! What open-handed welcome! The men, with their great broad backs and iron arms, looked as if they could carry the world between their shoulders; while the women and children were as brown as the nuts on the trees, and a thousand times prettier and fresher. Everybody was excited over the bride. Fortunately a settler

was also a Methodist lay-preacher. He came twenty miles through the woods to perform the ceremony. When all was ready, the guides held pine knots up in the air, so that everybody could see the bride's face.

When the boy and girl stood up before the minister, everybody was breathless. What a scene was that! The great trees throwing their solemn shadows about, the great fires blazing in the background, the hunters holding up their flaming torches, whose flames rose like white thoughts toward God; the boy with his brave, fine figure, and the girl — this orphan child — with a dress rude, indeed, but with, oh, how sweet a face!

Just as the minister was going to begin, the groom dropped the bride's hand, and exclaimed, "Oh! I've forgotten something," and ran to the cabin.

A murmur ran through the company, and all wondered what he had forgotten.

When he returned, he carried the bright new axe that his employer had given him, and the musket that was the gift of the bride's uncle. The boy explained his act by saying, "I want these to be married with me." Then the company realized that with his axe he was going to carve out his home in the forest, and that this gun was to be the sole weapon of defence for his child wife.

It was all so sudden that it took Dorothy off her feet. So natural and unconscious was the act, that it was invested with beauty and with grandeur.

Not often did these splendid frontiersmen, who could front death without fear, show feeling. But

when the boy came back with his axe and his gun, and, holding them to his side with one hand, took the girl's hand with the other, and married his weapons and his wife together, a tremor of emotion ran over the company. Fortunately for the men the shadows were thick enough to hide the tears upon their faces!

As for Dorothy, she wept joyous tears. She could have flung her arms about that boy.

He was poor, but he had hope and a strong arm. Weaponed with these, he would found a home in the forest. He had axe and gun, and with them he would guard his Eden against all enemies.

Think of it! For our Pilgrim fathers, the cabin of the *Mayflower* was filled with seeds and books and medicines and clothes; they had beds and tables; they had wagons and ploughs and hoes; they had boats in the harbor to which they could flee for safety. But this boy was going out into the wilderness, with naught but two pieces of iron, one iron that had a sharp edge to lift upon a tree, and one iron that was hollow and could hurl a tiny bit of lead.

When Dorothy kissed the bride, she said: "Do you know what I would do if I were you? I would have a coat of arms with an axe and a rifle emblazoned on a field of blue and crimson."

The next morning, a little after daylight, when all were ready to start, the bride and groom stood at the door of the uncle's cabin. The Methodist minister had made a long journey for him, and now the moment had come when the boy must pay the minister. Dorothy thought of John's father's

wedding fees. With what contagious laughter would he have struggled if he could have seen that boy's face and heard the words that he spoke! As a reward for a year's work, the boy had received twenty dollars. Ten of this had gone for the homespun suit that he wore as a wedding garment. Now he had forty shillings left. To him a shilling seemed a fortune.

When the minister came up to say good-by, Colonel Durand was talking with the groom. The boy's face was flushed. For the first time he was the head of the family and must assume financial responsibility. He drew out ten shillings, and, holding them on the palm of his broad hand, proudly said: "There, sir! Take until you are satisfied."

The circuit rider bowed as finely as a gentleman bows before the hero in romances, and took one shining shilling, saying, "This new republic will always be safe so long as it has brave boys in it like you."

Poor also was the girl! One little bundle of clothes, and another little bundle of sheets and two blankets, and ten shillings, as a gift from her aunt,— this was her store; while the boy had one buckskin suit, and his homespun suit, and one extra pair of boots. But with that gun and axe he was destined to found his industry and own an estate. Then, looking, oh! so happy, these two started on into the forest, ahead of the wagons, walking with shining faces. All the day long Dorothy's heart sang, and she thought much of Rosalind and her forest of Arden.

It was August when the boats landed on the

north bank of the Ohio, at Marietta. At first the landing brought discord and discouragement, but fear soon turned to hope and victory. When the Redham Pilgrims landed on what Colonel Durand felt sure was the land he had bought, he saw a little column of smoke rising from a point jutting out into the river. There was also a new clearing in the woods, and a cabin. Plainly, some one else claimed the land. Then began the dispute about the title-deeds. Soon the men of one tent were over against the men of the cabin like armed bands; the guides in the one company were all but ready to murder those of the other. For that was the era of land sharks. In that age sometimes the Indian chief sold the same land to half a dozen different trappers. Sometimes, also, careless or corrupt officials in Virginia or Pennsylvania had given two deeds for the same property.

It seemed that an old Revolutionary soldier from Pennsylvania claimed the land. To him Colonel Durand brought out his map and title-deeds. On the rude drawing was pictured a great triangle, jutting out into the Ohio, with one stream flowing to the southeast, and several miles away another little rivulet, flowing to the southwest. For ten miles back all the land between these little streams was included in the deeds. It had been purchased by Colonel Durand from a Frenchman, whose father, in turn, a half-century ago, ascended the Ohio with Jesuit priests, making the long journey from New Orleans to spy out the land and found a mission among the Indians. The old French map showed a tree, upon which a mark was blazed at a point

where the land jutted sharply into the river. It was the failure to find this tree that threatened the loss of the land.

Then Dorothy's intuitions came to her father's aid. After an anxious night, one morning she went to the point where the marked tree ought to have been. Swiftly she passed from one great tree to another. Soon she fixed her eyes on a tree, whose outer bark was smooth and without external scar. Then she asked the guide to build a platform out of the brush that would lift him some two feet above the ground. With a few sharp strokes he cut a gash, that went full eight inches into the trunk, and several feet lower down he cut another deep gash. Then a few swift blows, and he split off a long slab between the two, when suddenly, oh, wonder of wonders, there was uncovered a flat place the size of a man's hand! There, on the dark wood, were scratched the same figures that were on the deed. There, also, the old surveyor had bored a hole into which a wooden plug had been driven. Back of the plug was a piece of thick paper.

When Colonel Durand drew it forth from its hiding-place, he found the little roll of paper all untouched by the rain of summer or the snows of winter; no smoke had stained it; no gases or acids of the air had faded the ink. For fully eighty years it had been in its resting-place. It seemed like a voice from the dead. The colonel was in ecstasies. In an abandon of joy he shook hands with the old soldier who had claimed the land, who was only less excited than Dorothy, and who, to his

honor be it said, with instant readiness yielded his claim.

From that hour all felt sure there was no going back of this discovery, and hope returned to the new settlers. For the pioneer, the thought that he was to lift a roof-tree only to lose his cabin, to clear fields and sow harvests that others would reap and possess, seemed to be a thought full of despondency and fear. But now all passed out of the Valley of Despond, and became again the sons of hope and victory. The clearing began to hum with excitement, work, and happiness. Colonel Durand built one great central cabin, and near it two cabins, where his guides slept. All began to make ready for the hunters to go out, that they might collect food against the coming of the winter.

Going into the forest, also, they brought in bags of nuts — hickory and walnut, and beech and hazel — food enough to support the company during the winter. Wild grapes, too, they found in vast abundance, and wild plums, which the women put down in water. Long also lingered Indian summer upon the earth. Autumn came, and the sun still shone; then one night, while all slept, silently winter entered the scene, and, lo! heavy snow was upon the forest! Now an embargo was laid upon all toil. But in peace and plenty the Pilgrims possessed their souls, resting against the coming days of work.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH HIS RIVAL SCORES

Busied with their task, the first year passed swiftly. The settlers worked with a will; they built their cabins, subdued the wild grasses, planted the fields, cut highways through the forests. When the second summer had come and gone, the soldier began to see the end of his labors.

One Sunday afternoon, while Indian summer was still upon the land, Colonel Durand and Dorothy walked through the forest. Their path was a long, leafy way that led like an aisle under the vault of overarching boughs. Suddenly the path opened into a glade, and behold! there lay two great deer that had struggled unto blood and death! The splendid bucks, in fighting, had interlocked their horns. Prongs, that were seven in number, were so twisted and fastened together that neither deer could escape. Long they had fought in the clearing, until, for lack of food and drink, neither was strong enough to drag the other. Now both had fallen, and the two rivals were in the moment of death. On the edge of the clearing, hard by, stood the beautiful doe over whom the bucks had fought. With wide and wondering eyes the doe stared at the combatants, not understanding what all these things might mean.

Colonel Durand long stood beside the rivals, and when he turned away, with absent thoughts, he exclaimed, "There are other rivals; their contest may not be in the forest, but it will be a struggle unto death."

With instant recognition the color flooded Dorothy's face; her eyes shone, and suddenly the whole landscape was flooded with splendor. Her father had mentioned no names, and yet Dorothy instantly understood what the soldier meant. It was the first time since that midnight ride that her father had referred to Picquet's attentions or to John.

Looking shyly at her father, Dorothy said, "When men are rivals, no David ever fears his Goliath."

Colonel Durand turned quickly: "I was not thinking of David or of his victory over some coarse Goliath. I was thinking of that Paris who over-persuaded Helen and won her during Menelaus's absence."

And again the color flooded Dorothy's face. At last her father had softened. At last he had kind thoughts toward John. Nor did she know that her father had begun to associate Captain Picquet with her uncle's will.

The night before, the trader had lingered long at the Durand house. It was no longer possible to misunderstand his attitude. During the six weeks' journeying between Philadelphia and Marietta, the captain had been of the greatest possible assistance. His supplies for his store at the trading-post made up the future treasure of the post; and because he had crossed the mountains, was familiar with the trail, knew the officers at the different forts and

stockades, and understood the ways of the people of this new world, his services had been all but invaluable.

From the very first hour he had been under the spell of this young girl's purity and beauty. Indeed, even before the company had left Redham, from the day of that scene in the church, the trader was fully conscious of his wish. Long before the colonists had reached the Ohio River, Picquet had outlined his plans. In a thousand ways he had committed himself; all his journeys, his vast knowledge of the forest, his familiarity with the new world and its conditions, were gladly placed at the service of Colonel Durand. In every possible way he anticipated the needs of the morrow. What Colonel Durand could never have done, this trader easily accomplished for the colonists. The youth put the soldier under obligation in innumerable ways. Slowly Colonel Durand came to feel that he was indebted to this young man, who plainly intended to sue for the hand of his daughter. And yet unconsciously he feared the trader, and from week to week trusted him less and less; but with tireless skill Picquet toiled on.

It was at Fort Pitt that the trader made Dorothy's father his first proposition, looking toward a business partnership.

"This migration to the West has just begun. Soon a score of expeditions in a single summer will cross the Alleghanies and come down the Ohio. The great highway of commerce always has been and always will be the river highway. Other roads have to be kept in repair, and bridges must be

built; but the water road is always in good repair; it is without toll also, and free to all comers. The treasures of the West must converge toward the Ohio and come up the stream past Marietta, and the new emigrants must pass down the river. Soon you will see that Marietta is the strategic point. The great opportunity also is the opportunity of the trader. He buys goods and makes money in buying them; he carries goods over the mountains and brings back goods and supplies in return, and makes money in transportation; he buys furs and increases gold in the purchase; he sells furs and gains in the selling."

And then the trader importuned the soldier for partnership.

Alluring, indeed, these overtures of business! Was the growing fear that Picquet had destroyed the will an unjust suspicion? Did Picquet know that once the will was gone all of her uncle's property was Dorothy's, so that in winning her he would win what was hers? Again and again Colonel Durand was on the point of forming an alliance with the trader, but some instinct warned him. Whenever he approached a decision, Dorothy's face would rise between him and the trader. Try as he would, he could not bring himself to finally accept the proposition; even as he was unwilling to decline it. He knew that Picquet was prosperous and successful. Indeed, the trader was the one outstanding man in all the colony.

Strong and young, healthy and handsome, he was of rich bronze color, and there was a suggestion of a drop of Indian blood. His father

had been a French trader at Fort Pitt, and his mother the daughter of a Pennsylvania soldier. At an early age, the youth had been sent over the mountains to Philadelphia, where he remained at school until he was sixteen years of age; and long years after this, the boy took charge of his father's trading store at Fort Pitt. He had a mind with a keen edge, but his first and foremost impulse was avarice. It was easily to be seen that he belonged to that class that must rule to be happy, and that the soft glove concealed the iron hand. But Colonel Durand knew that to oppose Picquet was to favor John Chapman. Now, also, time and distance daily softened his opposition. Sometimes he deeply regretted that he had not accepted the minister's overtures of reconciliation. One thing was sure, Dorothy would be true to John. She was firm as the mountains. During those days, Dorothy and her two lovers filled his mind. And now the weeks passed and the winter came, and still Colonel Durand held the trader at arm's length.

Long before the coming of the second Christmas, Colonel Durand's company had made their mark upon the forest. In early September they mapped out the winter's work. After the soldier had established his claim and discovered the old mark of the surveyor, he parcelled out his land and sold it to his friends from Redham. Then, combining their labors, the settlers built their cabins against the coming of winter. Buildings constructed of logs go up rapidly, while those made of bricks advance slowly and by long stages. Colonel Durand, with

his large wealth, made unwonted progress. His brother's bequest to Dorothy and himself had given him money, and to spare. Daily his ambition grew to found a great estate. He hired the woodsmen, trappers, and Indians, — whoever would work, — and being something of a landscape gardener, he drew vast plans. He laid out a driveway that ran to the river's brink and commanded a view of the opposite shore. In front of his great log-house he cut an outlook to the river, and from this point as a centre he laid out diverging roads. He fenced the fields and turned ugliness into beauty. When the second spring came, what a transformation had been wrought in the forest beside the river! The wilderness had become a garden. Where had been silent woods were now streets, cabins, houses, barns, granaries. In the centre of the village they built a structure that served as a church on Sunday, as schoolhouse and academy during the week. For from the very beginning these new settlers had decided that there was no safeguard for the colony save through intelligence, and no safeguard for intelligence save in virtue, and no safeguard for virtue save in moral education.

Long did the Indian summer continue, and not until late in January did the first heavy snow fall upon the forest. If the tired men welcomed the winter with its long nights about the fire, the trader, Captain Picquet, welcomed these nights far more. Every night found him turning his footsteps toward Colonel Durand's cabin. His was an adventurous spirit. He was full of vigor and enthusiasm, and he pushed his suit with all possible ardor;

but as he grew insistent and outspoken, Dorothy grew reserved and silent. Never for one moment had she given him any encouragement; not for one moment would he accept her refusal as final. At length she began to be conscious of a fear that never before had shown itself, and some instinct warned her.

Ours is a world where God has given to every living thing instincts as weapons of offence and defence. There is no bird that flies, no fish that swims, no bee that builds its honey-cell, but carries some voice of warning and alarm; the deer has its speed, the buck its horn, the lark its wing, the lion its strength — and the soul hath its instinct. And now an inner voice told Dorothy not to trust Picquet, and though that voice spoke less clearly to her father, a secret fear of Captain Picquet kept the soldier on his guard.

And there were the best of reasons for their fear. The trader was a man who had lived long upon the river. Seemingly he was an open man; in reality his nature was like a book closed and locked, and no man could read the secret writing. Colonel Durand knew next to nothing about the nature of the man concerning whom he wanted to know everything. Often the soldier watched the trader while he was sitting beside the logs, talking with Dorothy. He studied the man's figure, tall and slim, his copper-colored skin, the long eyes that opened as through a slit; he analyzed the workings of that subtle mind. In many ways Picquet was likable — most likable. The trader was also a man who did things. He was rich, and daily

growing richer, and he had set his heart upon one ambition, — to win Dorothy. And he proposed to win her, — by right ends if possible, — but he meant to win her.

In those days the trader who owned the supplies was the one great man in the new world. To his depot came the Indians with their furs; to the trader came the new settlers for their provisions, their tools for the field, and their comforts for the cabin. In those days there were no schools and stores, no music halls, no lectures, — the one central meeting-point was the trader's store. Soon Colonel Durand found that the store was the centre of much ill-will and passion. From time to time mutterings were heard against the merchant. It was an unwritten law that no trader should sell powder and shot or guns to the Indians. Equally strong was the sentiment against selling whiskey to the red men. Many an outbreak of the Indians, with the fitting of arrow to the bow, the stroke of tomahawk, the waving of firebrands, the midnight attack that left the cabin a heap of ashes, was traceable to the fire-water, for which the Indian largely gave his furs.

Nevertheless, Picquet for a number of years had maintained close relations with the Indian chiefs. When the government agent came with proposals for new territory, the Indians sought advice and guidance from the trader. Once a chief refused to sell his land until he had submitted his case to Picquet. And yet, as the Indians grew poorer and lost their lands, the trader grew richer and gained wider fields. It was noticed also that the

Indians who came in from the woods empty-handed, were afterward found in the forest hunting with guns. Now and then a half-breed would arise who insisted that a tract of land owned by the trader had been obtained from chiefs who were first made drunk, and under the influence of liquor had signed the deeds that the trader held; but the colonists never believed anything favorable to the Indians.

At last, Colonel Durand's suspicions turned to certainty. One night, during the second winter, a half-breed and two young braves came up the river, bringing three canoes loaded with furs. Their cargo represented many months of work: buffalo robes made soft by oil, buckskins tanned until they were as pliable as woolen garments, bearskins, beaver, mink, muskrat, and raccoon. Entering the store, with many a grunt, they answered the greeting of the trader; slowly they passed from counter to counter. They looked longingly at the piles of blankets, whose red and blue colors they dearly prized. They stood long before the guns and gazed admiringly at the powerful weapons. The trader soon made the white men who were lounging in the store understand that their presence was unwelcome; he told the colonel that the Indians were disturbed always by the presence of others. When the soldier departed, he left the Indians toying with the beads and flashing knives and axes and hatchets. The trader was still dickering with them when Colonel Durand closed the door and went slowly through the darkness toward his cabin.

At midnight he was awakened by rifle-shots. Going out, he found the Indians were drunk and

amusing themselves with the muskets which they had purchased. Later he learned that the trader had sent the Indians away, each carrying two bags of glass beads, two red blankets, and a large tin can of their much-loved fire-water. Although the captain denied it, the old soldier felt sure that the trader had sold the Indians guns and ammunition. All this seemed sheer treachery; and this New Englander, who loved justice, was conscious of rising indignation toward the man who would use his strength to get possession of an Indian's furs, and sell rifles to his enemy.

From that night the stern old soldier assumed a different attitude toward the trader. The next time he called, Captain Picquet was conscious of a strange chill that had crept into the air. Colonel Durand met the trader coldly, and Dorothy made him understand that he was not welcome. But opposition whets the appetite. What Picquet could not have, that he wanted. Now his anger kindled also against the soldier father.

Forgetting all prudence, the trader began to stir doubt in the minds of the colonists. To one of the older men he spoke about his own loss of land by reason of faulty titles. He began to cast suspicion upon the colonel's title-deeds. He even declared that there was a man at the stockade in Cincinnati who claimed to have an earlier title to the colonel's land. He said that he always had felt some fear lest the colonel's title-deed was not well established. He said the soldier had taken great risks, and insisted that a man should wait a long time before improving property whose ownership

was uncertain, or accepting a title that had not been passed upon by the government agent. The very thought that they might lose their new homes stirred alarm among the colonists. The Redham people were not rich men; no relative had endowed them with treasure. Each had purchased his land from the soldier leader. Some of the Pilgrims were hard put to it until the first year's crop came in. So they welcomed work in clearing up the colonel's land and the wage that came therefrom, even as they welcomed the winter days when they were free to trap and hunt.

On the other hand, Colonel Durand had taken the money that he had received from his brother and all that his friends had given him in return for their land, and used it in hiring guides, river-men and foresters, trappers and hunters, to work upon his estate. For months he had had a small army of men toiling for him. By so doing he had in eighteen months' time achieved results that other settlers had not wrought out in as many years. When the first of April came, it was as if some army of magicians had in the night time changed what had been a wilderness into a great estate.

One night, late during their second March, the trader knocked at Colonel Durand's door. Picquet was cordial, effusive, and happy. He assumed that he was Colonel Durand's welcomed and closest friend. After the usual formalities, Picquet said: —

"I am afraid that this old discussion about your land is up again."

Something in the trader's voice caught the soldier's attention.

"I don't understand you," said Colonel Durand, rising to his feet.

"Unwelcome is the man who brings ill tidings! But it cannot be helped. I dropped in to say that a guide has come up the river from Cincinnati, claiming that you have settled on his land and are destroying his forests. I have only glanced at the man's papers, but he seems so sure of his rights that I must confess that the matter looks serious. I hope it will come to nothing; still you had better come over and examine the deed."

"Who is this man? And where will I find him?" asked Colonel Durand.

"I left him at the store and told him that I would bring you to him. I know nothing of this man, and I do not like him. But you trust it all to me! We can outwit him! Never fear! You know that all my means are at your disposal — and Dorothy's," and here Picquet smiled and stretched out his hand to Dorothy as he turned to leave the soldier's house.

A few minutes sufficed for Colonel Durand and Picquet to return to the store. There they met the new claimant, who produced his deed. They spread the title out on the counter and began to study it carefully. With instant recognition the soldier saw that this old deed antedated his own. The more he studied it, the more bewildered Colonel Durand became.

Long after midnight the discussion was still going on. Picquet defended the Durand deed. Privately, however, he told the colonel that he could not answer the stranger's arguments.

"I make my appeal to the government agent," exclaimed the new claimant.

Picquet answered that of course the whole matter was one for the government representative to pass upon, and that everything depended upon his decision on the morrow.

Now it happened that the trader had not forgotten for one moment this court of last resort. The agent was a Pennsylvanian, an old soldier of the Revolution, who held his appointment as a matter of political patronage. Fulfilling tasks that involved knowledge of the law, this land agent was ignorant of all legal knowledge and wisdom; he was lazy and shiftless, as well as ignorant. He was always in debt at the trader's store. For his support, also, he was dependent upon his semi-annual pay which was sent over the mountains from Philadelphia. Picquet had carefully put this agent under certain new obligations and bound him hand and foot by financial favors. He had already seen this government representative and given him to understand that, as judge, he was expected to recognize and protect the newly discovered deed. Having given judgment in advance of the taking of testimony, the agent promised to be at the trader's store on the following morning.

But not even Captain Picquet anticipated the excitement in the settlement when the final decision went against Colonel Durand. Dropping their axes and tools, the Redham men rushed toward the trader's store. All day the little settlement seethed and boiled like a volcano. That night again all assembled to discuss the situation. Over-

whelmed and stunned, Colonel Durand was all but impotent. Meanwhile anger was growing at the soldier, and the storm threatened to become a furious tempest.

"Why did Colonel Durand buy this land until he was sure of it?"

"Why did he sell fields he did not own?"

"Why did he not keep their money until he was sure that no one else would come to claim what he had sold?"

The settlers had bought houses, and now other men were to lie under the roofs; the settlers had cut roads, and other men were to ride over them; they had digged wells, and others were to draw the water; they had planted gardens whose fruits other hands were to gather.

Colonel Durand had taken their money and had spent it to improve his estate. He had wealth from his rich brother, that perchance had been saved up in Boston; meanwhile, what was to become of them — men whose little ones were soon to be turned out into the forest to starve?

And now the seeds of strife that Captain Picquet had sown came to a quick and large harvest.

One of the younger men called a meeting of the Redham Pilgrims. With fierce and bitter words they assailed their leader. They charged Colonel Durand with carelessness in having sold them land that was not his; with having spent their money on his land without waiting to verify their title-deeds. They blamed all their losses on the soldier. Angry, they gathered up their hatred, their jealousy, their sense of injury, and hurled the full force upon

their leader. And as if this was not enough, one of the Pilgrims moved a resolution that Colonel Durand be deposed as head of the company; they called upon the soldier to return to them their money, or to send to Boston and draw upon the large sum that his brother had left him. One of them went so far as to charge him with having destroyed his brother's will; he even said that William Durand had left one-third of his estate to John Chapman, and that Colonel Durand had stolen this money from the minister's son. Resolutions were passed that branded him as thief and traitor before his old friends. Some waves the swimmer can breast, but in the ocean the billow breaks and pours tons of water upon the swimmer and carries him down; and now all the billows passed over Colonel Durand.

When another morning came, the old soldier, stung to the very quick, brought with him the little gold he had left; paid each of the twelve men from Redham one-quarter of the sum he had received for the land, and gave his note for the remaining three-quarters, which he said would be paid when his agent at Redham sent the money which was still due from his brother's estate.

Now the old soldier was without a home and had impoverished himself; and now also came Picquet's opportunity. Coming forward, he besought the soldier to accept a loan sufficient to support himself and Dorothy until they could hear from home. Since they were not willing to spend another hour under a roof that was not theirs, he urged them to come to his house.

"All that I have is yours. For a long time I have felt that you were my dearest friends. This opportunity of serving you has given me a pleasure that I have never felt before."

Then, feeling that it would be best for him to disappear for a time, Captain Picquet said it was necessary for him to go up the river to Fort Pitt to receive the new supplies for the summer's trade; but before going he renewed his overtures of partnership in the belief that necessity would now compel Colonel Durand to accept this proposition. He determined that on his return a fortnight later he would compel at Dorothy's hands an answer that would be favorable to his suit.

But unwittingly the captain overreached himself. He had not the least suspicion that his absence would work disaster. Scarcely had he departed on his trip up to Fort Pitt, when Colonel Durand, daily fronting his ungrateful colonists, determined to turn his face toward the great West. He was conscious that his friends had done him a grievous injury; for the moment he could not make allowance for their sudden anger or do them justice. One thing was certain,— he could no longer endure the sight of these men who had so cruelly wronged him. Burning with indignation, therefore, on the second evening her father announced to Dorothy his purpose to leave Marietta. The next morning, before daybreak, he carried two or three bundles down to the boat, and with Dorothy put off down the river in the darkness, leaving no hint as to his plan or destination.

All that day the soldier followed the southern

bank of the river. Recalling the wrongs he had suffered, the colonel was very bitter toward his New England friends. He associated his troubles with the northern banks of the Ohio. Skirting the Kentucky shore, the colonel came to Maysville with the intention of journeying on to Lexington. But the next day the two travellers discovered a little nook in a vale, where they found a score of houses and cabins, — a nook so sheltered and inviting, where dwelt such an air of comfort, that there Colonel Durand rested. Overtaken by fatigue and illness, he, for the time, gave up all thought of journeying farther.

And now the strength of Dorothy's character found new revelation. Her spirit rose triumphant above all these troubles. Life holds no scene more beautiful than a daughter's wondrous love. In his drama the old Greek poet made Antigone the guardian angel of her father. When exile and sickness overtook the king, and he wandered into its darkness and its pitiless storm, it was Antigone who lifted his shield and defence.

During those days, Colonel Durand, also, learned to understand a daughter's fidelity. Even the beauty of Dorothy's face was forgotten in the splendor of her deeds. Seemingly calm and happy without, within Dorothy fought honestly against discouragement and fear. Sometimes it seemed as if all the troubles that were distributed upon other people had been gathered up and focussed on her simple life. First had come her mother's death, afterward enmity had divided her from her lover; then her uncle had passed away, and now had

come the loss of the new home; gone also the old friendships with the Redham Pilgrims. One thing she could not forget — that tumultuous assembly, when those young men had openly assailed her father, accused him of dishonor, deposed him from his position. What was the meaning, also, of the charge that her father had destroyed his brother's will? Had the old merchant left a will that gave a third of his money to her lover, John Chapman? Her father's refusal to tell her anything increased her suspicions. Many things now rose before Dorothy's mind. She did not believe that her father had been guilty of such a crime, but there were certain events that she could not explain. One thing was sure, — he was her father; for him she must live and for him she must work; having lived for her ideals until now, Dorothy now determined to die for them.

CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH A YOUTH PURSUES A DOUBLE QUEST

MEANWHILE, the first summer after the colonists' departure passed rapidly for the Redham farmers, busied with a thousand tasks; but for John Chapman, all of whose thoughts were beyond the Alleghanies, the weeks and months of May and June moved with heavy, leaden feet. Yet the longest day must close, and at last the September, so long expected, came. Autumn was upon the earth, and October and November came also. Now summer waned, and now he loved to linger where the Pilgrims once assembled on the village green; he lived over again that hour when he dropped the spray of apple blossoms down upon Dorothy's lap, and often he thought of that moment when, looking into the eyes of the soldier, he pitted will against will, and manhood against manhood. But chiefly did he linger in memory upon the events of that midnight ride, and of that hour when he saw the will destroyed.

With reverent thoughts he observed the tenth day of May, the anniversary of the departure of the Pilgrims. All day he walked the street and kept his tryst with memory. That night he was sleepless, and, when the darkness was thickest, he rose and threw wide his windows. In

that moment he heard the cry of the wild fowl, flying low and close to the earth. These sky pilgrims were migrating, planning for new nests, new homes, and new companions. Long the youth lay in the darkness, listening to the cry of these ethereal colonists of the sky. Restlessness possessed his spirit. When at last he slept, he dreamed of perils for Dorothy, dwelling in the forest beyond the Alleghanies. Waking from fitful dreams, his mind teemed with plans for her pursuit and safety. Each hour also but increased his agitation. When at last the day dawned, he had formed his resolution to cast his lot in with the great West, to cross the Alleghanies, and there do foundation work.

At breakfast, he met his father, and outlined his plan. In that hour he was under the full influence of the minister's story of the man who always carried seeds with him. What if he should load a boat with apple seeds, and from Pittsburg drift down the Ohio River, find open glades in the forest, plant his seeds, weave brush around them to protect the trees against the deer, and so make ready for the coming of the settlers? Surely such work would be worth while. New England did not need him; she had young men enough and to spare. Other young men of his age had married and given hostages to fortune; his life was where Dorothy was. She was his fortune, and her destiny was his. When day dawned, it found him fully decided to cross the Alleghanies in quest of Dorothy.

Going down to breakfast, he outlined his plans. In silence the minister listened to John's decision. For forty years he had been studying men; now

he read the youth like an open book; he knew that the time had come when opposition was useless. Plainly affection, and feeling, and conviction, within this youth, had all the depth and volume of great rivers. Long repressed and held back, the waters had piled up, and unless the tides found relief they would break through all barriers, and the onrushing stream would sweep all obstructions before it. Therefore he gave John's plan instant approval, insisting only that time would soften the soldier, that patience would win all, and that John must so plan his journey as not to reach Marietta before the second anniversary of Dorothy's departure had fully come. In that midnight interview, she had said that after two years she would act for herself. From that hour delay was impossible.

And now his father's story of the man who carried seeds with him began to shape and color John's life. He determined to use the seeds as an excuse for another quest. In early October, a young man, ruddy, alert, and self-reliant, appeared in the orchards of western Pennsylvania. His errand was one the like of which no man had ever heard before. He was not there to test the summer apples, with their rich, crisp juices, nor to arrange with farmers to store them against the winter, that he might with the coming spring make merchandise of fruit in many a distant town about Philadelphia. This youth's errand was to buy seeds, and he looked not for this year's apples, but rather for apples that years from now would ripen upon boughs that were as yet unplanted. Fortunately, it was what the farmers called an apple year. Summer had dealt

kindly with the orchards, and all the trees were bowed to the very ground with unwonted fruit. When the frosts fell, and the autumn wind bore away the leaves, what a mass of color was that that the youth saw, when he beheld hillsides all crimson and russet and gold with glow of the clustered fruit, through apples that were of sweetness all compact. In that rude era, men had no cold storage, nor any way of transportation. Once, therefore, the cellar was filled, and his sons had filled the barrels in the cellar, the farmer used the excess of fruit to work up into cider.

When all the juices had been pressed out, and the men had carried the pressed peelings and cores into the corner of the orchard, the farmer little dreamed that this young stranger, washing the decayed fruit from the apple seeds, was to find in that heap of apple cores a treasure beyond all the worth of silver. The value of an apple, the young stranger told the farmers, was not in the fruit, but in the seed. For, within the core of this tiny orb called a golden pippin, were hidden half a dozen apple trees that some day would wave their boughs in summer's wind, and bend their branches to offer food for hungry children.

One October night, John Chapman assembled all the farmers in the little church. He told them about the great new land beyond the Alleghanies. He spoke of the multitude of colonists that were pouring into that world; of the poverty and privations of the new settlers; how every second child that was born died before it was a year old; how miasms arose from the newly turned soil;

how these Pilgrims burned with fever and shivered with the after chill; and he said that what the new settlers needed was not powerful draughts of medicine, nor the leeches that drew away blood already impoverished, but that the one medicine they needed was the acid of fruits; he criticised the leech with his "shot-gun" remedy, in which he mixed twenty powerful medicines, giving a tumblerful to the patient in the calm and cheerful hope that if nineteen of the medicines failed, the twentieth would certainly hit the disease and destroy it; he said that what the doctor with his lancet could not do, the apple boughs could easily accomplish.

He told the wondering farmers that the story of the tree of life meant that God made His great world a garden, made its chief treasure to be fruits of the orchard, and put man here to tend, to prune, and keep the trees. He said it was his ambition to be a generation in advance of the new settlers, and so give them apple seeds and berries and all small fruits. He urged that it would be twenty years before the new settlers on the Ohio River could have herds and flocks, and forty years before they could amass wealth; while in two years the settler could grow berries, in four years ripen his cherries, peaches, and plums, and in six years his apple trees would offer some fruit.

So he said to the farmers, "Have you in your orchard one tree that has large apples with rich yellow meat? Give me the seeds that I may carry them into the forest. Have you and your fathers developed an apple that is large and of firm texture,

with a rich tang? Give me the seeds of that apple tree, that I may carry them to the settlers in Ohio and Indiana. Have any of you large apples that are gold and crimson, that would delight the hearts of the little children at Christmas? Have any of you crab-apples in your orchard that could be made into jelly for the settler's cabin? I want the seeds from your finest grape-vine; I want you who have the best peaches, plums, and pears each to bring me many seeds. I will gladly pay you all for your labor, but these seeds shall be your contribution."

Then John Chapman told the farmers the story that he had heard his father tell, of the old man who always carried seeds with him, and turned a desert island into a little paradise. All the time, the farmers thought that this young stranger had no quest save the quest of apple orchards. But deep down in his heart, John was thinking about a certain spray of apple blossoms; about Dorothy, with heart sweeter and purer than any apple bough that ever opened its loveliness to the touch of the summer's wind.

It was early in October of 1789 when the youth, who was one day to turn the great wilderness into one wide-lying orchard, was first seen in the regions beyond the Alleghany Mountains. One day two boats, lashed together, were seen drifting slowly down the Ohio. When his boat was opposite a dozen cabins, near where Beaver now is, a child, playing near the stockade, ran shouting to the fort to spread the news. When all rushed forth in tumultuous excitement to greet the newcomers,

the settlers found the boats laden, not with horses, or ploughs, or stoves, or blankets, or guns, but, oh! wonder of wonders! with nothing but bags of seeds. It was such a cargo as no man had ever seen. There were ten great sacks filled with seeds of apples and pears, cherries and grapes, plums and peaches. When the settlers marvelled, and told the youth that there were seeds enough for a hundred orchards, but no settler rich enough to buy them, he laughingly answered that that was why he brought the seeds, saying that all these seeds were against the coming of another generation.

"You wish I had brought tools? But the hoe is of no use," he said, "until you have an apple tree to dig about. The plough is worthless, until you have the grape-vines, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries to be cultivated. What you need is berries and fruits for your pies in the autumn, and your cider and grape juice in the winter, and your jellies and preserves in March and April. You wish I had brought a gun? The chief use of a gun which you expected me to bring," said John Chapman, "is to protect a home; but what makes a soldier fight is a home worth fighting for. Such a home means a happy wife and child; and these ask for grape-vines running over the eaves of the house and for apple boughs with fruits filled with ripeness to the core."

And so the next day the youth went to an open field with the twenty men who dwelt beside the great river, and together they dug up the soil and planted apple seeds in rows and put out the beginnings of apple and peach, plum and cherry, with the

small fruits of the garden. But while they planted, a gentle sadness, like the shadow of an approaching cloud, dwelt upon the spirits of this young stranger; for at Fort Pitt he had expected to find letters from home, containing some news of Dorothy and her father also, and his disappointment was almost greater than he could bear.

Then, urging that but a few days or weeks at most remained before the descent of winter, and that he must make haste to plant his seeds before the heavy snows should fall, John Chapman and his guide waved their farewell to the people in the stockade, and rowing to the middle of the stream, that they might be beyond the arrows of unfriendly Indians, drifted slowly down the Ohio.

Day by day the youth put brakes upon his impulse, and held himself back. Not until the 10th of May must he allow himself to land in Marietta. Work, however, is a great sedative, and each day he understood better how large a task it was always to carry seeds with him. That chance story of his father's had unexpectedly opened up a great door of opportunity that satisfied his highest ambitions. Dreaming ever of Dorothy, he began to dream dreams of orchards in the forests, to which the adventurous settlers could come for fruit. His plan was very simple, but most carefully wrought out.

Landing at intervals of ten miles, he climbed the banks of the Ohio and searched out an open glade in the forest. There, working with his guide, he dug trenches in the rich, black soil, planted his seeds, and wove a rude fence of brush to keep the wild deer from cropping the young trees. Then

also he put up a sign, — "Take what you will, but guard the fence." Then he put out into the middle of the river and drifted on. In this way, in three weeks' time, he set out ten little orchards. He made most careful note of these openings in the forest that years afterward were to mean so much to the new settlers of Virginia, and Kentucky, and Ohio, — settlers who went forth to dig up these fruit trees that to them seemed to have been let down from God out of heaven, upon the banks of this great river that had now become a river of the water of life.

It was late in November when the last sack of seeds was planted. John was now a full hundred miles down the Ohio River below Fort Pitt. He knew that if he were to put in the paddle, and toil by day and night, that when one week, or two at most, had passed, he could draw his boat up the banks before the stockade at Marietta. The very thought made his heart sing while his hand worked. The memory of that spray of apple blossoms that he had plucked in his father's garden, and dropped from the gallery upon Dorothy's lap, sweetened his life and perfumed all his days and nights. And now his apple seeds were forever associated with his quest of the beautiful girl. Longer he could not wait. Love tugged at all his resolutions for delay. Dorothy belonged to him. And now the days lagged. He had promised his father not to go to Marietta until the second anniversary of Dorothy's departure from Redham had fully come about, but he feared for Dorothy's life. Rumors had arrived of troubles with Indians, rumors of poverty, and cold and sick-

ness, and perils innumerable. These disquieting rumors filled the youth with a tumult of anxieties for Dorothy, whom he would fain have shielded from all rude winds, and who, in his imagination, was now surrounded by perils that threatened life itself.

And well might the youth be anxious. That was the era of privation. That was the heroic age in American history. An impulse toward heroism had descended upon all the people. Pioneers vied with one another as to who should undertake the hardest tasks. Men then hungered for dangers and perils, just as the pampered boys of to-day hunger for easy chairs, stalled ox, and spiced wines. As once that strange impulse fell upon the Huns in the third century, and those forest children made their way toward Italy, influenced by stories of vast treasure to be found there, so the soldiers of the Revolution left their homes beside the sea and eagerly poured over the Alleghanies.

They dreamed dreams of wide fields and large farms. They dreamed of herds and flocks, and pastures and meadows; they dreamed of great houses, and estates like those in England. The tales of the West had captured the imagination of all men. The colonists from southern New England, from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, poured over the Alleghanies at the point named Pittsburg, and thence down into the Ohio Valley, and on into the valleys of the adjacent streams. In a single score of years a new civilization was about to be founded.

What privations the colonists endured, what

perils they surmounted, no words can describe! From the mountain side they moved down into the vast forest, dark with primeval growths, thick with vines and tangled bushes. The rich soil, the genial atmosphere, and the kindly skies made the forest a jungle. Yet with infinite courage they undertook the task of letting in the light. Armed with an axe, the settler cleared an open spot in the woods. Out of the logs he built his cabin. Splitting off slabs, he bored holes in them for the table and the chair. He tore up the soil, to plant the little handful of corn that would next year yield seed enough to plant a real harvest. Meanwhile he lived upon wild game in winter and on berries and roots in summer. As the clearing grew, he subdued its soil for field and pastures. All the streams were to be bridged; all the bogs were to be drained. Roads were to be hewn out in the wilderness. The cabin was also the granary, and in addition it was a citadel and fortress against wild beasts and still wilder men.

Most of the colonists came on horseback. With axe and saw the settler made his own wagon. For the wheel he cut off the round end of an oak log. For harness he twisted ropes together. For fences he used the roots of the trees, or split the rails. He had no matches, and for fire he turned to flint and steel. In winter, if the powdered tow was damp and the fire had gone out, the pioneer rose, walked perchance a mile through the woods, to carry an iron pot full of coals from a neighbor's hearth. In the summer he crossed the streams in a log hollowed out with the axe and with fire.

In the winter he crossed on the ice. During the month of December, when the river was neither water nor ice, but only a film of frozen flakes, then began the real peril of the Ohio.

One day in the late winter John Chapman saw a boy, who was going to a wedding, swim the Miami, carrying his wedding clothes in a bundle over his head, and pushing the thin ice as he swam. Clambering upon the shore on the other side, the boy put on his clothes, and hurried on to a scene of festivity lying far in the forest.

The greatest privation was the sense of loneliness. There was a government mail only once a month, that came over the mountains. There were only three papers, — one in New York, one in Hartford, and one in Philadelphia. The books in the ordinary home were five, — the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Poor Richard's Almanac," Young's "Night Thoughts," and a copy of the "Shorter Catechism" bound up with the old "First Spelling Book." Four months after they voted, the colonists first learned that Washington had been elected President.

Not until the youth had shivered under the autumn rains, and been chilled by the rude frosts, and again and again torn the bark from the tree to construct a rude shelter from the rain, did the realization of what privation this new life had brought on Dorothy take hold of John Chapman. Early in December an experience touched his imagination. One afternoon the snow began to sift through the trees under the force of the northwest wind. Toward evening the flakes began to whirl.

With the darkness, the storm became a gale. Fortunately the traveller had chanced upon a clearing, and found a cabin in the woods. In those days all were brothers, through peril and necessity. The settler and his wife gave John Chapman and his guide warm welcome; and on the kitchen floor, beside the fireplace, they made their bed of blankets.

As John lay looking up, he saw that for ceiling the young wife had stretched the cotton that had been used for the covering of the wagon during some long journey; for this settler was rich enough to have journeyed through the forest in a covered vehicle. The white cloth ceiling was held to the four corners of the room by rope, and so hid the rude roof of logs and split slabs. All night the snow fell and drifted in upon the cloth ceiling. Every hour the weight of snow increased and grew heavier on the cloth above the sleepers. When the morning came, springing up, John Chapman started to throw a log on the smouldering embers. But jarring the house, the ceiling gave way under the weight, and down came all the snow that rested on the ceiling, and the youth found himself standing in a drift that all but came to his knees. Beyond the door was the blizzard, and the snow piled high without. And so the man arose to dig a path from bed to fireplace, then he piled the snow in one-half of the cabin, while the shivering inmates crowded close to the fire in the other; and so they lived until the three days' blizzard had passed by.

When the young husband grumbled during these awful days, the wife, fully conscious of the wealth involved in a wagon that had come over the moun-

tains, and of the superiority of a shingled house, chided her husband for grumbling, saying: —

"What! We, with all our comforts, complain? Think what poor folks endure!"

Oh, the bravery of these women! What fears they stifled, what tears they choked back, by what power of will they coerced their lips into smiles, no man knoweth!

Certain it is that the great West could never have been settled but for these women who believed in a coming home, and lived for a future hope, and endured as seeing wealth that was as yet invisible.

Not soldiers alone are heroic! What of these women who stayed in their cabins with no sound save the occasional stroke of the husband's axe in the forest? How often must this solitary woman have thought of Wyoming, with the sudden descent of savages, the sharp crack of the rifle that left the woodsman to die, and then the whoop of the victorious warriors!

And now it was that John Chapman's imagination took fire. He pictured Colonel Durand's cabin in the forest. He saw Dorothy living beneath unfriendly skies. He saw her going to and fro, carrying water from the spring. He saw her watching the men roll the logs together in blazing heaps to make a clearing. He saw her garments wet with rain and chilled with snow. He heard the summer's storm come hurling through the forest, and shivered with the crash of falling trees. He heard the panther's midnight cry, the hunter's shout. He listened to the whiz of Indian arrows. He saw

the savages kindle their fires and begin the war-dance. He saw them smear their faces red and black with paint and cut themselves with stones. He heard their cry of exultation over human scalps. He saw them skulking, creeping through the brush, toward the little cabin that stood in the clearing, like an island surrounded by a sea of savagery, that would soon be overwhelmed, as the waves of a winter's sea toss a bit of wreckage upon the cruel rocks.

Sometimes it seemed to this youth that he must fling his arms to the sky and cry aloud; that the space that separated him from that fair child, who ever stood forth with apple blossoms in her hand, was unendurable; that he must break through the hours and fling aside all barriers; and when hope and love would rise triumphant, with the courage of the future in his heart, he crowded back all tears, and as one wakes from a troubled dream, saying, "It was only a dream," so he rose up and strode on and on in his quest.

In his vision hours he saw brave men, part hunters, part woodsmen, part farmers, carving fields out of forests, changing valleys into pastures, hillsides into meadows, covering the shores of the great Ohio River with towns, and out of threads of thought and work weaving a shining web and spreading a rich texture of civilization over all the land. In such hours he seemed to himself the child of special good fortune and divine opportunity. Institutions were new, and customs were in the gristle; the people were plastic, and the first settlers would be the architects of the new state. In such

a mood he could not be grateful enough that Colonel Durand and Dorothy had crossed the mountains. Not for one moment did he doubt her faithfulness; for he knew that like Penelope she would weave and unravel until he came. Sometimes his heart was very bitter toward her father, who had separated them; but perhaps it had been overruled for good, for on to-morrow or to-morrow's morrow he would find her again, and then they would take up the old task. Under the influence of such thoughts, emotions shook the youth as the summer's wind shakes the boughs of the trees. His whole being was dissolved with happiness, and looking out over the wide-lying land, glad solemnity possessed his spirit, until, like Moses, he was ready to put off his shoes, feeling that all of this new world was holy ground.

In anticipation, the very thought of the Pilgrims in Marietta, and of that May day that was now but a little time off, warmed his heart and filled all the days with light and sunshine, and a thousand perfumed thoughts sweetened the hours. Coming events cast their sunshine as well as their shadows before. The rising day sends its courier, called the Dawn, with banners of light, on before. Beholding the far-off signals, the birds rise to meet and greet the sunshine on the horizon. Moving along the road, from afar the traveller recognizes certain odors in the air that belong to the orange grove and apple orchard that have thrown their signals out in advance. Not otherwise was it with this traveller, pursuing his double quest. In memory also he lived over again that scene in his father's church.

Again he saw the spray of apple blossoms falling through the air; again he looked down upon Dorothy's face, more beautiful than the sweet flowers upon her lap; again he fought his battle with her father and was victorious; again he was riding through the forest, and once more he heard her assuring words, "I knew that you would come." And then he wakened from his thoughts to the world about him, to the boat, and to the river, and to the forest on either side, and remembered that on the morrow, if all went well, by rising up early and toiling late, he would pull his boat up on the beach at Marietta.

Then came his first news of the new Pilgrims, and news that was accompanied with danger. He was still sixty miles up the river above Marietta. The season was early autumn, and Indian summer was still in the land. In the late afternoon John Chapman and his guide turned the canoe up a stream on the north bank of the Ohio. They had yet two hours to make their camp before night fell. The guide was on his knees paddling on the right side, and John was in the stern paddling on the left. Suddenly, in a tone scarce above a whisper, he asked the guide whether he had seen anything. Without lifting his head, or making any sign, the man answered in the same underbreath. Both men understood that Indians were on the bank, keeping step with the canoe as it glided up the river. An hour passed. From time to time, coming to an opening among the trees, John Chapman saw a dark form flit between the trees and disappear among the bushes. Unfortunately the

stream was not wide enough for them to escape. The canoe was only a log hollowed out by axe and fire. They had no friendly board that they could lift as barricade against the possible flight of arrows or the whiz of bullets from guns sold by some foolish trader.

When darkness fell, both men crouched low, and let the boat drift back down into the Ohio. Once in the great river, they put out into the current until they were beyond attack. Then paddling to the southern bank, they saw the light of a camp-fire. Drawing near in the darkness, they heard the voices of travellers like themselves.

Paddling silently near the shore, John called out: —

"Halloo!"

For a moment all was still. Plainly, the campers hesitated, fearing ambush.

"Halloo!" A moment later came the answer.

"Halloo, who is it?"

"Two travellers, going to Marietta in search of Colonel Durand and his company."

"Who are you?"

"John Chapman and his guide Henri."

Quickly the campers sprang up and hurried down toward the bank. Then a strong voice called, "Come ashore."

A moment later, with his guide, John Chapman sprang upon the beach. In the light of the fire he recognized among the faces the tithesman's son, one of the Redham Pilgrims, and also Captain Picquet.

Then came his great disappointment.

John's questions were swiftly asked and as quickly answered.

The captain, with his men, was going up the river to Fort Pitt. His boats were laden with furs, and from the fort he would send the men across the mountains for new supplies; for the new settlers were becoming more and more numerous. He had left Marietta two days before.

No, things were not well — anything but that — among the Redham friends. To begin with, Colonel Durand had lost his land and all his people had suffered with him.

"You must remember," replied the captain, "that this is the paradise of land-sharks. Colonel Durand bought his land without proper investigation and the title was imperfect. Meanwhile," he added, "the colonel had divided his tract up into sections, and sold it to his Redham friends. These in turn had spent the six months of the autumn and winter in clearing the land and building their cabins. Taking the money he had received, the colonel hired every man whom he could find, — trappers, hunters, half-breeds, everybody. He built a great central cabin, with out-buildings, cleared the forest, and made such improvements as cannot be found elsewhere on all the river. Then, when the crop was ready for harvesting, a new claimant had appeared. Unfortunately the government agent recognized his title and put Colonel Durand off his land."

"But what of Colonel Durand and Dorothy?"

"Well, there was tumultuous excitement and a great explosion. Some of your Redham people were hot-headed, and they held an indignation

meeting. They blamed the colonel for selling them land for which he had no title. They insisted that he should not only return their money for the land, but pay them for their improvements. They even went so far in their anger as to remove him from his position as head of the company and to expel him from their membership."

"And after that?"

"Why, Colonel Durand was stung to the very quick. He could not forgive that insult. To be deposed from the head of the colony was more than he could bear. Of course the colonists made a great mistake. If they had taken a little time for reflection, they would not have been so unjust. Colonel Durand called them all to his house, returned to them part of the money for their land, estimated what they had spent in wages to clear their land and build their cabins, and gave them due-bills till he could get money from Boston. I did all I could for him, but it was of no use; when I returned from Fort Pitt, he had gone."

"And do you mean that he has left Marietta?" asked John.

"Yes; he has absolutely disappeared. One morning, before daylight, he put off down the river, and left us no hint of his destination."

"And where could they go?" asked John.

"No one knows. He was furious at all of his old Redham friends, and therefore told no one a word about his plans. He said he never wanted to see the face or hear the voice of any of those who had betrayed him. Oh! when the colonel is excited, he is a whirlwind," said Picquet.

"But surely he must have left some word, indicating his probable destination."

"No," answered the captain; "they have disappeared as utterly as if they were drowned in the river. It is now six months ago that they left. A few days ago a boat came up from Cincinnati, on its way up the river for supplies; the men said nothing had been heard of them at Cincinnati, nor did they hear anything whatever about the colonel in going up the river, although they had stopped at all the usual halting-places."

"But where do you think they have gone?"

"Only God or the devil can answer that question. You must remember that the northern bank of the Ohio is five hundred miles long and that the southern bank is no shorter, and then, turning up the Mississippi, there are five hundred miles on either side of that river, and emptying from these banks are hundreds of little streams and rivers. Up some one of these little brooks he has gone to find an opening in the forest. It is as useless for you to pursue him as to look for a needle that you have dropped in the forest somewhere between here and Philadelphia."

Dark indeed the cloud that settled down that night for John Chapman. The hours held no sleep for him. At daybreak he was up and off.

All that day he toiled with redoubled strength. Before the darkness fell he had met his old friends from Redham at Marietta, heard all that they could tell him, and made his plans.

In excited moods the mind works rapidly. In imagination he called up all the possible perils of

the forest, and all these dangers were now quadrupled for Dorothy by reason of her father's poverty. With money, the soldier could buy all things; without it, life at best would be very hard.

Plainly, there was not a day to lose.

The next morning, therefore, John Chapman started down the great river.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST CLUE OF THE MAZE

In unceasing journeyings and constant perils, slowly the long year passed, but still no trace of Colonel Durand and Dorothy. Not the deep sea, but the great forest, had opened its mouth and swallowed them up. The full procession of the seasons passed over the earth; again it was August, and soon a second time the earth would turn its face away from the sun, and winter descend upon the forest. Now John Chapman began to notice that when he drew his canoe up on the bank of the stream and knocked at the cabin door, the settler listened to his story with doubt and shook his head when questioned as to the possibility of ever finding those whom he sought. For the first time this youth fully realized what was involved in the fact that one bank of the Ohio and Mississippi had two thousand miles of shore line, the other bank two thousand miles more, while innumerable streams and rivers poured their tides into either shore of the two great rivers. There were no mails, no stages, no highways, only trails cut through the vast forest north of the Ohio. He could send no message or inquiry, for there were no messengers. His quest was the quest of one who had lost a tiny gem on an infinite seashore.

He had lost, not the needle, but the jewelled cup under the myriad leaves of a forest that stretched a thousand miles to the north and a thousand miles to the south, while the limits of that forest yonder, where the western sun did set, no man knew. Little wonder that oft the spirit of utter helplessness swept over him. On and on he went, landing here and there, at each clearing searching the river in the hope of some passing boat, inquiring at every stockade, but everywhere he was disappointed. From time to time he met friendly Indians, all of whom shook their heads after his inquiries. From time to time he met trappers coming in from the far-off Northwest, after a journey of hundreds of miles through the forests, but they, too, gave him no encouragement. He met trappers and soldiers, who had journeyed far, but not one had seen or heard of Dorothy and her father. He explored, it seemed to him, hundreds of streams and little rivers, going now up, now down, the Ohio, and now down to the great Mississippi.

Fortunately the life was new, the scenes strange, and the atmosphere full of excitement, peril, and adventure. These were conditions calculated to keep the youth buoyed up and braced for his work. When the autumn fell upon the forest, it brought discouragement, — depression that was the heavier by reason of the fact that snow and ice had laid an embargo upon his movements. There were no paths through the forests, no stages, no highways of travel, few horses; the one natural highway was the river, and with ice and snow would come an end of travel.

But with the spring and the opening of the river came changes many and great. The year was now 1793. Travel had become safe; Kentucky was a state. If once the settlers coming down the river to make clearings in the forest had been a tiny human stream, that trickled and trickled with occasionally a vital drop, now it became almost a river. The trader at Cincinnati told John one day that if the rate kept up, that year would witness the coming of a thousand families. But each new family only increased his difficulties. A score of times during the next few weeks he was called off by false clues, and a score of times he was disappointed.

During those days he cherished many bitter thoughts toward Colonel Durand, who had now exposed Dorothy to dangers new and perils many. Try as he would, he could not but think that perchance, in anticipation of his coming, through enmity, the colonel had left Marietta with the distinct purpose of hiding Dorothy in the forest. It seemed all but incredible that a father could be so hard with his own child, and the very sight of the tenderness of the animals toward their young lent new meaning to his resentment toward Colonel Durand.

In those days sleep began to pass from him. Fear hath torment. Fear can eat into the nerve like rust into the edge of sword.

Wave after wave of fear, and wave after wave of hope, passed over him, to be followed again by fear. Where was Dorothy? The captain advised him to explore the north bank of the Ohio. What

innumerable perils for Dorothy his imagination conjured up! What if Picquet knew where Dorothy was! What if Colonel Durand were dead! What if the captain, when he left Marietta months before, had gone to see Colonel Durand, and Dorothy! In his agony the youth could have cried aloud.

One thought alone sustained him, — the thought that the God who sent the morning sunbeams to waken him had journeyed on the wings of other sunbeams to waken Dorothy. After all, the world was very small. It is but a shining drop held in the hollow of God's hand. Dorothy was dear to God. He would take care of her. And in that hope and faith he crushed out his fears, rose up, and took up his quest anew. Then suddenly he found a clue.

It fell out after this fashion. One night John Chapman and his guide drew their canoe up on the bank before a clearing now called Cincinnati. Around the little stockade were clustered half a hundred cabins. In the centre was the fur trader's store, a vast room piled high with bales of deerskin, mink, buffalo, beaver, raccoon, squirrel, and the innumerable furs that the Indians had brought in from the Northwest. There, too, on pegs driven into the logs, hung many a rifle and shot-gun, with powder-horns large and small, and brightly colored baskets, made by the Indians, blankets of brilliant colors, stout shoes, but above all, that implement of salvation for the settler, the flashing axe, with saws and hatchets. In one great cabin, opening off the store, was a rude dining room, that served

also as saloon, with tables at which the hunters, trappers, boatmen, and settlers played cards and gambled when the day's work was done.

It was the Fourth of July. The day also happened to be Sunday, a day in that era given over to rude enjoyments. All the other days stood over for drudgery; but when Sunday came, the woodsman dropped his axe, the trappers came in out of the woods, and the Sunday was spent in the racing of horses, in gambling, in shooting at mark, until the afternoon when the dance began. When night fell, the men turned to games that led to debauchery and bodily passions. His thoughts of the lonely life of these new settlers filled John Chapman with pain. Why should they not celebrate the Independence Day of the republic? One thing John Chapman could do, — assemble the men and the women, and tell them the story of the heroines of New England and of the founding of the nation. Leaving the little dining room, therefore, he made his way to the trader's store.

"What would you think of calling in all the people this afternoon, or, better still, to-night, and having a Fourth of July celebration? I am not much of a speaker, but if you will send out the word, I will give them an address." The proposition evoked eager enthusiasm.

"We have never had an address in this camp," answered the saloon-keeper. "Everybody will jump at the chance to hear you."

Almost before he had finished making his remark, the news began to spread. Soon the people began to stream in, hunters with their fur caps and the

raccoon capes, settlers, gaunt and weary with their work; half-breeds, trappers, Indians, and last of all, a score of women and their children. The boys and girls looked at the stranger as if he came from a new world. The Indians and half-breeds grunted in silence. Settlers brought their own seats and stools. Children were lifted on top of the kegs, the men sat on the whiskey barrels, small boys stood on the tables, the highest men all but touched the ceiling, and it was a strange company that John Chapman saw as he looked about the saloon.

In college, as a young man, he had studied the rise of democracy and the origin of liberty. Indeed, the story of the overthrow of feudalism, the story of Cromwell and Eliot, of Hampden and Pym, was only less familiar to him than his own history. He carried this story back to the time when there was no middle class. He portrayed the era when King Charles represented the divine right of kings, when the monarch was the spring of all law, when lands were owned by a few. My lord owned the castle; my lord had pictures on the walls, marbles in the niches, and rugs on the floors; my lord had a half million acres of land; without recompense the baron claimed the first ten days of the peasant's ploughing, and sowing, and reaping; the peasant ate crusts, lived in a mud hut, wore a leather garment that descended from father to son; not one in a thousand could read, nor one in ten thousand write; in those days a great gulf was fixed between patrician and plebeian. "You cannot cross over to us, nor can we cross over unto you," said the gentle-

man to the peasant and serf. So the heroes and Puritans destroyed feudalism, and with its ruin filled up the abyss so that the common people might cross over to the patricians, and achieve home, schoolhouse, liberty, and property.

Then the youth told the story of the Pilgrim fathers, of the heroes of the Revolution, and of the first Constitution. It was a thrilling scene and story, and all listened as for their lives. But just at the critical moment, the bartender's babe, upon its mother's knee, began to cry. Dazzled, perchance, by the unwonted light of the torches, disturbed by the crowd of faces about it, the little one shrieked in terror. The bartender scowled upon his wife, and plainly every settler and trapper was irritated at the mother.

"Why don't she choke the brat?" exclaimed a hunter in a voice low, yet loud enough for John Chapman to hear. And then his native wit came to the speaker's rescue.

"My friends," he said, "some of you do not understand what pleasure this little child is giving me through its crying. In Redham, far beyond the mountains, I have a little friend, — a child like this. I would give five dollars to hear her cry five minutes. If this babe's father and mother only knew how sweet the voice of a crying child is to my ears, they would pinch their child and make it cry the louder."

And now the bartender, whose principal business it was to ladle out whiskey by the dipperful, and keep order when the men were gambling at night, turned and beamed upon his babe; while the child,

seeming to understand the new atmosphere of sympathy, soon dried its tears.

Then in the incident the youth found his opportunity.

"My friends, it is not simply the Fourth of July, but it is also Sunday. We are the citizens of the republic of this new country; we are also citizens of the city of God. We are workers together with them. Our happiness is in this; that we are put here to do foundation work in opening roads through the forest, in turning wilderness into meadow and pasture. God's plans are long plans, and we have a part in them. We are His sons and daughters. Prodigal sons and daughters, who have wandered into the far country, we may be, but we are His children. We may have eaten husks, we may have stretched out our hand for the cup of flame; we are ignorant and erring children, but we are children, and our God is one who is ever ready to bring us back unto our Father's house."

The company was breathless, every one was straining to hear what came next, but John Chapman took his seat.

Then what he had not anticipated happened. The great log cabin, packed with men and women, was still, so still that when he ceased, John Chapman could hear himself breathe. Then suddenly one man began to cheer, and, with tumultuous clapping of hands, they uttered their approval. The meeting was over, but the people did not move. No one wanted to go.

Now the trader arose.

"They all want to shake hands with you, sir.

I move you stand by the door." So one by one they filed by to take his hand.

First of all came the bartender's wife and the child's father.

"Say, that was pretty good, what you said about being willing to give five dollars to hear the baby cry five minutes, because here are the five dollars." Then the bartender left the gold in John's hand. When the last one had passed by to greet him, and all stood about waiting, John Chapman said: —

"My friends, your words have touched me very deeply. But I do not need your money. In these gifts of silver I recognize your sympathy with the truths I have tried to tell. When I look at these boys and girls, and think of the schools and churches in those towns where you and I were reared, beyond the Alleghanies, my heart goes out for these young people who soon must bear the burden and heat of the day and to-morrow will be the founders of the new West.

"What do you say to our sending this money back to Philadelphia and subscribing for two copies of Benjamin Franklin's paper and the *Hartford Courier* and the *London Spectator?* What if we purchase perhaps twenty or thirty books, and so found a circulating library?"

Then the settlers cheered again, and the children's faces beamed.

One of the weary, wan-faced women said softly to John Chapman, "For years I have been longing for an hour like this; now I have hope again, and to-morrow I will begin life anew."

At midnight the bartender lighted a candle, and

led John Chapman up the ladder into an attic of the warehouse, and showed him the two bunks where John and a stranger were to sleep. Then he went away and left the two men alone. Long the guide sat on a bag of furs, with his face buried in his hands. Some instinct told the youth that some trouble was on the young stranger's mind. At length the guide looked up.

"That was a hard crowd," he said.

"Rough on the outside; but experts tell us that all diamonds are rough on the outside and no man but has good in him."

The guide lifted his eyes and looked long at John.

"Do you really think so?" and the guide's cheek went red instead of bronze. "Some of those hunters have killed their man, and others — well, they have done worse."

"You must not judge men by the outside appearance," answered John. "In the Middle Ages, when the diamond merchants travelled from Italy to England, they feared for their wealth, so they made the entrance to their house to be through an alley. Passing through a noisome stable, and afterward through a low, dark hall, one found beyond the stable a door that opened into a lofty room, rich with tapestries, where the tables were spread with viands and cups of silver. I doubt not there are many wonderful secrets hidden under these buckskin coats and raccoon caps."

Then again the guide gazed fixedly at his employer.

"Secrets? You mean that you know more than you seem to," and again the guide flushed red.

Suddenly the man straightened up, lifted one knee, and clasped his hands around it. Leaning back, he said, "Repentance is pretty hard work — don't you think so?"

For a moment John Chapman made no reply. Then he said, "Well, repentance is like the man who cleans the mud out of his well. For the hour the water is very roily; afterward, when the filth and germs of death are taken out, the water comes in sweet and pure again. The roiling of the water is for an hour; its purity is for the year. Repentance may be hard for the moment; afterward it bringeth peace."

"I am not so sure," said the guide.

Another long silence followed; then he said, "What if returning to goodness is to turn a friend into an enemy, because you have confessed your sin?" Now the young man's lips trembled.

"What! God your enemy? Do you think that in going toward God's throne you go toward flaming swords that stab you through and through? Well, you are wrong! Going toward God is going toward the summer time for the traveller. It is for the child to go toward its mother's arms. For the bird it is going toward the sun when it stands upon the horizon; for a good man is always easy to repent toward the Father — God."

Now the guide sprang to his feet.

"Do you really mean that?" he asked, his voice trembling with excitement. And he stretched forth his hand to John Chapman.

John Chapman was more and more bewildered.

After a moment the guide dropped down on the bale of goods again.

"I want to tell you something. You have not had a fair deal, and I am one of the men to blame. You have an enemy. You and the captain are rivals."

And now it was John Chapman's turn to flush red.

"You mean Captain Picquet?"

"Yes, the captain put up the job. Evidently you do not know how Colonel Durand came to lose his land. Well, I will tell you. That mark on the old oak tree, that paper he found in it, settled that question of ownership. The deed that was worked off on Colonel Durand was a forgery, and the captain manufactured it. You see the trader was in love with Colonel Durand's daughter. During the autumn and winter he pressed his suit. But she held him off, giving him no encouragement. Then the captain heard that you were coming. So he came down to the stockade at Cincinnati and told me what he wanted. He forged the deed and paid me to do the copying.

"It isn't the first time he has done this. When he was much younger, at home, he ran away and went to Lexington to work in a lawyer's office. There he learned how to make out deeds and use the commissioner's stamp. When the governor of Virginia sent the land commissioner and surveyor over to Lexington, they issued the deeds for the lands.

"Coming to Cincinnati, he entered the old trader's store. There he found the old government stamps and seals that had been used by the various agents that had come down the Ohio in the survey of

land. At our land office, Picquet got hold of the old seals, forged the deed, and no one was the wiser. After a year the captain turned up with the deeds and got the land. But he got into some more deviltry down there. At last the people found him out and the boys made ready for him one night, but the captain found it out and fled. After his father died, he got to be a great man at Fort Pitt, so he came down to Cincinnati with full description of the colonel's land. One day he asked me to do some writing for him. It was on that forged deed; he found the seal and stamp of the agent here, and forged the deed. I did all the copying. If you don't believe me, come downstairs and I will get a pen and write for you, so that you can prove my words.

"Afterward, when the colonel lost the land, the captain worked up the indignation meeting of the settlers. He got your friend, the old tithesman from Redham, to move to depose Colonel Durand from his old position as head of the colony. But he never dreamed of Colonel Durand's leaving Marietta. His thought was that when the father was poor the daughter would accept him. He said that when he married the girl she would get all the property back and all his money, too; and the captain claims he's the richest man on the Ohio River.

"I suppose I am a devil. They say there ought to be honor among thieves. But after your words to-night, I can't stand this any longer. The captain gave me one hundred dollars in gold, and is to give me that much more when he marries the girl.

"But there's worse than that! I feel like a murderer when I think of that villain trying to marry Colonel Durand's daughter. There are other reasons why the captain is down here at the fort half of the year."

Long sat John Chapman, now stunned and dazed, now furious, now glad at heart. Tossed from one extreme of emotion to the other, he wrestled with himself. At last he conquered, and forgave, as he hoped to be forgiven.

Then he stretched out his hand.

"My friend," he said to the guide, "you have been in the pay of the captain. Has he hired men to deceive me, to take me from point to point? When I was sent down the Ohio River, and up the Miami, and up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, do you think I was upon false scent? For God's sake tell me the truth, advise with me, and tell me what to do."

The two men talked together the long night through.

"I will help you find them."

"Will you? That is good news indeed. When shall we start?"

"To-day, now."

"And in what direction?" asked the youth.

At daybreak he started for the little town in Kentucky, but try as he would the oars seemed heavy, and he made but little progress with his rowing. When night came, he was overcome with fatigue and exhaustion. For a year, the thought that the soldier who had been rich was now poor, that the girl who had never wanted

was now a wanderer with her father, was a thought that burned in him like a fire in the bones.

For himself he could have endured anything. Anxiety for Dorothy threatened to slay him. When a government assures a soldier that in the event of death his family will be cared for, the soldier finds in that assurance a shield against physical ruin. Relieved of all worry for those he loves, the warrior laughs at all physical perils. He wades through rivers, sleeps on frozen ground, wears wet garments by day, lives in a saddle for weeks, is cool under summer's blazing sky, is warm midst the falling snow of winter, and without fear or dread enters the storm of fiery-leaden hail. Witness the veterans who have gone through campaigns lasting for years!

And so long as John had no worry, save for himself, the weeks in the wilderness increased his strength, and lent him the endurance of a giant. But of late worry and fear for Dorothy had eaten into his life as rust into the steel. In that hour it seemed as though his garments had been dipped in oil and set on fire, and that every thread he wore was woven in warp and woof of fiery pain. Utter exhaustion was upon him. Pursue his quest he could not.

Now came the guide's opportunity. Tortured by remorse, ashamed of the way he had played into Picquet's hands — this man eagerly welcomed the chance of serving John Chapman. One thing was certain — this youth must have immediate care or he would surely die. The next thing was to find his friends, and now the chance knowledge that a

soldier and his daughter were stopping at a hamlet on the Lexington road, gave the long-looked-for clue. Alarmed for the life of his new friend, the guide now sent a settler beseeching Colonel Durand's help. The third night brought Madam Hester and her son, Colonel Durand and Dorothy.

For many days they battled for his life. Uncertain of the issue, Colonel Durand waited and feared. Dorothy alone was without doubt. When the pulse fluttered and fluttered, the father shook his head and walked away; but Dorothy brooded over the cold wrists and hands and made them warm again. At last youth conquered.

One morning the mist lifted, and the look of recognition came back into his eyes.

When the light streamed in, he opened his eyes. Then Dorothy smiled upon him, her breath perfume, her presence intoxication, her arms full of love pressure, her words bosom words. Like a mother and lover in one, she comforted him. "My beloved! Live! You must live! My beloved! Oh, my beloved!"

Then he slept to wake again. Every hour the tides of life ran deeper and fuller. Gone now all trouble. Yesterday's sorrow sweetened to-day's joys. Oh, those days of God!

The rainbow of promise is never so bright as when it stands over against a background of clouds piled high as heaven.

Those who dwell in yonder house in the forest do not understand the blessedness and safety of the home where all the skies are clear. In late

November a black cloud comes up out of the east. Over against it rises a black cloud out of the west! The storm spreads wings of darkness over all the land. Then the collision comes, with stroke on stroke of fire. The earth itself reels. Now also the north wind blows, and rain turns to hail. Hail and snow beat furiously against the windows. But in that hour the very fierceness of the storm without enhances the peace of the home within. There logs blaze upon the hearth. A genial warmth pervades the room. The father reflects that all things are safe and sure. The mother sits beside the cradle and croons her song; and the darkness, the roar of the storm, the groaning of the trees, the beating of the rain against the windows, serve only as a dark background to the security, the brightness, the happiness of those who dwell within the house.

And in retrospect, those three dark years lent a deeper happiness to these radiant days of returning health and strength.

CHAPTER IX

THE FAR-OFF HARVEST OF TEARS

Oh, happy days of youth; when the tides of life run deep and clear; when love stains the air through with rose color; when the head lies sleepless because the heart overflows with happiness; when every hour opens a door of opportunity; when hope casts a sunbeam across the blackest cloud; when all apples are apples of Paradise; when a cup taken from the hand of the loved one holds the wine and nectar of the gods; when every minute is a golden drop, and every hour, on angel wings, flies over the lover and his beloved!

There is no medicine like love; no tonic like hope; happiness, also, comes, bringing health with it. Given something to do, something to look forward to, if only the youth is supported by love he is equal to any emergency. It is hopelessness that destroys. Fear is as fatal as a physical poison. But hope carries the courage of the future; love is the motive power of life. What a physician, therefore, could never have done, Dorothy's heart easily wrought for her lover. By leaps and bounds he went toward his former strength.

One day John asked for the guide. Finding he had gone long ago, he sent for Colonel Durand.

For weeks the soldier had been under the influ-

ence of remorse. Hours there were when the very thought that he had injured this boy who had given all but life itself to his father's enemy and his daughter — Dorothy — was a thought that filled Colonel Durand with unhappiness. At last he determined to do full justice to his daughter's lover. Coming in, he spoke such words of regret to the youth, as a man of oak and iron and the old Puritan training could give to one whom he had deeply wronged.

But one thought now filled John's mind, and his first question went straight to the point, as an arrow to the bull's-eye.

"Colonel, did you find nothing in that deed of the new claimant to arouse your suspicions?"

In a moment the old soldier was alert — there was something in the question that was big with meaning.

"No. Why do you ask? Whom do you suspect? And what reason have you for suspicion?"

"I have this reason. Captain Picquet wanted to marry Dorothy. When you discouraged his overture and Dorothy refused him, the trader determined to put pressure on you both. The strongest pressure he could put upon you was the pressure of poverty; so he impoverished you and stripped away your wealth. Captain Picquet forged that new deed and hired the claimant to present it. A former experience taught him skill. Fifteen years ago he ran away from his father at Fort Pitt. He went down the Ohio with a company of soldiers and explorers, and for a time worked in Lexington for the government land agent. There he learned

all about deeds, and became familiar with government stamps and learned how to transfer titles. The land agent was an old man. When he died, Captain Picquet carried off the stamps and seals that belonged to this agent and his predecessors. When he wanted your land, all he had to do was to go down to the stockade, at Cincinnati, and find some man who was skilful with his pen. He did not dare to forge the deed himself, because you were familiar with his writing, so he paid a young guide to forge the document.

"Then, by holding the deed over the fire, he produced the effect of age. In addition I have reason to think that the land agent at Marietta was tampered with and for pay gave judgment against you. In any event I have some proofs of the man's treachery. Nothing now is easier than the recovery of your land."

The old soldier listened in a kind of stupor. Incredible, this story; the news was too good to be true! For the moment he felt that John's mind must be injured; that these were the imaginings of a fevered brain.

"And how did you find out all this?" was the quick, sharp question.

"At the stockade the trader asked me to speak to the men assembled for the Fourth of July. During the year that I have been pursuing you, I have been in the habit of calling the people together and speaking to them of the hopes for the new state we are founding here in the Ohio Valley. Always at the close of my address I referred to you, asking whether any one had seen or heard of Colonel

Durand, explaining that I had an important message for you.

"Now by some good fortune Picquet's friend happened to hear my Fourth of July address. Something I said seemed to touch this man, who helped Picquet forge the deed."

Then together they went over all the ground, — fitting statement to statement, fact to fact, — drawing out the threads until they understood the web of peril that the trader had woven around the feet of Dorothy and her father. During those days, they asked John a thousand questions about his pursuit — lasting the long year through. Little by little they drew out the story. When the full realization of the boy's courage swept over them, it all but broke the soldier's heart. Did the whole world hold another youth strong enough to have fulfilled such a quest? Who else would have had the courage to ford innumerable streams and rivers, to make his way through the wilderness, by day and night, through two summers and one winter? Who else would have spent his gold, and then, when he was reduced to a little sum, have sent that to Marietta to be forwarded to a soldier who had insulted him, that he might succor that enemy in his need? It was a strange and pathetic and tragic story! And now Dorothy's love healed all his wounds!

Now came hurried preparations for the journey up the river.

During those days, also, they talked much about the difficulty of establishing the captain's forgery, and soon John Chapman made a discovery. In

looking at the thick white paper, upon a sheet of which the guide said the deed had been written, John noticed that it was the usual parchment paper of that time, a paper strong, and made of linen, so that it might survive the rough usage of the settler's cabin. Holding it up between his eyes and the sun he noticed this water mark and stamp, "C. Sauer, Philadelphia, 1787." The forged deed, purporting to be an old one, was dated back to 1740.

In that moment the youth could have shouted through sheer happiness. By the simplest accident he had discovered indisputable proof. God and Nature had kept their books. That water stamp in the paper would go into the witness box and testify against the villain. There was no overthrowing this testimony. The linen fibre would convict the criminal, and strip him of the fruits of his crime, and cause him to reap the just penalty of his deeds. And from that hour Colonel Durand never doubted the final outcome.

The next morning the two men started for Marietta. Partly because of the inevitable excitement and upheaval, partly because the last few weeks and months had brought the severest strain upon Dorothy, it was decided that she should remain with Madam Hester.

So it was arranged that, after the coming battle at Marietta, Colonel Durand and John should return for Dorothy, but not until they had won their victory and recovered the soldier's house and lands. The very thought of that return filled the young man's heart with exultant happiness, and made

bearable the separation that, short as it was, in anticipation seemed all too long.

The arrival of Colonel Durand and John Chapman in Marietta was the signal of universal excitement. Time had dulled the colonists' enmity toward Colonel Durand. In the reaction they had returned to reason and sympathy. His old followers realized that they had been too hasty. By reason of the soldier's return of the money that they had expended upon their lands, the settlers had lost but little, while he, assuming all the loss, had been impoverished. All deeply regretted the hour when in anger they had expelled him from his position as leader of the company; now, conscious of his integrity, and forecasting what events would bring forth, the soldier met their overtures with ready acceptance, and the word was quietly passed around that at dark all were to meet at Picquet's store.

No one was more effusive in greeting the returned soldier than Captain Picquet. With outstretched hands and beaming face the trader welcomed Colonel Durand back to the settlement. With many words he began to question the colonel as to where he had been, explaining that he had written in every direction, and failed to learn anything of his whereabouts.

At dark the store began to fill up with the men who came in from their cabins, and for whom the trading depot was the rendezvous. The news of Colonel Durand's return had quickly spread. All wanted to hear the story of his travels and adventures. When they had greeted their old leader, and

the government land agent had arrived, it seemed the colonel's opportunity had fully come.

While all listened, he talked about Lexington and the rich pastures of Kentucky and the people who had settled in what is now the garden of the world, the Blue Grass region. But at length, with an impressive pause, he turned and looked at Captain Picquet, and in a voice filled with sternness, said: —

"I have sent word from cabin to cabin, asking all the settlers to assemble here in your store. I have done this because I am going to charge a man with crime, — a crime for which our settlers hang men, and rightfully hang them. I have asked the government representative of Pennsylvania to come here, and also the military head of this colony, and at the proper time I will ask this officer to arrest the criminal and hold him against the day of punishment."

No words can describe the excitement with which that charge filled all the air. The room was crowded with trappers in their leather garments, hunters in their strange attire; with Indians, half-breeds, and river men; and there too were the settlers from Redham with their new friends. As the colonel was speaking, John lighted a great pine torch, and lifting it above his head, the light flamed forth upon faces aglow with excitement.

"Captain Picquet, in that drawer you hold a deed of my land. Will you be good enough to produce the paper for the inspection of the government agent?"

"Certainly, I have it here at hand." Unlocking

his strong box, the trader without delay produced the document.

"Captain Picquet, you claim to have purchased this document from a young guide in Cincinnati, named Morgan, — a man who will soon be here. As a matter of fact, you forged this deed at the stockade in Cincinnati. Of this forgery, I have all the proofs. You know there are two crimes in this new country that men will not stand, — the stealing of horses and the jumping of claims through forged deeds. If property rights are tampered with, everything is destroyed. Men will not clear the forests if others are to enjoy the fruits of their toil; men will not build a house if another is to sit at the fireside; men will not open the furrow and sow the seed if an enemy is to claim the harvest. He who steals the land, steals life itself. You slay a man, indeed, when you make it impossible for him to live. You are not simply a forger and a thief who has injured me and mine, but you have stolen from these colonists what they bought at great price of sweat and toil, and I now indict you of crime, in the presence of the very men whom you have injured."

It was a critical moment. In the light of the flaming torches men leaned forward, strained their eyes, and searched the captain's face for signs of innocence or guilt, scrutinizing as it were his very soul.

The face of the young trader twitched, the veins in neck and temple stood out like whip-cords, the little long eyes narrowed into slits, but outwardly he was calm, and the old sarcastic smile wreathed his mouth.

"Why, colonel, you are crazy! Some one has been fooling you. Has this Chapman concocted some scheme against me? You remember how he treated you in the matter of your brother's will?"

But so far from heeding the trader now, Colonel Durand utterly ignored his words. Now he was concerned with another, namely, the land agent of the government.

"I must ask these soldiers to stand at the door and guard against Picquet's escape."

Some of the settlers who understood that something was going to happen, at once forced their way to the door, where they stood on guard against flight or attack.

Then Colonel Durand addressed the government agent: "You have in your hand, sir, the deed which Captain Picquet forged. I will now ask you to state, as representative of the government, in what year that deed purports to have been made. In what year is the forged deed dated?"

So tense was the excitement that all seemed to stand breathless, until the government agent, lifting it up to the candle, answered:—

"It is dated July 1, 1740."

And now Colonel Durand lifted up a piece of thick parchment and handed it to the agent.

"What is this paper?"

"It is a parchment."

"What is written on it?"

"I do not see anything; it is blank," answered the agent, looking up with gaze of wonder and questioning the colonel's meaning.

"But will you hold that piece of parchment between your eyes and the candle?"

All the settlers came closer about the little group. The agent did as he was requested.

"Now do you see a water-mark in the paper?"

"I do."

"What name do you read there?"

Slowly the agent spelled out the words, "Christopher Sauer."

"What city?"

"Philadelphia," was the reply.

"What year is the paper stamped?"

"1787."

"In what year was that paper made, then?"

"Why, in 1787, beyond all question."

"If this blank sheet was not made until 1787, could it have been used for a deed in 1740?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"Now, then, I will ask you to look at this forged deed."

Then Colonel Durand, with trembling hands, held the deed between the agent's eyes and the flaming candle.

"I will ask you to state what name you see as water-mark upon the paper on which this deed is written."

Looking closely, because here and there the ink marks confused it, the agent answered:—

"Why, Christopher Sauer, the very same name."

"And the name of what city is stamped there?"

"Philadelphia, again."

"And what date do you find marked in this paper?"

"1787."

"When, then, was this piece of parchment made?"

"Why, in 1787, I suppose."

"Will you tell now how a deed given by an Indian in 1740 happens to be written on paper that was not made until 1787?"

Then came the hums, the murmurs, the quick ejaculations and muttered oaths. Many a rude settler was heard whispering, "Well, I'll be blanked!" The captain's eyes were starting from their sockets. His mouth was open, his chin fell upon his breast. He shook like a leaf; and well he might. He knew that in a moment the settlers would be in a fury. Not once, but twice, he had seen them put a rope around the neck of a horse thief, throw the end over the branch of a tree, and, without giving the criminal time to say his prayers, the settlers had jerked him into the air and out of life. And Picquet all but anticipated that the furious colonists would kick him to death, or stab him with their knives, or tear him limb from limb.

Then, turning to the settlers, the colonel continued: "My friends, I know the name of the guide whom Picquet hired to forge this deed, and I hold here his full confession. He paid this guide one hundred dollars for his work and promised one hundred dollars more when certain other events took place. Nor is this the first time that Picquet has been guilty of this crime. Years ago he forged a deed and got possession of a half-breed's land. For years he has been taking advantage of the Indians, and robbing them of their furs and lands. I have also accumulated proofs that

he has been selling guns and ammunition to the half-breeds, and for ten years these occasional Indian outbreaks have been largely due to Picquet's avarice and crimes against our settlers."

From that moment there was no hope for the trader, who seemed like a wild beast at bay. He stood in front of the counter and suddenly sprang over against the wall. There was a knife in his belt, a pistol in his pocket, and guns upon the wall, but he was only one against many. These settlers had their knives and pistols also, and in the group were three or four half-breeds and Indians who had long sought vengeance upon the trader who had despoiled them of their lands. It began to look as if the crowd would become a mob. Suddenly the storm broke.

"Hang him!"

"Tar and feather him!"

"Let's tie him to a tree and scalp him!"

"Loot his old store! None of these goods belong to him!"

"Burning is too good for him!"

In their excitement these settlers and woodsmen now remembered all their forgotten grievances. Forgotten now every consideration of justice and humanity. Colonel Durand became as helpless as a leaf drifting, swept down a mountain stream fed by summer rains. In their fury the multitude became a mob, and they would have burned the trader alive, or torn him in pieces, but for John Chapman, who mounted a stool and whose strong voice subdued the storm.

He urged that if they took Picquet's life into their

own hands, there would be a reaction in favor of the trader; that the people would never realize fully the crimes that this trader had committed. The one thing to be done was to hasten the trial, and bring in all the people to hear the testimony; that the story of Captain Picquet's crime would educate the whole region, and teach the enormity of this sin of land-stealing as nothing else could; that it would take but a short time to secure the trial of the trader, and that his condemnation and punishment would prevent similar crimes; that having themselves stood for law and justice, they must not become breakers of the law. At last wiser counsels prevailed, and prudence took the place of passion. The trader passed the night in irons, and the next day preparations were made for his deportation to Fort Pitt.

Then the unexpected happened. To their surprise the military head of the colony insisted that it was necessary for Colonel Durand and John to go up to Fort Pitt to present the formal proofs against Captain Picquet, and also to set aside the trader's deed that had there been registered. Though the journey was long, the youth found scenes most familiar. This hilltop and that one he recognized, and remembered that in an open glade close by were the beginnings of the little orchards that he had made ready for the coming settlers. The courage of the future was strong in this youth, and he looked forward to the time when these little glades would be the centre of good fortune for the hungry, homesick colonists.

During these days he renewed his early friend-

ship with the old soldier, and when he and the colonel were fully reconciled, he sent the story of all these wondrous events to his father in Redham. Slowly a week, a fortnight, a month, passed at Fort Pitt. In those days legal matters moved slowly. Then came the long return journey down the river. Two days also were spent at Marietta, during which Colonel Durand went back to his old home — to the house he had built — and again took possession of his lands. Once again his Redham friends were settled in the cabins they had built. Now longer delay became unendurable, and father and lover started down the river to Flemingsburg to bring Dorothy back to the scenes she so dearly loved.

Sometimes outer events are foretokens of coming inner experiences.

One afternoon Colonel Durand and John Chapman found a company of settlers in the forests gathering nuts and grapes against the winter. The hickories, chestnuts, and beechnuts had been fully ripened by the early frost, and the pioneers filled many a bag. The colonists had learned that food, health, and life are in the meat of the tree.

But one event struck a note of pain in John's heart.

Utterly cruel seemed these strong men who looked longingly upon the wild grapes that climbed to the very topmost bough.

On the rich, black soil of the old river-bottom grew the young trees. They were too thickly crowded for size, but what they lost in bulk they more than made up by leaping a hundred feet toward the sun. Over these tall trees grew the grape-vines, some

times two or three inches thick. When a settler found a young tree-top black with thick clusters, he lifted the axe upon the vine and cut it off close to the ground, and by a chain he fastened the vine to the wagon axle. Then amidst the laughter and cheers of all who watched, John saw the horses tear the mother vine from the tree to which it clung. But in the moment of cruel separation the vine poured forth a purple flood, and its tears were manifest in drops that reddened all the ground. Oh, the sorrows of that bleeding vine!

That night in his tent the youth tossed, but could not sleep. The air seemed charged with peril. At daybreak he awakened the soldier and told him that he had a presentiment of coming evil.

And well he might have had the presentiment. Can thoughts pass through the air, can ether be the medium of speech between minds and hearts that are attuned? No man knoweth. But certain it is that at evening tide this youth stood terror-stricken in front of Madam Hester's house, and with dumb fear waited while Colonel Durand asked for Dorothy.

The white-haired woman burst into tears. Colonel Durand stood silent and stunned. John looked from face to face.

Then the blow fell.

For weeks after her father's and lover's departure Dorothy had been ill.

For John she had left a letter.

Henceforth he was to be alone.

Understanding, they left him to himself.

Hours passed.

At length he opened her letter.

The words seemed to burn as if written in letters of fire.

"My Beloved: For two days I have been concealing the truth from myself — now I know that I am very ill. All summer this strange fever has been in the village and I have not been without fear. Lest to-morrow bring darkness and delirium, I am writing to-day.

"One thing I have seen — the signals hanged out over the battlements. Their pathos is this, — they are for me. The inner voice bids me make ready for release and convoy. I am not afraid to go; I am only heartbroken. Fever is burning up my life, and since I must go, I am glad that you will remember me as I was before these flames were kindled. Long ago in the church you stood in the gallery above me; then you dropped a spray of apple blossoms down upon my lap. Henceforth, I will stand on the battlements above you. Every morning, my beloved, you must lift your face to the sky and stretch wide your hands to receive the blossoms that I will pluck from the Tree of Life.

"Do you remember the old days in your father's study, after your mother died — the days when your father held you in his right arm against his breast, and held me with his left, as we three sat in his great chair? Do you remember how he told us about the battle between the holy knights and the soldiers of sin? How the hosts above leaned over the battlements and watched every move of the combatants, and made forecast of the issue?

And how, from time to time, they plucked the roses that grew on that rich, heavenly soil, and cast them down, and how, when the blossoms touched the men of sin, they turned to coals of fire and made the demon drop his sword? But when the rose touched the brave knight, it healed his wounds, and made him well again, and brought his arm strength, and lent him victory? Now that is to be the story of our lives.

"With you, I had hoped to fight, but not now. For years we were separated, then for four happy weeks we had each other.

"And now we are to be separated once more; and again — do not doubt it, do not fear — sometime, somewhere, you will find me, and we will be reunited.

"You will remain and work; going on before, I will make ready the house of love, and light the lamp.

"During these days and nights of pain, since you went away on your errand, I have thought much. Perchance your father's story of the man who changed the desert into a garden is to be the prophecy of your life. Because you are dear unto God, and He has set His heart upon you; because He knows that I would embarrass you, and be a weight and clog, He is taking me away.

"I must go; you will stay and work.

"Working, you will fill the land with apple orchards.

"One thing before I go. On that far-off May night, when you rode after me, through the darkness, and your coming turned my night to day, you

stooped down from your horse. Now, again, stoop down to me, that I may feel your face, and put my arms about your neck. Do you remember? I know you do. I know that you can never forget that moment. As then, so now, good-by! I must go. You will follow after to the soul's summer land. There I will wait for your coming. By one sign you will know me, when I come forth to meet and greet you. I will come bearing that spray of blossoms. Good-by! My beloved! Oh, my beloved!"

At twilight Madam Hester told him where she slept.

As a wounded stag creeps into the thicket to die, so the boy crept slowly through the forest, into a little clearing, toward the mound that had been covered with frost and snow. The winter was gone, the song of the bird was in the land. The wild thorn-apple, long aching with its secret of red and white, had burst into bloom, and now it shed its sweetness upon a youth whose wound no medicine could heal. Oh, thou angel of Sorrow, who dost clothe thy favorite sons with greatness as with a garment! Sorrow! dear above all others unto God, thou didst visit this cabin — thy footprint is this grave! Darkness was thy robe, thy garments sackcloth, and lo thy steps are red with blood. Because God has set His heart upon this youth, and dedicated him to a great task, did He send for thee, thou angel of Sorrow! Wrestle now with this boy, and cause his wrestling to become strength.

It is thy work, O Sorrow! to make the dream

wife the real wife! For men, the true child is the angel child. Verily man's tomb and his task are entangled. Of a truth, the richest blossoms of the heart do grow crimson-rooted in the grave! The wisest words we ever hear are words that sound down the long aisles of memory. The sweetest comfort that falls on our troubled hearts comes from the voice that is still. Dorothy, thou beauteous daughter of light, thou hast only disappeared, thou art not dead! Henceforth, invisible, thou shalt journey across the continent of the years, and, pursuing thee, this brave knight of thine shalt follow on, until he gains his quest, as thou hast now gained thine! Perchance, leaving many an orchard behind, he shall come at last to that tree whose boughs unfold their leaves in that far-off tropic land, where the sun never sets, where winter never comes.

God works by strange ways, — by light threads, by dark threads, by joy and sorrow, by victory and defeat, by love and its satisfaction, by heart-break also and the withdrawal of the best-beloved one. But whether God gives love or withdraws it, love always comes or goes, that God may make His sons and daughters great.

CHAPTER X

HE DRESSES AND KEEPS THE TREES OF HIS EMPTIED EDEN

If John Chapman had been like most other men, his story would have ended when Dorothy's life ended. For the multitude, love dies with the death of the beloved one. Once the object of affection is removed from physical sight, love begins to starve and die. At best it is hard for imagination and faith to break through the clods that conceal the form of one who sleeps beneath a mound. It is a far cry from snow and ice to the realm of light and joy and perfume. But John Chapman lived in two worlds. Enterprising with his hand toward the forest, looking out on land and sea and sky, full oft he closed his eyes, and in a moment he was in the soul's summer land with his beloved dead. For him, the death of the body was a little episode, a trifling incident. For him, Dorothy had not died; she had only disappeared. Having influenced him profoundly during three years when they were separated by the mountains, now that vaster spaces separated them, she was to influence him still more deeply by the gentle pressure of her beautiful spirit. Because Dorothy's love went on, therefore John Chapman's story must go on also.

For him, no idle thoughts about time healing his wounds or curing his grief. His was a sorrow

that would end only when the separation ended. Once he had expected to meet and greet her after two brief summers and winters. Now he knew that perchance a score of years must pass before their feet would fall into the dear old paths. She had gone down into the grave as the Pilgrim fathers and mothers had gone down into a ship that sailed beyond the horizon, but, disappearing, did not sink. With such thoughts as these he comforted himself.

Slowly the tides of life and work returned, but all the summer long he lingered in that garden and communed in the forest with Dorothy, who slept beneath the trees.

Henceforth the forest was his home. For him, the wide-lying, silent lands, the great woods and valleys, that were stretched out before him in the hour when he stood upon some mountain top. The town! it was not for him. It was in the forest that Dorothy had lived, in the forest she died, and her last words left him the charge always to carry seeds with him. Also, that little grave in the open glade, to which, from time to time, he made a pilgrimage, gave John Chapman a sense of companionship.

Henceforth he knew what his life-work was to be. Lingering beside the little mound, he remembered that Dorothy had made vows for him. His must be a dedicated spirit. The story of the man who always carried seeds with him, that had shaped Dorothy's life and thought, was now to color her lover's entire career. The spray of apple blossoms that he had dropped from the gallery into the

young girl's lap was to order all his days and shape his subsequent life. Having followed the quest of apple trees for one year in pursuit of Dorothy, henceforth the quest of apple blossoms, in the interest of his fellows, must be his life pursuit.

To go into the wilderness, to put out orchards in the open glades of the forest, to have the young apple trees ready for the settlers' coming, now seemed the only thing worth living for. Perchance the tree of life, growing in the soul's summer land, had bowed its branches, and yielded leaves to heal Dorothy's wounds; and so here and now her lover dedicated his life to the earth garden, with its frosts and snows, but also with its fruits and flowers. The trees God had planted in the earth garden alone seemed really worth while.

With instant decision, therefore, the youth who but a little time before had come home from college with all his honors fresh upon him, the youth who loved the scholar's life, and desired with exceeding great desire the leisure to grow wise, and the opportunity to become ripe, put away his literary plans forever. Henceforth he would postpone his ambitions; at best, life is short, and beyond life, in a realm hidden somewhere behind yonder fretted firework of stars, he would find time, and there have leisure to spare for favorite books. Here and now he must fulfil her wish and do the work of one who henceforth must always carry seeds with him. In those luminous days, when he was lifted up, and dwelt apart from men, and walked and thought in solitude, he outlined his full life-work, and set before himself the hardest task, and coveted the heavi-

est burden. Then, too, it was that white began to settle upon his dark hair. The life forces retreated, striking inward, that they might lend a crimson hue to the rich blossoms of the heart.

Events from without also strengthened his purpose. Never was there a higher ambition or a task more needed. When the new century dawned, the little stream became a vast river, deep and wide. Enthusiasm for the West became a contagion among the people of the East. Scarcely a town along the Atlantic coast but sent one pilgrim band. On and on the hosts came, over the pass by the way of Pittsburg, on boats by way of Buffalo and the fort at Cleveland. On and on they came, until there was not a forest, from the great lakes on the north to the Ohio on the south, but held at least one cabin; and on the banks of every little creek and stream the noise of the settler's axe was heard.

When the first of all, in 1790, John Chapman's boat appeared in the Ohio laden with its bags of apple seeds, there were but six thousand people beyond the Alleghanies and the Pacific. If a youth of this twentieth century, journeying from Pittsburg to St. Paul, should find one cabin at Columbus and another at Fort Wayne, then one house where is Chicago, and another at Dubuque, and in the long journey sleep two nights in the forest for every one night in a cabin, he would find that which would answer to the number of cabins John Chapman found in the forests of the West. But soon the emigrants came in like a flood, and they changed the forests into pastures and meadows. To make ready for

their coming, John Chapman girded up his soul and undertook a great task.

The next autumn found the youth back in the orchards of western Pennsylvania. Leaving his boats at Fort Pitt, he journeyed slowly, on foot, over the hills. His plan was to make his first stop at Tyrone, whose orchards and vineyards he well remembered.

Fortunately, his old Quaker friends, who had fitted him out with his first boat-load of apple seeds, had not forgotten John Chapman. With outstretched hands they gave him welcome, and asked a thousand questions about the far-off rivers of the great West, about the chances there for a young man to make his fortune, and about the resources of that wide-lying land. One Quaker farmer, in anticipation of his return, had saved the seeds of all his best apple trees and grape-vines. He told John Chapman the story of a new apple that he had discovered. In his own orchard he had an apple that was of sugar all compact, but very small. One day, travelling eastward, he stopped at a neighboring farmer's orchard and found an apple that corresponded unto his, save that it was very large, but hard, and of unwonted acid. So he took the cutting from the apple that was small and sweet, and emptied its rich tides into the great acid currents of the larger; and when the sap of the two trees had met, he had an apple large, most large, red, yea of deepest crimson, but with juices spiced, and flavor quite unique, while the fruit bowed the branches down to the very ground.

Then, standing under the boughs of that apple

tree, the youth told his Quaker friend the story of the vine in the palace at Hampton Court, with trunk like unto a man's waist and boughs as large as a man's thigh, running through the vast greenhouse, — an historic vine, indeed, — a vine that for those who dwell in the royal palace bore several tons of grapes in a single season, — "but," added John Chapman, "your apples are large and rich enough for our pilgrims of royal birth, who are now to go into the great West." And when in late October John Chapman started over the hills toward the fort of Pittsburg, a farmer's wagon, holding twenty sacks of apple seeds, journeyed with him toward the far-off Ohio, on the banks of whose creeks and rivers he was planning to set out full many an orchard.

In those years, too, he began to dream and plan new kinds of fruit. His mind was fascinated by the romance of heredity. All unnecessary now the long journeys back to the orchards of Pennsylvania. The year was 1799; now his orchards numbered a hundred in the great territory of the Ohio. He knew what marvels culture had accomplished in the flowers. He knew that once there had been a wild rose, always pink, and always single. But man's loving care had stood beside the sweet-brier, and given us roses of every hue and perfume. Once there was the wild rice, but man had digged about the roots and fed it and changed the rice into the rich, brown wheat. Once there was a wild thorn-apple, growing in the forest, but man digged the root up, planted it beside his garden, fed the roots and pruned the boughs and married it to other blooms,

and had received an apple. And now John Chapman was possessed of the dream to produce new kinds of fruit.

He went through his orchards along the banks of the river and questioned the settlers and looked at their apples, some large and crimson, with rich juices ripe in the August time, — food for the harvesters. The great, golden pippins made him think of the great bell in his father's church in Redham; these apples were ripe and mellow for the children who went to the apple bin in the late days of November. Other fruits were solid and compact! For long months the Baldwin and russet must lie in the cellar, until the January snow and March winds have come and gone, and then, perhaps, the mellowness would lend sweetness to their flood of juices. Last of all, he found a little apple, brown and russet-colored, that came out of the summer, so hard and solid, that it would not soften until the summer was again over the earth. Then he greatly rejoiced. He knew that he had developed an apple that would last over the winter, and become food for invalids and sufferers in the far-off April days, before the berries began to ripen.

Carrying the growths and clippings of the finest trees in the southern counties of Ohio, he took the great wagon with its load three hundred miles to the north, and there, in a county beside the lake, he grafted his fruits. Later, still pursuing his dream, he cut clippings and shoots from the finest, choicest trees that the farmers had pointed out to him in their orchards of northern Ohio, and carried them south; there he grafted these growths

upon the young trees of the southern part of the state. Soon the rich tides of sap in the roots of a wild, hardy stock poured itself into the spiced sap of a tame growth, and when three generations had passed, long after the gentle, great-hearted patron saint of the orchards was forgotten, the people of the great city by the sea and the great city by the lake were blessed with train-loads of apples, called the Jonathan and Spitzenberg, Wine Sap, Northern Spy, King, the Greening and the Golden Pippin, with more than thirty different varieties.

Then came a larger task. One spring morning, waking, John Chapman found the south wind blowing softly. The rich odor of the soil was in his nostrils, and the voice of the bird was now in the land. To dress and keep the trees in the garden was now his overmastering passion. He was planning a new experiment. During the previous winter, a hunter and explorer, wearing buckskin clothes, and hat of coonskin, with the long fur tail hanging down his back, came to the settlement. When the stranger understood John Chapman's work, he told his new friend about a wonderful grape in the mountains of North Carolina. He described it as of reddish color, with dusky appearance, of taste sweet and pleasant, with a peculiar and agreeable odor. Some of the vines had reddish clusters, in others the red shaded into purple. In contrast with that grape, the tiny, sour clusters that grew in the Western forests seemed sadly imperfect. So John Chapman set forth on a journey of six hundred miles through the forests

for seeds and roots and cuttings of this richer vine.

That autumn he brought the beginnings of the Catawba grape across the Ohio River. All his life long he used to say that the people of the North could never overestimate their debt to that emigrant, Murray by name, who brought to the attention of the world those wild grapes, whose clusters were to support unnumbered multitudes.

The winter that John Chapman was thirty-five years of age he lingered long in memory upon the far-off village in Massachusetts. Oft in his dreams he wandered in his mother's flower-garden. Long he thought upon the absence of the beautiful in the new rude settlements. It was not enough for him that there should be an orchard behind the cottage and the farm-house. Wishing to do another worthy deed, he determined to make the walk and yard in front of the cottage as beautiful as the garden was bountiful behind it. And so he made another trip back to his old Quaker friends in western Pennsylvania. There he gathered flower seeds, — mignonette, sweet alyssum, heliotrope, the pinks, the moss of gold and white and yellow, the scarlet poppy, the flaming salvia, burning like fire on the edge of the forest, the great dahlias and the asters, blooming up to the very edge of frost and winter.

Nor did he forget the wild flowers that had cheered him through all the years, as he found them upon the banks of the streams, — the snowdrop and anemone, the little Jack-in-the-pulpit, the arbutus, for which he always looked, lifting the snow from

the leaves, that he might find that tiny flower with the sweetest perfume that was ever secreted as reward for a long battle with final victory over the forces of frost and winter. Fortunately all the people in the settlement entered upon his new project with unbounded enthusiasm. Soon the little village was all aflame with flowers the long summer through. Housewives became apostles of the flower garden, missionaries who propagated the beautiful through seeds that they gave to all new settlers. And when a third of the new century had passed by, the great Ohio Reserve was widely known for its people's love of flower-gardens.

England has a tradition that in the far-away age of chivalry, when Bernard started his crusade, an English soldier boy went forth to rescue the Saviour's tomb. Years afterward he returned, without gold, without jewels, clothed in rags, emaciated, wounded, and dying. But from the far-away land, wrapped in his little wallet, he brought a few seeds that he had taken from a flaming flower. "It is all that I have brought back," whispered the dying soldier boy to his mother. Hiding her tears, his mother told him he had given her no pain, but only pride and joy, and when she buried her soldier boy she planted the seeds upon his grave. Springing up, the little plant burst into scarlet bloom, and, spreading from that little garden, the bright flowers travelled over Devonshire, and so were carried into all gardens of the British Isles, and came with our Pilgrim Fathers to this far-off land. O beautiful story! interpreting for us how this man filled our gardens with roses, geraniums,

daffodils, and honeysuckles, with pinks, asters and woodbine.

Winter came, and fierce cold was on the earth, but his enthusiasm for his fellows burned on, with no waning of the flame. One day, exploring a river that came down from the north, the youth found a little clearing in the forest. In the winter time the settlers were, oh! how homesick and discouraged! All foundation work is discouraging. How desolate seemed the land! What gashes in the forest did the axe cut! All beginnings bring upheaval, disturbance, and ugliness. No man can prepare the cellar for a palace so as to make the work of the spade beautiful to the eye. And sometimes, when the settler made his way a hundred miles into the forest, and on the bank of some little stream undertook his task of carving a home out of the wilderness, the solitude, the privation, the barrenness, the starved, scant life became all but unendurable.

During those days, John Chapman, who always carried seeds with him, and was trying ever to turn a wilderness into a garden, came to a clearing in the forest. The house was little better than a cave digged in the side of a hill. In the rear of the dark room was a bunk, and the two young men who lived there could not stand upright. Lonely, discouraged, in utter revulsion, the two had gone into the forest to camp for a week, and lead the life of the Indian, and to hunt. But before going, one of them had taken a red-hot iron and traced a legend on the door, burning the words in with fire, even as privation had burned into his soul. And

these were the words that John Chapman read, as he stood before the empty cabin: —

"Fifty miles east to a house,
Fifty miles west to a house,
Fifty miles north to a friend,
Fifty miles south to a neighbor,
SIX INCHES DOWN TO HELL."

Forecasting the day of the settlers' return, John Chapman floated down the stream, twenty miles, to a sunny bank, where nearly six months before he had planted half a bushel of seeds. From the young growths he digged up a hundred apple trees, the feeble roots of peach, and pear, and plum, of strawberry, and raspberry, and currant. The third day he was back at the little clearing, and drew his boat up on the bank. For three days more he toiled, putting out the little orchard. Going away, he left a letter, full of hope and good cheer, for these despondent boys, pointing them forward to a day when, from these slender growths that he had planted in their clearing, there should come great fruit trees, every branch of which would hold a hundred buds, and every bough of which would hold a bird's song; days when their tears would become the seeds of new and higher joy, for in their wilderness springs would break out, and streams of happiness in their desert. Long years afterward, one of these young boys (who returned to his cabin to find a messenger of good fortune had come during his absence), grown mature and prosperous, measured back to the man who carried seeds with him, even as he had given good measure, "pressed down and shaken together."

As the years went on, trouble, loneliness, and heartache, made him more gentle and sympathetic. He became, as it were, the patron saint of the animals. One thing he could not endure, — man's cruelty to creatures that run or creep or crawl. One day he found a wounded squirrel creeping painfully toward its tree. An Indian's arrow had pierced its leg and broken it, and the maimed paw refused to hold the nut. A hundred times the squirrel, foreseeing the fall of frost and snow, started to carry the nut up the side of the tree, and as many times it failed and the nut dropped back. Forgetting all else, the squirrel's friend went to a hickory tree, and, gathering there a bag of nuts, he climbed up into the tree and emptied the full store into the nest hidden in the darkness.

Slowly he learned the language of these little friends, and, lying in the forest leaves, without moving, he whistled and sent forth a crooning cry; then out of the bushes and between the boughs and branches came the red and gray squirrels, moving slowly over the leaves, staying to rise upon their haunches and question, while the robin, the thrush, and the redbird, with many a quail and wood pheasant, sent forth their friendly cries.

All cruelty to animals filled him with horror. The settler on the edge of the forest used a small steel trap in which to catch the furred creatures beside the trees. But sometimes in the winter the boys would set the trap beside the shock of corn, and when the flocks of quail or prairie-chickens at daybreak descended on the field, careless through hunger, the unwary chicken would step upon the

little hidden spring, and the tiny iron jaws would close about the young bird's foot. All day long the prairie-chicken, held by the little steel chain, would flutter, beating bloody wings upon the frozen ground.

Not the story of Bonnivard, chained to his column in the castle of Chillon, stirred such a passion of tears in John Chapman as the sight of that wild bird, with its beautiful wings bleeding and broken, lying on the frozen ground, in the settler's field, on the edge of the forest. With infinite gentleness he opened the trap, lifted the bird to his breast, smoothed its plumage and carried the dying creature to the boy who dwelt in the cabin, and explained to him how this little creature, made for swift flight, suffered in its way, as a settler's babe, stolen by some Indian lurking in the forest, would suffer in the Indian camp, there moaning for its mother and refusing to be comforted.

Then still broadened and enriched by her love, as the years passed on, his sympathy widened and took in the forest children. Without being a physician, his college training had taught this great-hearted man how to ward off many forms of disease, and given him a knowledge of the springs of health and happiness. In this way, oft he served the Indians, who became his unchanging allies. Once they knew that for a certainty he never carried weapons with him, that his heart was a cup overflowing with kindness to every living thing, that he could bind up the warrior's wounds, and heal the chief's sickness, and lift the dying papoose out of the arms of death back to life again, they gave him their full

confidence, and looked upon him with wonder akin to worship. Without thought of danger, he went a full hundred miles into the forest, beyond the uttermost rim of the settlements, and for months at a time he lived with the forest children.

He taught them how to guard the water springs and keep them pure. In the winter when the tepees and camps threatened the purity of the brooks, he led the braves up the hills toward higher springs of water. Living in tepees, whose only chimney was a hole at the top of the tent, where smoke on windy days was incessant, where the eyes of the children were constantly inflamed, and, through ignorance, loss of sight was common, this man, with his knowledge of simple remedies, taught the Indians how to save their children from blindness and incessant pain. Oft he warned the red men against the traders with their fire-water, and the land-sharks with their lying words, and the government agents, who used their office for spoiling the red children of the forest; going from tent to tent, and village to village, he brought the red man health and not sickness; peace, not guns and whiskey; friendship, not the greed that robs the Indians of lands and title-deeds.

Once, creeping through the wood, he chanced to look into the top of a tree, and there with dim, soft coat, and color like unto the tree itself, crouched a panther, as motionless as if it were a hump on the trunk of a tree. And in hours when the Indian glided into John Chapman's tent, with step as soft as that of a panther, this red man, whose stroke was as swift as the stroke of the wolf, sometimes seemed less tamable than the panther of the forest.

During those years, many new thoughts about the forest children smouldered in his mind. "Can the Indians be educated? How can we get the wild blood out of their veins?" He ceased to find heroes among ignorant hordes. But, having changed wild thorn-apples into tame fruit, at last he found the secret of transformation.

"How do you train your animals and your children?" he said to the trappers and the settlers. Are not the secrets very simple? Educate — educate — educate. Firmness and kindness; then more firmness and kindness. Once more begin afresh and educate; but our chief helper is time. Time, — that has changed wild rice into rich wheat, the bitter sloe into the ripe plum."

Nevertheless, the collision between the white man and the red man oft gave him pause. Thinking of the great hosts hidden in the thick forest, he found himself wondering whether the settlers would crush them, or be crushed in turn. And then he hurried on in his task, for his sober second thought told him that the forest children would retreat and melt away before the hosts that were pouring over the Alleghanies, for whose coming he must make ready orchards and vineyards against their hunger, their sickness, their privation, and their peril also.

During those years in the woods, he was increasingly at home. Animals that feared all other men trusted him, and animals that were enemies to others became all but friends to him. Often during the long summer and autumn, alone in the deep forest, he learned to move about with all the freedom of the wild deer. It is given unto the hunter

to carry the light upon his hat in the night, and floating noiselessly forward, to approach the deer, because the animal associates the light with the star and counts the candle a part of nature. But often and again John Chapman saw the wild doe with fawn beside it; and for one moment only did the deer watch him: the animal knew its enemies. In peace the deer returned to its feeding again.

Often a hundred miles beyond the rim of the settlements, threading the forests, gliding up and down the streams in his canoe, solitary, he always felt an unseen presence near. During those days he came to count himself brother to everything in the forest. Animals ceased to be wild, and were his, through sympathy and fellowship, in life and death. When the wild partridge darted from its nest, when the quails rose in their whirring flight, when he heard the wild turkeys clucking, as they fed beside the forest stream, when he watched the deer feeding in the open glade, and from afar saw the herd of buffalo moving across an open space, he felt himself to be in the presence of his friends; then all loneliness fled, and in him fear died forever.

CHAPTER XI

HIS GREAT TEMPTATION AND HIS GREAT REFUSAL

And now in the pursuit of his quest, years swiftly passed; the great wilderness began to take on the outlines of a mighty state. Emigration was no longer a stream that trickled; it became a flood, wide and deep, and spread over all the land. When John Chapman first appeared on the Ohio with his boat filled with apple seeds, there was a stockade at Marietta, a fort at Cincinnati; later a second fort was built on the banks of Lake Erie. Swiftly the little settlement at Cleveland spread southward in one concentric circle, and the circle that had its impulse from Cincinnati spread northward in another concentric movement until the two waves met in the deep forest. In every valley and on every hilltop was heard the sound of the axe lifted upon the tree, the blow of hammer and saws on cabin, with the shouts of woodsmen and the crack of the hunter's rifle. With ever increasing rapidity, the whole land began to be subdued. In a single year, townships were turned over by the plough, and with the destruction of the vegetable waste came the inevitable result,—sickness, malaria, chills, and fever. Then the more intelligent settlers turned toward the woods to find the wild plum and the thorn-apple, the wild honey grape and

gooseberry. Then how did the women long for the orchards and the old home beyond the Alleghanies; and then, in their emergency, men, passing through the forest, chanced upon the apple orchards with brush fences woven about to keep the deer away. One thing never failed to arouse their wonder, that sign, "Take what you will, but guard the fence."

And now the name of John Chapman began to spread. His story became all but universal. He was known as the patron saint of the orchards. Few of the settlers had ever seen him, fewer still knew him, but all loved him, and were conscious of an impulse of gratitude toward their unknown benefactor. Now they began to speak of him as "the man who always carried apple seeds with him."

One thought never left him,— the thought that perhaps he would soon see Dorothy. Another thought ever lent him strength and victory,— that he was fulfilling a task that she believed in and had imposed. More and more he lived in his dreams. What Helen was to Homer, what Beatrice was to Dante, what Rosalind was to that youth in the forest of Arden — that and more Dorothy was to this man, whose home was the forest, and whose purpose was to turn the wilderness into a garden of bounty and beauty. Wordsworth said that his was not a self-imposed task, but that his father and mother had made vows for him; and John Chapman felt that for him God and Dorothy had given pledges. Of one task he was never tired, — the planting of seeds. Ceaselessly he journeyed through the forest, searching for open glades where he dug up the rich sod, planting his seeds; here

in the summer he digged about the roots, and in the autumn he returned to graft a sweet bough on a sour bough and stock. And ever the power that drove him on, and made him equal to the self-imposed task, was a woman's love and God.

One spring day, in passing through the forest, he chanced upon a wild apple tree. Its boughs were aflame with pink and white, and the air was heavy with its delicate perfume. In that moment he had the spirit of the old Greeks and, like them, identified the beauty of the tree with a beautiful soul that dwelt within it. Suddenly a mist of tears swam before his eyes, and it seemed to him that where a moment before had been an apple tree, waving blossoms, there now stood on that very spot the beautiful girl who once walked across the village green in Redham. In that moment the whiteness of the blossoms became the whiteness of her brow. These pink petals seemed to have borrowed their color from the roses in her cheeks, the perfume of the branches was the perfume of her breath, the wind singing in the branches became the notes of her voice, and coming toward him, waving a spray of apple blossoms, was the Dorothy of his dreams.

Lingering over the wild rose, he used to whisper to himself, "It is His latest, last thought of beauty." And so with each year he lived more and more with his imagination. Alone in the depths of the forest, he was never solitary. Our real companions are the invisible ones. Her presence lent him companionship. Journeying across the continent of years, he was as one led on from height to height. It was this thought that enabled him to endure

tasks that otherwise would have been unendurable.

That autumn, when he carried a sack of graftings from the banks of the Ohio, three hundred miles north to the banks of Lake Erie, taught him much. More and more he understood why the fruits of the soft, sunny South needed the sturdier stock of the cold North. That year he took a boat load of clippings from the East to the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, and there he grafted them into trees that needed the sharp tonic. He used to say that the tropic apple was tasteless as sawdust; that it took snow to put spice into the wine sap; that frost lent flavor to the pippin. For now he was planning the development of scores of new varieties of apples and plums and pears. He did not live to see all his plans wrought out, but he endured, like the great men of old, by the foresight of orchards invisible.

Nine summers and winters had passed over the great West, when one summer's day he sent a letter to an old friend in Marietta, saying he would pass the summer on a branch of the Wabash, where he would carry seeds for several small orchards. Now it chanced that about the time this letter was received, a man arrived from Redham. He brought news strange and startling. He was seeking Colonel Durand and John Chapman. It seemed that there was a new minister in Redham. One day, in turning the Bible in the pulpit, he noticed something caught between the thin cover and the lid of the old Bible. Finding that the threads were worn, he pulled them apart, when, lo! there

dropped out an old document. On examination it proved to be the lost copy of William Durand's will. A hasty reading seemed to show, what all the people had long suspected, that John Chapman had been deprived of his rights. Realizing the vital importance of the paper, Colonel Durand's lawyer started across the Alleghanies, for he knew that the one desire of his client would be to see that justice was fully done.

Colonel Durand was now an old man, bowed down with years and heavy with sorrow. The summers and winters had not dealt gently with him. On the outside he had always prospered. Since that night when John Chapman had uncovered the treachery of Captain Picquet and recovered his land, everything the soldier touched had increased in value. By way of preëminence he seemed the favorite of good fortune. Just as a seed of wheat becomes a sheaf, so men began to say that when Colonel Durand planted a copper cent it ripened into a dollar; that when he invested a dollar it was a seed that ripened into twenty silver disks. Some men grow hard through prosperity, but a thousand men have been injured by extreme poverty, where one has been injured by modest success. The soldier was softened and mellowed by time and wealth. He who tests peaches in June finds them sour — but wait until September. Time and the sun will turn all acid into sugar. Those who were most critical of the stern old soldier were those who knew him least of all. But now the discovery of this will came to the old man with all the shock of an earthquake. By day

and night he tortured himself with accusations. From the very beginning John Chapman had been in the right and played the hero. From the very beginning he had been in the wrong and played the part of coward. At whatever cost, he must right the wrong. Now he remembered that John would not discuss the events of that night when his brother's will was burned, at the time the young man found him and Dorothy. Then they had gone over all the past, but always the youth's answer was, "That issue is closed forever." Now Colonel Durand deeply regretted that he had not compelled discussion. When a few days had passed, he organized his plans and set forth down the Ohio for a trip to the Wabash in pursuit of one to whom he felt he owed a debt he could never repay.

One day, gliding up a little stream under arching boughs, his boatmen heard of John Chapman. Once in his vicinity, it was not hard to find the man whose duty it was to keep the trees of God's garden. Every one knew the man who planted apple seeds; and that night Colonel Durand found the gardener in his bark hut close beside a little stream. For him it had been a day of discovery and great good fortune. He was in an ecstasy of delight. On the edge of the forest he had found a new crab-apple, with meat so solid, with juice so crisp, with color so brilliant, as to remind him of the Siberian crab. With a little crossing, he felt sure that he had discovered a fruit that would lend great wealth and health and food to the people of the country.

He was overflowing with happiness by reason of

this discovery. When the greetings were over, he returned to his newly found fruit.

"How do you suppose Jacob felt, Colonel Durand, when he opened that well in the desert to which came the herdsmen and pilgrims, the women with their water pitchers, for three thousand years? What were the feelings of the old king who planted the streets of his city with trees that lent shade and shelter to tired workmen and little children through untold centuries? I have often wondered about the exultation of the inventor in the hour when he discovers a tool that is to lend strength to the limbs of tired men, and redeem the toilers out of their drudgery. And in this hour of the discovery of a wild apple that needed only a sweeter graft, I have all the ecstasy of an inventor and discoverer."

But Colonel Durand would not be diverted from the matter at issue. He made an answer that John did not understand.

"This year, John, you have indeed fallen heir to great treasure!"

The old soldier went straight to the purpose in hand. After years of silence the hour had come when he must do justice to the one he had wronged.

"You remember the night on which we exposed Picquet in his store; how that wretch charged me with destroying my brother's will? At the time, I supposed in his anger that he was repeating a charge that he knew to be false. Perhaps I ought to have investigated that charge, but now I know that he himself was the man who opened my brother's desk, broke the seal, and destroyed that will. Do

you remember you spoke of that coat of gray-blue? Well, Picquet must have carried my outer coat up to his room and thrown it about him when he went down to open my brother's desk. That night of the ride back to Redham I talked freely to Captain Picquet. I told him that my brother William was a man of large wealth, and that he had voluntarily offered to assist me in my enterprise and would probably leave me all his property. I did tell him, however, that I sometimes feared my brother would leave some sum, large or small, to your father's church. Some one must have told him about the enmity between your father and myself, and explained that my brother William had never broken friendship with your father. For a week before we left Redham, Picquet had been a guest in my brother's house. He was acquainted with every room in the house, and used the writing-desk. Even then he must have made his plans to marry Dorothy. He probably thought that my brother had willed a large sum to your father's church. He was lawyer enough to know that if he destroyed the will, all the wealth would come to Dorothy and myself, and that if he won Dorothy, the money would ultimately come to him. This must have been his motive. My conversation suggested the fear of the money being diverted, and his avarice and covetousness prompted the crime. Your father was one of the noblest of men, and, save for his theology, I was at fault. I have done you evil, and you have done me good. I have been wrong; you have been right. I have been a coward; you have been brave. The money and

wealth that I have belongs in large part to you. The five thousand dollars willed to you was invested; now it has become ten and twenty. Invested in property in the old crowded streets of Boston, it is all yours."

The fire burned low; long the old soldier and the young man sat in silence. In a little tent at a distance slept the tired guide and boatman. From a high tree rose the mournful call of the night-owl, and through the forest came the quick, sharp bark of the wolf, followed by the answering howl of its companion.

John Chapman arose and threw a new log upon the fire. Fortunately his face was in the shadows and his emotions were concealed. In that moment of reconciliation with Dorothy's father his chief happiness was in the thought of Dorothy's joy. She had never lost the faith that at last her father would return to right.

"I could ask but for one thing, Colonel Durand! I would that father and Dorothy were here, that we might strike hands for one hour in the old friendship."

Again silence fell upon the men.

"It has not been easy," said Colonel Durand, "for me to forgive myself. It gives me shame to think of your long pursuit of Dorothy and myself in the hour of our poverty and needs. For us you stripped yourself to send help. It was through your skill, also, that Captain Picquet was exposed and my land recovered. It was through you that having once been poor, I now am rich. I have house and lands, and here you are living in a bark hut.

I have ease and abundance, and I find you wearing plain garments. I have servants and horses, and your feet are bleeding from work among thorns. Why do you impose this task upon yourself? Come back with me to the city. Together we will return to Boston. All that I have is yours, save that I wish to do something for distant relatives who now live with me and care for me in my old age. To me you shall be both son and daughter."

Long time the soldier importuned the youth to give up the forest. Again and again the soldier returned to the argument, and as often John rebutted it. "I have not chosen this task; it was chosen for me. I am following a path bright and clear as the path of moonlight lying across the waters." When Colonel Durand would not be convinced, John Chapman covered the fire and promised the soldier that in the morning he would give him his answer.

That night John Chapman lay looking upward toward the stars. At last the great temptation was upon him. This was the weak hour when he was in danger of falling. He had come to a place where the paths parted. One path led toward the forest, the thorns and the thicket, to the rains of summer and the snows of winter; at the end of that path was a lonely grave in the wilderness. Perchance he would fall, and no man know it — fall without hand to close his eyes or dig his grave. The other path led toward the city, toward ease, toward opportunity to grow ripe and leisure to become wise. Now also the hunger for books revived. Thoughts of the old days in Cambridge, his

old love of books bound in leather with bevelled edges and gilt tops and thick paper and clear type! O for the old masters again! O for the great books he had loved! for the old associations with the college library and the church, and the streets of Boston, where he had lived through five summers and winters. His passion for travel and his ambition to wander through storied cities returned stronger than ever. All these good things were now possible for him. He could have them by stretching forth his hand. Once the devil took the Lord up into a mountain and showed him the great things of earth; now, not the spirit of evil, but the spirit of good, had brought him overtures.

It was a godlike temptation that strained him to the uttermost.

He felt that he was tired and worn and growing prematurely old. The thought that he was aging and breaking flushed his cheeks; he would see Dorothy the sooner. Who shall compass and measure the full power of his temptation and struggle?

Long years afterward David Livingstone, in the heart of Africa, was tempted, when he was told that if he would forsake his task and return home, he would receive the freedom of cities; that addresses of welcome from scientific and geographical societies awaited him; that, visiting foreign lands, great hosts would come out to meet him and greet him as a hero; but Livingstone turned his back on gold and ease and plenty, and went straight into the wilderness. And John Chapman turned his back toward the city, toward the university and the library and the lecture hall, toward ease and

wealth and friends. He determined to postpone his dreams of study. He must turn the wilderness into a garden. He must plant orchards for the coming of settlers, prepare fruit for little children and tired mothers, and when a generation had passed, from his trees some varieties of fruit would be culled that would feed the nations.

Study? Here he must work; yonder, with Dorothy, there would be time for books and study and culture.

Rest? He would rest there. Now he must work; soon the night cometh.

Praise from men? It would be praise enough to know that she was proud of him when he met her face to face. Life's things were good. He did not despise fame or gold or office or honors, but these good things were for others. Dorothy's grave was in the wilderness; her wilderness home must be his home.

That night the weary man prayed God that the angel of Sorrow might lift the burden to his back and fasten it there forever.

The next day was Sunday. The two guides turned their faces toward the stream and left Colonel Durand and John Chapman together. Slowly they walked under the trees and talked of the old days in Redham, and as they talked, each brought forth experience, observation, reflection, and thought. Seven years in the forest had made John Chapman a man of two and thirty, but solitude had brought him self-culture, and what had once been godlike had now come forth in its full estate. And now at last Colonel Durand discovered the youth whom

before he had never understood. It was as if a pioneer in South Africa had bought a farm. To his surprise, he gained also hidden treasures of gold-mine and diamonds. Not otherwise was it with Colonel Durand as he discovered the mental treasure of this man. They talked of the great themes; of country and patriotism; of the rights of the poor and the prospects of the republic; of conscience, and sin, and immortality, — for every New Englander is a theologian and claims the right to give bounds even to Infinity itself. Oh, those happy hours! It seemed to John Chapman that at last his life had been harvested. He was free; his good name was stainless at last; his father's enemy had become a friend; the past was forgotten. Dorothy had gone on to lay the foundations for a new fireside altar. Gone his father also, but now he understood. Colonel Durand and himself alone were left, but soon, too, they would follow.

That night, after the guides had gone to their tent, John stood beside the camp-fire.

"Do you remember, Colonel Durand, your long stay in that little town on the road to Lexington, Kentucky? You remember Dorothy's old friend, Madam Hester — her hair as white as snow and her beautiful brogue and finely chiselled face. Well, because Dorothy sleeps there, the little town is very dear to me. After you left there I returned to the village, and I will tell you the story of her house.

"That woman with the white hair was heir to an old estate in Holland. She married and left the old home and cast in her lot with the new world.

She landed in Philadelphia on the ship *The Brothers* from Amsterdam in 1734. Then forty years passed, and at last she went to Kentucky. She was now a woman of seventy. One day there came to Flemingsburg a Dutch lawyer, who had crossed the sea in pursuit of that woman. He followed her to Philadelphia, thence over the Alleghanies, and searched out the girl who had become a mother and a grandmother. He brought news of an epidemic in the town of her youth, of a grievous sickness that had carried off one-third of the people in that far-off village beyond the sea, and with it destroyed her sister, her brother, her father, and family.

"Then this lawyer brought out his papers and asked this grandmother and her son to return to Holland to resume their rights and possess themselves of their estate. That lawyer brought with him a grave problem. Weeks passed, and the discussion went on by day and night. After the lawyer had been laboring with the son and his mother, events came to a crisis. The grandchildren in this household were all excitement. With eagerness, they insisted that the family go back to the mother country. For them distance lent many illusions concerning lands and mansions and wealth. Just then I returned to visit her grave. It chanced that the hour had come for a decision which could no longer be postponed. That Sunday night, about nine o'clock, the family were all assembled in the great room that served as dining room and sitting room. They made a circle about the fireplace. They had been singing, and all were filled with

overflowing spirits and expectancy — that is, all save John Hester, his mother, and the Dutch lawyer. The old white-haired grandmother was in a gentle, quiet mood, and seemed to carry an atmosphere of peace and serenity. Suddenly John Hester crossed the room, whispered something to his mother. Then he took his Bible and said, 'We will now read the 90th Psalm.' Closing the book, he turned toward his mother, and I knew something was going to happen.

"'My children, on this day of God, your grandmother and I have arrived at an important decision. This new friend, this lawyer who has made a long journey to see your grandmother, has shown great interest in our behalf. I would feel under heavy obligation to him but for the fact that he will be abundantly repaid by my cousins for his time and his journey, — cousins to whom he will return with my surrender of the estate. The papers I now hold in my hand are your grandmother's baptismal papers, her wedding certificate, and letters from the homeland which identify her and establish her identity. I have decided that when a man has determined on a given course it is best to burn his bridges.

"'I believe that a wrong decision, zealously pursued, will be more effective than a right decision feebly executed.

"'Therefore I am going to burn these papers. Ever since this lawyer came to us, my sons have lost heart in their life-work and have lost interest in their neighbors, their old life, and in the problems of this republic. Two of you are engaged to young

women whom I gladly welcome into this home on this Sunday; but I want to say to them and to you that when your grandmother chose John Hester and set sail for this country, she chose for us and she decided our lives. Each one of you by hard work may open here a great estate for yourselves and your children, who will have opportunity that the old world could never give them. Therefore I have given to this lawyer these papers of release. For your grandmother and her son have chosen the fields upon which we look out, instead of the old world. We choose the republic instead of the monarchy beyond the sea. We choose these people to be our people; their customs to be our customs; their country to be our country. My Dutch father came here because he loved liberty; here he lived, here he died; here I wish to live and die and to sleep beside him. With the full consent of my mother I have decided to burn all these papers and records. If I should leave them in existence, the time might come when some of you might reverse this decision and cross the sea and seek that which I now relinquish.'

"But as John Hester turned toward the blazing coals and lifted the papers to burn them, the lawyer rose to his feet. His language was broken. He said he desired to ask Madam Hester if these papers were burned with her full knowledge and consent.

"What a breathless moment was that!

"I shall never forget that white-haired mother as she crossed the room and kissed her son, saying, 'Not alone with my full knowledge and consent

does he burn them, but I should have been ashamed of my son, and John would have been unworthy of his father, had he decided otherwise.'

"Then the mother and son put the papers on the coals and a swift tongue of flame darted out.

"The lawyer jumped to his feet. By one common impulse all stood likewise.

"Take it all in all, Colonel Durand, that was the finest incident of my life.

"That kind of a man is worthy to be called the architect of states. Do you know why I think this republic is safe? It is because it has men in it who are capable of the great renunciation like that of Madam Hester and her son." And then he bade the soldier good-night.

At midnight, while the others slept, John Chapman covered the coals and wrapped himself in his blanket. But two hours before day he put his bundle in the canoe and noiselessly paddled down the river.

The next morning when the old soldier awakened he found a note pinned to his blanket, and read these words: —

"I know my life's work. Again I say, God and Dorothy have made vows for me. My place is in the wilderness. My appointed task is in the solitary places. When I die, I want to leave behind a hundred orchards in the forests, all made ready for the coming settlers. The city is not for me; your brother's wealth is yours, and not mine. The wealth that would have been mine I leave to those who have been caring for you. Last night while you slept I laid your brother's will on the

camp-fire and burned it into ashes. No one can ever come in henceforth to claim your brother's property. When I burned that will, a great load slipped from my shoulders. I am enlisted for life, and death alone can bring me my discharge.

"You will return to the city and fulfil your task.

"To-morrow, when you waken, I will be in the heart of the wilderness.

"Do not pursue me.

"I will never see you again, but beyond I will greet you — and Dorothy!

"JOHN CHAPMAN."

It was high noon in the forest. Colonel Durand and his guides covered the dying camp-fire. Putting their things in, they paddled down the river. At last Colonel Durand had found a man capable of great deeds — one who could make the great renunciation.

CHAPTER XII

AND NOW THE ANGELS WHO WATCHED THE SEEDS BEGIN TO COUNT THE BUNDLES

The year was 1799. In November, when the first flurry of flakes came, he knew that for the year his work in the forests was done. Men called that winter "the winter of the great snow." For two days the storm continued, and the solitude, the darkness made by the white cloud, the fear to venture far into the blizzard, increased his longing for companionship. For this man was made for the city, for friends and home. Hours there were when no hart ever thirsted for the water brooks, when no bird, blown into the desert by the trade-winds, ever longed for the oasis with its fruits and fountains as this youth longed for the city, his beloved city, home of music, art, and eloquence, home of the church, the college, and the library. He loved the outdoor world indeed, but now love for his fellowmen was supreme. Dear, indeed, his associations with lake and hill, with vine and orchard, with clouds and stars and open sky. Now all these became as nothing in his hunger for men who laugh and weep and pray and hope and love. When the storm ceased, and the snow lay like a white robe over all the land, and the sun shone bright again, he set his face steadfastly toward the settlements.

And what an assemblage of men was that he found on the banks of the Ohio! The story of the undeveloped wealth of the rich valley had spread through all the far-off towns and cities. Every week brought its little company of men who had crossed the mountains to take possession of this new land of milk and honey, of meadow and forest and fruitful field. And now the government planned a military road for the safeguarding of the settlers. Long before, the commonwealth of Pennsylvania had built a road to Fort Pitt, filling the chasms, levelling hills, bridging streams, stretching the road of logs across the swamp. Now political leaders insisted upon the importance of a military highway west of Fort Pitt. The task was not hard, save at one point, and that where the sharp bluff came down to the river. Strangely enough, this most difficult section was the first to be undertaken. The autumn found several hundred men, woodsmen, soldiers, trappers, and half-breeds, camping on a little stream that emptied into the north bank of the Ohio.

One morning, rounding the bend of the river, John Chapman beheld from afar that motley assembly of workmen, tents, and cabins. The first impression was one of revulsion. What an enemy of beauty is the axe! This opening in the forest was a blotch, a scar, a gaping wound, on the face of the landscape. A little stream came down out of the forest to the great river. On either bank were tents, rude shelters for the horses, ploughs, rusty scrapers, old garments hanging on the boughs exposed to the sun; half-breeds were in

the stream, doing their washing; blankets were exposed to air and wind. Drunken trappers and Indians went reeling and cursing through the camp, for the day was Sunday, and all the men were come in from the forest. This was the one day always given over to passion, rude animalism, drinking, racing, and games of chance. For the moment, the orchardist longed for the tranquillity and beauty of this quiet forest camp. Every deep thing in him rose up in rebellion. In that hour the skies bent in sweet solicitude, making overtures for his return to the wilderness, and from every hidden dell a voice came urging him to turn his feet toward the old haunts of peace and beauty hidden in the forest.

With instant recognition of the proprieties, the orchardist made his way to the tent of the chief contractor, who was also the military head, and asked for hospitality. The grizzled old contractor was in his worst mood. He was sadly behind in his work, angry at his men, because of their shiftlessness and drunkenness, and of late he had begun to fear lest the task was beyond him. But something in this stranger caught the old man's fancy. The broad, white brow, the clear, wonderful eyes, the firm chin, the chiselled face, the atmosphere of self-reliance, proclaimed a type of manhood all too unfamiliar in the new camp.

"You are welcome to stay for the night, but," said the contractor, pointing to two woodsmen going reeling by, "you'll think that all hell is broken loose before morning."

"Well, I suppose that even heat has its uses,"

was the laughing answer; "I have read that they rear good vineyards on the sides of Vesuvius, and that the hot lava on the inside grows a good grape on the outside of the mountain. Why, an old sailor once told me that he walked around the crater of the volcano, and looked down the cracks, and that only a hundred feet below he saw the red lava boil and sputter."

"Humph! A hundred feet! Stick a spade down anywhere in this camp and you'll strike hell-fire inside of six inches! But come along over to the cabin, where we can hear ourselves think."

Following his host, the orchardist soon found himself in a roomy shake-down, open on the southern side, save for some blankets stretched out in the interests of privacy. One thing in the cabin caught the eye of the newcomer and excited his curiosity.

The contractor followed John's gaze to a window that was unique indeed. It was made up of thirty whiskey bottles. For want of better glass, five bottles were stood on end, and held in place by two strips; then came five more bottles and two more strips of wood. The light that came through was yellow, but it served its purpose.

"That's an example of fertility of resource I had not looked for," said John Chapman.

"Well, these bottles are the only kind of glass this camp can afford. You see the freighters would smash ordinary glass. Whiskey is preferential freight, you know!"

"Preferential? I do not understand," answered the orchardist.

"Well, it is like this. The river is closed during the winter by the ice. Then long before March comes the trading-posts run out of goods. When the ice goes out, there is a race down the river to see which boat will get here first. The cargo that comes in to-day may sell for twice as much as the goods that come in to-morrow. One thing the men are wild after when spring comes, and that is their drink; therefore whiskey is preferential freight. That explains the bottles and this window in my cabin."

"Which class drinks the most, the river man or the woodsman?"

"That is a strange question for you to ask," said the contractor, looking critically at the youth. "Don't you know the difference between a river man and a woodsman? The river man drinks one dollar's worth of whiskey and makes five dollars' worth of noise; a woodsman drinks five dollars' worth of whiskey and makes one dollar's worth of noise. Still, I would not care if they would only do their work. But at this rate I'll never finish my contract."

"What's your trouble now?" he asked.

"Well, my greatest trouble is Sunday," answered the contractor, thoughtfully, as he filled his pipe.

"Sunday!" exclaimed the orchardist; "what do you mean? Sunday an obstacle! A swamp is an obstacle, and so is a bluff, but I never heard of Sunday being a hindrance to building a military road."

"It's the biggest hindrance I have," answered McDonald as he puffed away at his pipe. "You

see it is like this. The Big Three give the men their money on Saturday night; then on Sunday the Big Three get the money all back through their drinking tables and games. When Monday comes, the men are unfit for work; not until Tuesday are things straightened out. By Wednesday morning they get down to business! Sunday with its drinking is my worst foe. I tell you, if there were two Sundays in the week, I wouldn't get anything done. If I had my way, I'd abolish Sunday, and then there would be some chance to finish this job."

"You seem to think that the Lord made a mistake in making Sunday. Don't you think He knows more about how to run this universe than you and I do?"

"You don't mean to say, young man, that you think the Lord has got anything to do with this Western country? Why, he has never crossed the Alleghany Mountains! I tell you the Lord is a total stranger in these parts. He's never been heard of out here!" And now the contractor nodded his head toward another group of men who were making more than usual disturbance.

"Well, nevertheless, I rather like the outlook; I think I will make you a proposition. I have been in the woods all summer and would like to join your camp. I have a little money and my time this winter is my own. If you are willing, I will join your company. I don't believe in drinking, I don't believe in gambling, and I don't believe in these half-breed women hanging around the tents back there in the forest. I am not a minister, but

my father was one. In an emergency, I think I could give an address. Suppose I see what I can do to brace the men up. Perhaps we can lessen the drunkenness and the gambling, and double the work on the road."

The contractor looked long and quizzically at the orchardist. Plainly this was a new type of man. McDonald knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the wall and slowly said, "What a fool idea! You might as well try to convert one of these 'red varmints' as to try to change one of these river men or woodsmen. Say, I tell you what I will do. You brace up my man Jim and you can have anything there is in this camp."

"Who's Jim?" was the answer.

"He is my head man. You see I sublet this contract from the Big Three, and Jim is my overseer. He has been sick for a week, mighty sick; high fever and everything else, and the devil itself to pay." Here he stopped short, seeming to think that this stranger would object to his reference to the devil.

"That's all right," laughed the orchardist. "Say anything you want to about the devil; he's no friend of mine."

"H'm! Do you know anything about medicine?" And now the contractor arose and looked earnestly at John Chapman.

"I am not a physician, but I have lived in the forest for six years and I know a good many Indian remedies; I am a pretty good nurse, and with any sort of chance I think we ought to pull your man out. Where is he?"

"Well, stranger, you pull Jim out and you can have anything you want. He can get more work out of the men than any ten bosses I ever had. Come along!"

A few minutes' walk brought the two men to a tent that was old, black, and weather-beaten. Lifting the blanket that served as a door, the contractor stepped in and said, "Jim, I've brought some one to see you."

The sick man lay upon a pile of blankets. He was curled up and seemed miserable enough. For a moment he looked the orchardist over, and then said, "What is your game, partner, quits or poker?"

"Neither," answered the contractor; "he says he ain't got no game. He is going to stay awhile in the camp. He ain't no physician, but I guess he knows something about nursing."

"What makes the camp so quiet like?" said black Jim, anxiously.

"I guess the boys have gone up to the clearing for the horse-race."

"I got some money up on that bay horse. I wish you would go and see how things is goin'," said Jim, with great earnestness.

"Yes, you go on, if you wish," said the orchardist to the contractor. "I will take care of Jim." Then, as soon as McDonald left the tent the youth began to take in the conditions. He said nothing, but instantly made up his mind what to do. Looking about, he soon found a spade. In one corner of the tent he cleared the hummocks, softened the soil, and smoothed it with a board. Going out

under an oak tree, he gathered a huge pile of dry leaves, and sewing two blankets together with a piece of string he quickly made a rude mattress. From the spring he brought cold water and bathed the sick man from head to foot. Black Jim's skin was hot and dry. His eyes were inflamed, his pulse low, and very soon the orchardist knew that his patient was a very sick man. When he had been washed and shaved and settled on his new couch, Jim began to think of other things, and gazed restlessly about.

"What can I do for you?" asked his nurse.

"Do? Go up to that horse-race and find out when that bay is to run."

The sudden request took the man off his guard. And then an impulse came upon him.

"Well, Jim, I don't believe in horse-racing or betting and I do believe in Sunday; but why do you want me to go?"

"Why, you see, stranger, I've got a hundred dollars up on that bay horse and it is all I have got, too," and the sick man sat up in his bed. The orchardist rushed to Black Jim's side.

"Here, you must not sit up. You may bring on a hemorrhage any minute. You are swollen and inflamed, and this fever may kill you. You must lie down and lie perfectly still." Then a sudden resolve came to him.

"Now, Jim, while I don't believe in gambling, or betting on horses, still even if it is Sunday I am going to help you out of your trouble. A little more worry will end you. I will take a horse and run up to the clearing and see how things are going,

provided you agree to lie perfectly still until I come back."

It was but a little way to the clearing, and half an hour later his new friend returned to find Jim leaning on one elbow.

"How's the thing going?" inquired Black Jim, anxiously.

"Well, the other races are over and they have run the first heat of your race. Your bay horse won, but it was by a neck only. His rider whipped him all the way in, while that Indian boy who rode the sorrel held his horse back. The bay is going to lose. But I have a scheme to keep you from losing anything, although you won't make anything, either. I hedged a hundred dollars for you on the sorrel, so that your money is safe. I never bet before in my life; I don't know but I will regret this as long as I live, but if I have sinned, I sinned through an impulse to help you in your extremity."

Black Jim ordinarily spoke in terms of profanity, but this time he did not speak at all. After a little, through weakness and relief, the tears started down the cheeks of the sick man. Some one had already warned him that he would lose his money.

When some time had passed, he turned his head, and with a smile said, "Well, stranger, you're all right. That was a white thing you done for me. Say, ain't you one of these Christians? Ain't you a circuit rider, or something like that?"

"No, Jim, I'm not. I'm just a plain man, try-

ing to do Christ's work in Christ's way, and failing as I guess I did when I tried to help you out. We're both a bad lot. I think giving a cup of cold water to a sick man is about all I can do: I guess I'll go to the spring and get you some fresh water."

That night an event marred the new relation. At midnight the sick man awakened and grew more restless. Lighting a rude candle, the orchardist bent anxiously above his patient. "Are you worse, Jim? What can I do for you?"

"Oh, I feel like ——. Say, get me some whiskey."

He pulled an empty bottle from beneath the mattress. "Fill it quick!"

"Why, where's the rest?" exclaimed John Chapman. "You don't mean that you have gotten at this bottle while I have been asleep? Why, you were to have only a teaspoonful at a time."

Irritable, burning with fever, tossing with his headache, the sick man turned savagely, "Ain't you goin' to get me that whiskey?"

"No, you lie down. You are a very sick man. I will bring another bucket of water from the spring and bathe your head and sponge you off. Water is better for you. I tell you, Jim, if they had the Ohio River in Hades it would be worth a dollar a drop."

"I don't want no water, I tell you; I want that whiskey, and I want it quick."

Now the orchardist spoke very slowly.

"Jim, let us understand one another. You cannot have any whiskey — not one single drop. Do you understand?"

The sick man was furious. Twice he tried to

speak and twice he swallowed. Then he began again: —

"And that's what you call Christianity, is it? Won't even give a fellow a drink of whiskey! Offer me water instead! I ask for bread and you give me a stone. I ask for whiskey and you give me water. That's what turns me against religion!" — and Jim turned his face to the wall.

"That's all right, Jim. That pint you've had to-night has nearly finished you. But if cold water will bring your fever down, we'll bring you through yet."

With the dawn came better conditions. With good nursing, also, soon the low fever burned itself out. When another fortnight had passed, the youth had won two friends and bound them to him with hooks of steel. The old, grizzled contractor and Black Jim believed in him. He had won his battle.

And now he began to see what he could do with Sunday to make it something other than a day of racing, gambling, and carousal, for the orgies of these drunken men, with the half-breeds and Indian women, filled him with something akin to terror.

Fortunately the great mess room, open on all sides, offered him an opportunity. The next Sunday the word went through the camp that in the evening the stranger was to have an hour of song, — a home hour, dedicated to the memories of the fireside beyond the mountains. Among the men he had found a little group who had good voices; they knew the fine old hymns of patriotism and home and native land. They also knew the old hymns of the church. He was not an orator;

years had passed since he had done any public speaking; but alone in the woods he had pondered long and deeply upon the ways of God with man. While in college also he had made a study of the rise of liberty; of the history of the heroes and martyrs; of the reformers who had battled with oppression and superstition; of the patriots who had led the multitude out of the wilderness; of the soldiers who had with their own blood made their banners crimson and glorious. He knew that he could rehearse the story of these great events and perchance instruct and help the rude woodsmen. Having drilled his singers in advance and made sure that he had something to say that would command the attention of all, he assembled his company on Sunday night.

But, unfortunately, the Big Three who ran the drinking and gaming-tables, were suspicious of his purpose. Take them all in all, the orchardist had never seen a worse lot. They were prosperous, but depraved. They had gained their contract through a political pull. Their scheme was to pay the men on Saturday, to feed their passions on Sunday, and through the gaming-tables and drink, they debauched and spoiled their men. Any influence, therefore, that tended toward sobriety, economy, and prudence was antagonistic to their purpose. Their business was to degrade their fellows, snare men through their passions, as the woodsmen snare birds in the net.

The leaders of the gang, therefore, left the great room that served for dancing, amusement, gaming, drinking, and conversation during the long

evenings, and came to the rude mess hall. There they watched the orchardist. But when he gave the signal to his singers, and they took up the old songs of love and home and native land, the crowd first listened and then broke into tumultuous cheers. For music hath charms. Be the reasons what they may, music is the greatest of the fine arts. We climb from landscape gardening at the bottom to music at the top, as up the rounds of an ascending ladder. Landscape gardening is the lowest of the arts, because the least flexible. Architecture is higher, but at best the pyramid is stiff. Sculpture is higher still, but it lacks mobility. Higher yet is painting, for to form it adds color and richness. Literature is higher than painting, because what pigments cannot do, words accomplish. Highest of all is music, because its medium is the most flexible. The art that handles matter that is fixed is the lowest; that is, landscape gardening. The art that is highest handles the air — most flexible of all the forms of matter. In heaven music, the supreme art, will come to its full estate. And when these rude woodsmen sang in perfect time and tune the hymns of home and God, and Christ and His redemptive love, men forgot themselves and wiped the tears away with the back of the hand.

From that Sunday, every night the orchardist assembled his company, and his influence grew by leaps and bounds. Not a single winter night passed but his hall was full. Little by little the camp developed no mean order of talent. One man was found who could recite, another told a

story, one sang a comic song, others gave exhibitions in sparring and wrestling, and their leader closed the service on week nights by a ten-minute talk, now on the history of the republic, now on economy, now on industry, now on courage or perseverance. Every day his influence waxed. Before a month had passed, the men in the camp had divided into two companies. One band was under the influence of John Chapman. More and more they gave up the Sunday carousals, deserted the gaming-table, and signed his pledge, and more and more pleased was the boss and the head man, stern old McDonald. But more and more antagonistic were the Big Three, the politicians from beyond the mountains who owned the dining room, the trading depot, the gaming-tables, and saloon.

Every new camp at mine or in forest has a strange atmosphere. In cities men assume virtues not their own, in the camp men assume vices of which they are not possessed. Boys go to pieces quickly. Habits built up in twenty years fall in a night like a burning city. One night John Chapman put up a sign in the mess room: —

"How long since you have written home?"

Then he proposed to the men to write letters for all who had messages or money to send over the mountains with the next safe carrier. In that hour many a youth was ashamed when he thought of his mother in the far-off East. Many a drunken husband recalled his neglected family. Many a prodigal son, who had wasted his substance in the far country, came to himself. Afterwards he counted

those hours when he wrote letters for the men among the best influences the camp had known.

Meanwhile the gang mused and schemed. One night the leader came over from the great amusement cabin, leaving the tables half empty and drinking counters half deserted. He swaggered through the room, brushing against a rude stool and board on which the orchardist was writing a message home for a woodsman. Standing before the blazing logs, the gambler drew attention to himself by a tale of his adventures. It was a wondrous story of bears that he had killed, of wolves by which he had been pursued, of wild horses that he had tamed, and of red devils whom he had shot; and the longer he talked, the more fertile became his imagination. When he had complete control of the company, as he thought, he began to run John Chapman.

"Lived a pretty quiet life yourself, I suppose. You preachers do!"

"I am not a preacher, as you know, though I wish I were. I have lived a pretty quiet life. I do remember one adventure, however," he said slowly, leading the gambler on.

"What was that?" was the unfortunate answer.

"Some years ago I was exploring the bank of the great river. Suddenly I came to a point where the bluff jetted sharply down to the current below. Because the ascent was steep, I left my pack and gun, Having first stripped, I climbed up between the river and the precipice. Suddenly, at the bend, I looked up, it was hundreds of feet to the top;

I looked down, it was hundreds of feet to the river. Dizzied, I walked on until, turning the sharp corner, I found myself face to face with a bear. The ledge was about two feet wide. I had no gun, I could not shoot; I had no knife, I could not cut; I had no club, I could not strike; I could not turn, the bear would follow me; the bear could not turn, there was no room." Then, as if to shut out the bloody memory, the young orchardist drew the back of his hand before his eyes.

"Well, what did you do?" exclaimed the gambler, eagerly.

"Do! What did I do? Do you think there is any coward blood in my veins? I died right there in my tracks."

For a moment the room was still as death, then the cabin shook with the shouts and jeers of derision at the trader's expense. He turned red and white, swore lustily, but saw that the sentiment was overwhelmingly against him. Soon he went out into the darkness of the night. But from that hour the opposition of the gang became more pronounced. One night, after John Chapman had returned to his rude cabin, a shot was heard and a ball lodged in a log above his head. The orchardist said nothing about it, for he knew that it was only meant as a threat; he also knew that the gang would not dare to kill him, so he went quietly on with his work, but with more caution as to personal safety.

About Christmas an epidemic of fever broke out. A score of men were ill, but not seriously so; another group was very sick, and several of the river men

died. Then it was that the orchardist found a new opportunity. He took fifty of his precious dollars and hired some woodsmen to build a log cabin that held eight bunks. It was light, airy, and had abundant room. For the next two months he was busy day and night as physician and nurse, counsellor and friend. Going to the great kitchen, he made hot gruel; out of the game that his friends brought him from the forest he made soups so palatable as to appeal even to a sick man's appetite. His long experience in the woods had taught him the use of water, and of heat and cold, but, try as he could, several of the patients died before he completed his little hospital. Weeks came and went again, and now the camp knew that this man was their friend indeed. He was kinder than any kindness that they had ever known, true as truth itself, a man also just and generous!

One Sunday night early in March the orchardist had a strange experience. A young man named Henderson, who had a claim two miles down the river, waited to see John Chapman. He insisted that there was something wrong in the camp.

"While you have been busy in the hospital the gang has been fixing things. A week ago the Big Three called a meeting to elect a provisional government. The three men in the gang are now mayor and judge and attorney. They run the gambling-tables and all are bad men. Yesterday morning a fellow came down and tried to jump my land. I have been on it for six months, and this jumper is in the gang's crowd. He's one of the bartenders. He's only been in the country

about four months. Well, we had a big dispute, and he proposed that we appeal to the judge and the attorney. I said all right, so we came up to the camp. We found the judge in, and I told my story and he told his. Then the judge called on two of his friends, and they swore that this jumper was here two months before I was and that I had jumped his claim. It was funny to hear those two liars. Why, everybody knows they came down the river in the flatboat with all of the gang in September, and yet they swore that they were here way last June. The judge knew that they were lying, the attorney knew that they were lying, everybody knew that they were lying. The judge tried to look solemn, but he couldn't help laughing at their lies. When he came to his decision, he said that the case was not open for discussion; that in view of the well-known reputation for veracity of the two witnesses (and then he winked at the attorney), it was evident that I had jumped the land. Why, he actually gave my land to that rascal!

"And this thing has happened not less than half a dozen times lately. One of the men told me to-day that the gang has a scheme to steal the whole camp. They have been out looking over every quarter section of land. Wherever there is a good town site, an unusually good forest or meadow, they have men to jump the claim for them. I don't know what to think, but something is going on!"

Half an hour passed.

At length the orchardist gave his judgment.

"Henderson, you go back to your land to-morrow, and be sure to take your gun with you. Go into your cabin and stay there. When this jumper returns, you order him off your property. Tell him that a man's house is his castle, that the so-called 'judge's' decision is not worth the paper it is written on.

"Tell him that you propose to defend your rights and die in the last ditch. The gang won't dare to do anything after that. Then we will see what happens."

To the end of his life the orchardist regretted that advice. When another twenty-four hours had passed, word came that Henderson had been shot dead by the man who claimed the land. But even now, many of the settlers up and down the river did not understand the situation, and as yet the camp itself had not waked up.

Now it was that John Chapman realized that he had been so absorbed in his hospital work with his sick men that events had happened of which he had been entirely ignorant. Before the week passed, however, he understood the situation and made his plans accordingly. When Sunday night came, he held his usual service. He spoke on heroism, and that Hero who won his victory on Calvary. It was a stormy night, but a full hundred men were in the mess room. When he had finished the service, he asked the men to wait.

"Men, I am going to call a meeting for to-morrow night at seven o'clock. The object of the meeting will be to consider the best interests of this camp and its government. I want you to

spread the announcement for me. There are now a hundred settlers, hunters, and trappers within ten miles of this spot, and there are two hundred men still in the camp. Some of you must go down the river and carry the word to the settlers. But before you go, I have a request to make." And now he paused long, between his sentences.

"This camp has come to a crisis.

"Brave men are wanted.

"Some one will have to die before certain wrongs are righted.

"Now I am alone in the world, without parent or wife or child.

"How many young men here are similarly situated?

"I want a band of twenty young men.

"If you have a wife I do not want you.

"Have you a child? If so, you are released from responsibility.

"Have you parents to support? Your first duty to them.

"But if your life is yours alone — if you are free to lay down your life, then I want you.

"I will give you five minutes to think it over; after that, those young men who are willing, if necessary, to give up life itself, are asked to remain here. The rest may go! but, as you go, spread the announcement of the meeting to-morrow night."

While the five minutes were passing, one by one the men went out, until only a little handful remained. They made up a company of goodly youth, the very flower of the camp, brave and manly and ready to do their leader's will. Slowly

the orchardist went over the story of Henderson; he rehearsed the history of the gang who were looting the camp; he told his guard that he would probably be killed in the excitement of the coming meeting. In that event, he asked them to give a solemn pledge that they would rid the camp of the three ringleaders of the gang. It was a very solemn group, this little company. They understood the emergency that was upon them. Not one but was ready for his task. Before they departed, the leader asked one thing more. Blowing out the candles, in the darkness he said a prayer for his young guard and for himself; then they went out into the night to work and pray and wait.

The next day the camp boiled and seethed like a caldron. The gang was excited to the last degree. In the gaming room, liquor was poured out with a free hand. The coming meeting was the one topic. The Big Three were frightened. The men who frequented the drinking rooms were bitter in their denunciations. John's friends were silent, and kept out of sight. At noon, leaving his rude hospital, the orchardist met the trader who was also mayor. Furious with anger, he poured forth a stream of foul oaths, and ended with a threat to shoot John's teeth down his throat; but the youth knew his hour had not yet come, and in silence passed on.

Along toward night, the woodsmen began to come in from the distant cabins to find out what all these things might mean. Long before seven o'clock the dining room was crowded, but the gang had laid their plans well. Going to the mess hall, they filled every foot of space, and left no

room for John's friends, or for the settlers who had now assembled. Less than a half dozen of his friends were inside the doors! But when seven o'clock came, this little handful forced a passage, and brought their leader in, far enough at least to see and be seen by the gang, who had packed the improvised platform with their friends. Fortunately, there chanced to be a stool beside the wall, and, standing upon it, John Chapman was head and shoulders above the company which thronged and pressed upon him, wedging him in so tightly that he had scarcely room to breathe.

Now the mayor began to speak.

"Members of the camp, you all know who called this meeting. It has been said that the object of the assembly is to consider the best interests of the camp. Now, as the present government of the camp has charge of this meeting, it will be for the camp's best interests. If the young adventurer who had called the meeting, however, had control of us, it would be for the worst interests. This egotist actually thinks that he knows more about our business than we do ourselves. He wants to run things, and so he is down upon those who are doing the best they can. He has been doing the religious act here, but if ever there was a wolf in sheep's clothing, that wolf has been around here for the last four months. Oh, I know his game! I have seen them work it before. I am out of Sunday-school, I am! I understand he was in jail in Philadelphia, and changed his name and came out here. He was a crony of this man Henderson, who jumped the land of one of our leading citizens.

That man died as the fool dies. No man can jump claims here and not suffer for it. Can he, men?"

And then the gang's friends and backers howled approval, cheering and refusing to cease their cheering. At last when quiet was restored the "judge" arose and made a bitter attack upon John Chapman. He said that this whole trouble had grown out of Henderson's crime in jumping a claim that was not his; that he had been duly elected judge; that he had heard the testimony, and that his friend Jake was wholly in the right; and that when Henderson threatened Jake and refused to give possession, Jake had a perfect right to shoot him — that this was the custom of the community.

He talked long and loud, but spoke as one trying to consume time; though he went on for a full half-hour, the crowd listened patiently.

Then the attorney arose, and at the other end of the mess hall, lifted up above the crowd, was John Chapman. The very sight of the young orchardist, who had threatened all their plans, seemed to set the man quite beside himself. He could not think for anger, he could not speak for cursing, and he could find no word bad enough with which to describe John Chapman. More and more excited grew the men. The crowd strained to hear every word, those outside tried to get their heads in at the open windows and the open doors, to hear the attorney's vicious attack. They let him go on until, suddenly, pointing his finger at the youth he exclaimed: —

"You — hypocrite!"

There the crowd drew the line.

That word they would not stand.

One thing was certain, — whatever else the orchardist was, he was not a hypocrite.

With his own money he had built the hospital.

Some of the men he had nursed through their sickness; some of their friends he had cared for when they died.

He had never taken any man's gold.

The gang had made three speeches; they should not call the orchardist a hypocrite unless he had a chance to reply.

From the moment he uttered that one word "hypocrite," the men refused to let the "attorney" go on.

Cries of "Chapman!" "Chapman!" filled the air. Now was come his turn. He would do his best; with God the rest. Ten full minutes passed. They would let no one else speak until he had spoken. He closed his eyes and prayed that he might say nothing that would bring death upon others, but only upon himself. Then he was ready. The crowd was so dense that he could not get to the platform, so the men picked him up on their hands and passed him forward. As soon as he was on his feet, he had full command of himself. Never had his intellect worked so smoothly.

Every idea that he wanted, everything that he had ever read or seen or thought, passed before his mind.

It was as if a warrior had stood before his enemy to find that a procession of weapons was passing by him, so that all he had to do was to stretch out his hand and seize now a sword and

now a spear and now a thunderbolt as it went smoking by.

"Men," he began,[1] "you know why this meeting has been called. The Big Three here have formed a conspiracy with twenty or thirty of their followers to loot everything in sight. The leaders of the gang are this so-called mayor, judge, and attorney. Their government is illegal. They hold office through fraud. Their decisions are as worthless and their words are as empty as the wind. Moreover, these three men are murderers. This judge here at my right murdered John Henderson. Every murderer is a coward. This man is a coward. He has a knife in his pocket and he has a horse-pistol. To-day in the street he told me that he was going to shoot my teeth down my throat. But he will not do it; he is afraid. This mayor and attorney are murderers; both want to kill me; both are afraid to kill me. Nothing is easier than for them to blow out the candles, have a scrimmage, and stab me to death. I will tell you why they are afraid to kill me. Last night twenty young men gave me a solemn pledge that if these three men killed me and left our settlers without a leader they would kill this judge, mayor, and attorney before to-morrow morning. Let us understand each other. I want the Big Three to start right, knowing just where they stand.

"Now, men, since the question of my life and death is a trifle and of no importance, we will come

[1] Miners who were in Alaska during 1896–1897 will find here the story of "The Boy" (R. B.), whose courage and eloquence saved Nome in the hour of its greatest peril.

to the condition of the camp. The Big Three have got this contract through a political pull. They receive twice what this road is worth. This military road starts from nowhere and goes nowhither. It is simply a job. But with that we are not now concerned. The gang own the general store and won't let any other trader come in. They run the gaming and drinking places. They pay you men on Saturday, and on Sunday by loading the dice they get all the gold back into their hands. Now they have a new scheme. You men have taken up claims and lots in the new town site. All these give promise of great value, but the gang has a scheme to steal all the best pieces of property. They first find out where are the good things, and then the gang sends a man to jump the claim. Some of the rest of their men then come in and give lying testimony. Of course the gang's attorney, so called, prosecutes the case. The next step is for the so-called judge to decide for his crowd; so the stealing and looting go merrily on.

"When summer comes and your work is over, the gang that paid the gold to you on Saturday nights will have both your gold and your land. Now never was there a wickeder scheme! Never were there greater criminals! These men shot John Henderson down in cold blood to frighten you settlers so that you will be afraid to resist when your turn comes to be robbed. Something must be done. If you believe in murder, to-night you must line up and say so.

"You all know me; I have been in this camp nearly five months. I built this hospital with my

own gold. I have nursed you when you were sick, and I have buried your companions when dead. I have written your letters home, and served you as best I could; but no man can say that I have ever received a gold coin or a copper cent from any one in this camp. I am not a minister, but I have tried to do Christ's work in Christ's way. Something has been said about my past life. I came from Redham in Massachusetts. Before I started West I heard my father tell a story of a man who always carried seeds with him. That story has shaped my life. I decided to do what I could to make ready for the coming of the settlers. Years ago I loaded a boat with seeds at Fort Pitt and started down the Ohio. In the open glades I planted my apples, pears, plums, and peaches. These little orchards are small, each containing a few thousand seeds, and there are now a hundred of them. Every settler knows that he is free to go and take what he will, provided only that he guards the fence to keep the deer away from the young trees. I have heard some of you talk about the man who planted the orchards. You now know the story of my life and work, and you must judge between this man who has told you lies and my simple statement of the facts.

"All this brings us to the matter in hand. What is this camp to do? It can do one of two things. We can allow this gang to go on and loot the camp, and rob our men of their lands. Or we can make these murderers resign and elect a committee of safety until a proper government can be organized under the laws of this commonwealth. And now I

will say that I have three resignations written out in advance. One is for this mayor. Men, do you want this murderer to resign? If you do, say 'Aye.'"

For a moment the men were silent in and without the walls, and then a deafening cry went up. John Chapman turned to the mayor, who was now white and trembling and cowed, and said to the miserable man:—

"Now sign that resignation! And remember John Henderson's murder!"

A moment later the attorney and judge had signed their resignations as well.

"Now, men, what shall we do? Is there any one opposed to this? Is there any man opposed to reform? If so, let him say 'Aye.'"

One half-drunken fellow roused himself to call out:—

"I am for the old crowd. I am against reforms."

In that moment a big brawny settler from Virginia lifted his hand. He was full six feet and four inches in stature. Grabbing the recalcitrant by both shoulders, he shook him as a terrier would shake a rat. He took his horse-pistol and hit the gambler over the head with a crack that resounded.

"So you are against reforms, are you? You —— rascal, you! Get over here on the side of piety and religion. —— you! If you don't, you are going to get your head caved in right here." The gospel of muscularity was never preached more effectively.

For once conversion was instantaneous.

All the bad liquor left his brain.

"Why, I didn't say nothing. I've always been in favor of religion." Again the crowd cheered.

When the laughter had subsided, the orchardist turned to the deposed gang, now whipped, alarmed to the last degree, cowed, and already planning flight. Pointing to the little window behind the platform, he said: —

"Do you see that window? Well, all of your gang go through there. You are not wanted here. We need your room for the reorganization of this camp."

When midnight came, a committee of safety had been appointed, a request had been sent to the governor, asking that some one be sent to take charge of the community and administer the law. Then followed three weeks with every day and hour crowded. Slowly he brought order out of chaos. Little by little he taught the rude workmen how to safeguard their rights. At last the settlement that was to be a city organized its government. When spring came, men began to scatter, — some to their cabins and clearings, some to their work upon the river. A few returned to Fort Pitt, others took up claims in the forest. The last thing the settlers did before disbanding was to surround the orchardist and assure him of their gratitude and indebtedness. One of the workmen polished smooth the side of a gold eagle, and on it wrote these words: "To the man who always carried seeds with him, in memory of the night when he saved the camp." And from that hour until he died, that gold piece and Dorothy's silver coin were the only material treasures to which he clung.

CHAPTER XIII

AND NOW THE THORNS AND THICKETS RISE UP AGAINST THE GARDENER

The next summer he bade farewell to his orchards and set his face toward the wilderness, far beyond the rim of the settlements. A passing trapper had told him strange tales about the richness and abundance of the wild plums at the head waters of the Wabash. Necessity compelled the finding of some new native stock. A winter, cold beyond all anticipation, had cost him many young trees and brought him to his wits' end. Winter began in November, came early, stayed late, and gripped hard. Colder still were the January winds; down and down crept the frost, the cold went to the very heart of the oak and split its trunk; and few of his young trees of peach and plum and apple were equal to the shock. When the spring came, and the south wind blew softly, and the north wind retreated to its caverns of ice, then with keen sorrow he went through his orchards with their blackened twigs and dead buds and shrivelled blooms. The hickory trees unfurled their banners, but his apple and plum trees stood leafless and dead. For a single week he was overwhelmed; then he rebounded, and with his old courage set his face toward the forest. His purpose was to

find some strong and hardy native stock. The awful winter had served at least one end, it would tell him what varieties were fitted to withstand the cold of these northern winters.

With this in mind, he plunged into the wilderness. Four weeks, with the half-breed guide, brought him to the region of the Upper Wabash, and there his old friends, the Indians, led him through the glades to the native orchards that long had been familiar to them and to their fathers. In an ecstasy of surprise and delight, he went from thicket to thicket, marvelling at the size and flavor, the perfume and color, of these wild plums. He marked carefully trees that held plums of red and yellow, and those whose fruit were green and white, and those that were purple and blue. Not until the first week of August did Nature plump the fruit, perfect the blush, flavor the juices, and ripen the seed that held the coming tree. During these days he went about with light and singing heart. Verily one paradise was not "lost." For him, the earth was still God's Eden. It was good to tend and keep the trees, for these were God's trees of life that healed the wounds of the nations.

When August had run half her course, he began his work of collecting seeds. His method was very simple. Going through the plum thickets, he gathered first purple plums and carried them to an open glade beside the stream. Then he gathered another pile of plums that were red and blue. Lifting the rod upon them, he broke the outer skin; soon rain and sun and wind softened the flesh and stripped away the meat. It only re-

mained to carry the seeds to the brook, and wash them clean, and dry them in the sun, and tie them in the sacks, ready for the long journey. Then, at night, lying under the trees, in the warm, delicious moonlight, he returned in thought to the distant settlements, and now he dreamed dreams and saw visions, and his imagination took fire.

He saw his seeds become large trees. He saw the settler's cabin standing midst an orchard white with bloom. He saw the hillsides red and purple with their glow of clustered food. Hand in hand with little children he passed from tree to tree, searching for the largest, ripest plum and pear and peach. He saw the ploughboy climb the fence to pull down some bough and satisfy his hunger. He heard the shouts of harvesters at the noontide hour, racing across the field in a contest as to which one would first reach the orchard that they loved. When autumn was on the land, he watched the housewife, with magic skill, working with her fruits, her preserves, her jellies, and sweet-spiced concoctions. He saw the farmer going down the creaking cellar stairs to empty the fat sacks and heap his bins with rosy apples. The long winter nights came, and he saw the father reading while mother sewed and grandmother plied her needles; he watched the older children busy with their lessons; he saw the younger children roasting their apples before the blazing log. Soon it would be a land of happy homes! Verily, his was a good work. To tend the trees in God's garden *was* worth while! Soon the wilderness would be one vast orchard, and abundance would be in the land.

Poverty would lose its sting; happiness would be universal. And then he would go into the plum thicket, pull down a bough, and breathe the subtle perfume. So in his forest paradise he worked, and sang, and laughed, and wept, and prayed, and kept his tryst — with God and Dorothy.

When late August came, his sacks were nearly filled. Now he began to look forward to carrying them down to the boat and making ready to drift down the river. It was one day down to the Wabash. Never had he been upon that stream. Longer still, the journey down the Wabash to the Ohio. After that would come the pull up the river to the orchards that he wanted to replant. He must make this journey back alone, for his Indian guide was gone. Weeks before the braves had started upon the hunt, for now the time to kill the buffalo and "jerk" the meat had fully come. Many days had passed since he had wakened to find a warrior standing at the door of his tent. He missed the Indian women, with papoose upon the shoulder; he missed the bronze, lithe Indian boys with their bows and arrows; he missed his old friend, the half-breed guide. The great spring gushing up beside the tree was now deserted and half full of leaves; the paths through the forest, where he used to meet the Indians coming to the water, were silent and lonely. Paddling up the stream for twenty miles, one day he found the bark tepees at the Indian village empty and neglected. The forest children had gone, the summer was going, soon the birds would set forth upon their journey southward, and he said, "I must be going!"

And then it was that the wilderness rose up against the gardener. It was as if the spirit of the thorns and thickets had turned against the man who was trying to change the forest into a garden. One morning he wakened to find himself overcome with strange lassitude. That day each task was hard. Steep, also, seemed the path down to the spring. So long had he known perfect health that he did not recognize the beginnings of disease. Fever had laid its hand upon him. The flame began a tiny spark, but slowly it kindled into a conflagration. For the first time he understood the risks of solitude. When he realized his peril, he made ready for possible delirium. He sought out a little sheltered nook for his tent. With his axe he cut several crotches, and, stripping the bark from the trees, he made a rude roof for shelter against the coming rain. Then with feeble strength he cut branches and built a little bed that lifted him above the pool, that he could reach with outstretched hands. There, too, he placed his dried meat, his black bread, and his wild plums. For a sick man it was food poor enough. Then he fell asleep and wakened to find that the spark had waxed and become a consuming fire that threatened life itself. Knowing nothing about sickness, he now began to fear the outcome. For him any time or place was favorable for Death, only his work was not yet done. And now, alone in the wilderness, he feared lest the darkness was the approach of Death's wings.

All day and all night long the fever increased; then delirium and strange dreams came upon him.

Now in thought he was out again upon his quest for Dorothy. Always he was in the forest searching; only the forest had become a garden. The path along which he walked was a leafy aisle, the boughs of the trees met like the arches in some great cathedral, the birds had become a choir, and yonder at the end of the way was the entrance to the Palace Beautiful. Yet as he hurried along that way, always at the critical moment some barrier rose before him. An enemy's hand stretched a cord across the path. At the threshold of the palace he could see Dorothy, holding out her hands to him, weeping and beseeching his help. Again and again he flung himself against the barrier, but it would not yield. Ever, just as he was nearing her, an enemy, with sword of flame, stepped in between and waved him back. What had he done? Why was the gate of Paradise shut against him? He lifted up his voice and cried aloud. Strange forms now came out of the dark to torment him. But the gate of Eden was closed. Then in utter despair he beat his forehead against the wall until, black and bruised and bleeding, he fell unconscious upon the threshold. In such dreams the long hours passed; but always when he dreamed he dreamed of Dorothy.

Slowly two days passed. The third morning the clouds seemed to lift and consciousness returned again. Crawling forth from his little shelter, he found the low boughs where the wild plums grew. At the cool spring he bathed his face and hands. In the afternoon the fever rose again, bringing delirium with it. Fortunately the rain clouds

gathered upon the horizon and overspread the sky. Darker and darker grew the heavens, nearer and nearer came the storm. Suddenly gusts of wind shook the trees; then the flood came pouring down. Falling from the bark roof above, the rain poured upon his outstretched hands, and, like dew from heaven, cooled his fever. In his unconsciousness he did not understand that the clouds had brought him help. He rather thought some vision had been vouchsafed to him and that an angel of God had bowed the heavens and had come down to lift a cup of water to his parched lips. Then how near the sky seemed! It was but an arm's length from earth to heaven and Dorothy. Save for that warm rain, he would have died.

Not until two full weeks had passed did the slow fever entirely burn itself out. His was a giant's strength, and perfect health and youth saved him. But when the fever slackened, for a long time his mind was clouded. Save for that little bag of meal, and the wild plums that grew within an arm's length, he must have perished. On the fourth day, gathering a little strength, he began to wander about. After that, each day he journeyed a few steps farther, and fed upon wild berries. He knew he was sick, but try as he would he could not tell where he was, nor had he any strength to explore. For the first time he longed for a gun with which to kill. Slowly another week passed, and now his meal was all but gone. Time also brought no help. The clouds hung low about his mind, and some mist wrapped his memory round about.

Oh, piteous tragedy! In that hour it seemed as

if his health was forever broken and that he would never again be what he once had been. Worn to a shadow, one morning, realizing his danger, he started away from his camp to explore. He had only his axe — his knife was gone. He was without blanket and would soon be without meal or food. In his canoe, long forgotten, now all but hidden under the driftwood, was his little pack containing the clothing he desired. In rags he stood on the Wabash, trying to remember who he was, where he was, what it was that lent the sky its purple lustre and made the earth so black about him. And now a worse thing was to overtake him.

Events were to deliver him into the hands of his enemy. Weeks before Captain Picquet had come to the little settlement down the river. One day a passing trapper told the settlers that he had seen a strange man who was sick and wandering on the banks of a stream twenty miles to the north. He said the sick man was dazed; that he had a number of sacks of seeds in a boat. He said it was impossible for him to stay his steps and care for the stranger, but he suggested that some one go up the stream and bring him into camp.

What word was that? Picquet understood. The man was collecting seeds. Why, there was only one man who always carried seeds with him! Now was come Picquet's opportunity! Not since that far-off night in the old trading-post, when he so barely escaped lynching, had the captain seen his rival. Years, however, had not lessened his hatred; they had rather added fuel to the flame. Having

sown lies and deceit, he had reaped hatred, distrust, and failure. As Colonel Durand had gone up, the trader had gone down. All his scheming, his cunning, and his subtlety had come to naught. At last the settlers had found Picquet out. Evil, like a deadly fungus, had spread through his entire being. The time was when he could not have hoped too much for the future; and now behold! Instead of friends and houses, and a store stocked with supplies, he had only his boat, his axe, and gun, and he was a wanderer. Sometimes he worked as woodsman and trapper, but he always carried his fire-water. Ever since he had heard that John Chapman was somewhere on the Wabash, his heart was full of hate toward that youth who had defeated his plans, had exposed his lies, and cost him all his fortune.

With instant thought the trader said he would go up the river, search out the sick man, and bring him back to the camp. After a twenty-mile pull up the stream, about noon he drew near to the stranger's tent. Landing, he approached the bark shelter. To what grievous extremity had his enemy come! The plight of the wretched man, who tottered as he walked, whose eyes saw without seeing, and who plainly fronted death, would have melted any other man. Not so with Picquet. In his heart was no place for pity. Fate had decided. No need now to sharpen a weapon with which to strike his rival down. Disease, exposure, hunger, privation, and a relapse of the fever would soon complete their work. A few more nights and days, and there would only be a skeleton lying under the trees.

Looking around, Picquet soon understood the story. Back from the river, close beside the rivulet, was the little bark roof resting on four piles. Here was the little bag of meal now all but empty, and here beside it a remnant of dried meat. Here the sick man had made a way to the wild plum bushes. Going to the banks of the river, he found the boat, now all but covered up with driftwood. It held two sacks filled with seeds. In a box he found a bag of extra clothes, warm against the cold of the winter. In an opening in the forest he found a spade; evidently in this glade his enemy had planted apple seeds.

"He will never live to see the winter. He has no need of these clothes; why leave them here to rot?" So Picquet transferred the box with all its contents to his own boat. Then with one or two blows he opened the bottom of John Chapman's canoe. The water rushed in and, when Picquet had thrown in half a dozen stones, the boat began to sink. On a little bush near by hung John Chapman's coat. From the pocket on the inside Picquet took the purse, with its few pieces of silver and gold; and now, having stripped him, he left the sick man to die.

Going back to the river's bank, Picquet found John Chapman sitting on a log, gazing in a dazed way across the river. Aroused by his enemy's movements, John's eyes followed him. With difficulty he rose, as if to accompany one whom he did not recognize. In his weakness and delirium his thoughts again reverted to his long quest of Dorothy. Some latent memory must have been stirred so that the

six years were as if they were naught. He only knew that Dorothy was lost, with Colonel Durand, and that he was seeking them.

"Have you seen Dorothy?"

"No, but you will see her soon! I'll give you at this rate about one more week."

"What!" Feebly he tried to find his words.

"Dorothy near!

"Take me to her!

"Stay! show me the way."

"Show you the way! No, I guess not, I'm not going that way. Your road leads to a black hole in the ground. But you take it! Go on! It will give me great pleasure to attend your funeral."

"I don't understand," faltered the sick man. Now in his weakness, as the shadows were lifting from his mind, the tears which he could not hold back, began to fall.

"Well, take the first road and climb the hill," said the captain, cynically.

The scene was becoming painful. So Picquet put off down the river. But remorse went with him.

The night was falling, and the mist was lying upon the river.

The thought of that sick man's condition — that he was without food, without medicine, without friends — all but softened him. Then the old jealousy returned again, and with redoubled strength.

But for his rival the trader might still have owned his trading store.

Save for John Chapman, that water-mark in the deed might never have been discovered! Hatred

is a serpent that crawls over the threshold of men's souls and leaves a little slime on all it touches. Jealousy is a serpent whose eggs hatch the scorpion and adder. For bread, envy gives a stone, and for fish, hatred gives a serpent. Hatred is as destructive as a cyclone; it burns like flames of fire. Joy and industry can build a city; hate can turn it into a desolation!

Pulling up the river in the twilight, Picquet found refuge in the bottle in the end of his boat, and soon began muttering to himself.

"What a figure the man makes! The fever has spoiled his beauty! Good clothes!" And the captain patted the box beside him.

"Well, he has two old sacks of apple seeds; he can make clothes out of them."

"What if Colonel Durand could see John Chapman now!" And now his malignant thoughts gushed forth in an unending stream. In the alkali plains of the Rocky Mountains, there are certain rifts in the rocks which emit hot steam and fiery mud, and the mind of this evil man poured forth passion and evil thoughts like lurid lava. From the floods rise certain invisible gases laden with poison. Passing over that poisoned stream, the bird, overcome with the foul air, falls into the dark flood.

Oh, piteous emblem of the trader's heart, in whom evil had slain every form of good!

But what Picquet had meant for harm turned to good, and became succor and safety for the orchardist. Those words, "Dorothy is near and expects you," fell upon the sick man's heart like medicine to heal his wounds. They were bread for his hunger; they

were warmth for his cold. God seemed near. The sky became His wings. God brooded over the earth. That night the sick man slept like a child, and when another perfumed summer morning came, it seemed to bring health and strength upon its wings. It was as though he were born again. Once more he crept to the edge of the river and bathed hands and face. Under that stimulus also the mists seemed to lift from his mind. Then it was he remembered his box, but looking for the canoe — lo! both had disappeared. In vain he rubbed his forehead, but he could not understand. Try as he would, he could not remember where he left his boat. Perhaps it had drifted down the river and carried off all his clothes. He only knew that his feet were bare, his clothing torn to rags. With returning consciousness, came alarm. Fear brought torment. When fear came, memory once more fled. He grew more and more bewildered. Then the fever returned, and the dark clouds settled down again. Half unconscious, he cut two holes in the old sack that had held apple seeds, and through it thrust his arms; until he found his boat this sack would serve as his coat. At last he gave up all hope. Plainly, the boat was gone forever. He would walk. But where was the road?

Now he remembered that while he was sick some one had stood beside him.

"Who was the man who said the way was near and that it was always uphill?" He was weak and must start at once. Stumbling and falling, he set forth; cold nights soon would come; there was no time to lose.

One day a sick man, from whom the children fled, stood on the edge of the settlement. The stranger looked like a wild being. He was dazed, and knew not where he was. Gone his memory. He was weak, too weak to do more than totter. For a hat to keep off the autumnal rains he wore an old tin pan held on by two strings; for clothing he had an old sack tied about his waist. His face was gaunt and starved; his hair was long and unkempt.

Gone his health and his splendid youth!

His glorious eyes alone remained, yet even these fires now burned fitfully in their deep sockets.

Gone all the beauty of his manhood!

To this pitiful end had come the patrician scholar who once, in Cambridge, midst the plaudits of his fellows, had carried off all high honors!

But the settlers recognized the man who knew not himself. They knew that in saving their lives he had lost his own. With instant pity and sympathy they gathered the broken man unto themselves. All that they had was his. Gladly they gave him shelter, and nursed him through his months of weakness and sorrow. Little by little his strength returned.

But for a full year the man, whose strength had been as the strength of a giant, walked but slowly and tremblingly.

In this time of weakness the children of southern Ohio began to call him "Uncle Johnny Appleseed" — this man with whom once no man would have dared to be familiar! Fortunately at first he did not realize what this thing meant. Slowly, but very slowly, his mind cleared itself of clouds. Not until

a year had passed did the mists lift altogether. The second summer, for a little time, he made his way into the forest. When the autumn came, strength rapidly returned. Now he grew restless. At night the cry of the wild fowl going southward kept him awake. When the first frost fell, he became anxious for the fate of his young orchards. He feared also lest the cold winds and early snow might injure his young trees. Again he started out to repair the brush fences to ward off the wild deer, and to see that the signs were there, "Take what you will, but guard the fence." That winter God heard his prayer. Strength returned again. The next spring he took up his task with the old ardor, but for a while not with the old endurance. When long time had passed, however, he recalled that summer's sickness as one of the events for which he had chiefest reason to be grateful.

Here we are face to face with the great mystery. Why did such a sorrow overwhelm such a man? To yonder cross we go for the answer. Whom He loves, He chastens. Men kill the emancipator in Washington; they imprison the sage in Bedford; they starve the philosopher in Amsterdam; they burn the prophet in Florence; they poison the teacher in Athens; they crucify the Saviour in Jerusalem. Perhaps wine comes only by the crushing of the grapes. Perhaps tears are the seeds of joy. Perhaps wrestling turns to strength. For long time he trusted that all would work for good. When long time had passed, he understood and was glad, for in losing his own life he saved Picquet's.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH THE ORCHARDIST BECOMES THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

NINE summers and winters passed. Busied with the care of half a hundred orchards, one autumn a great change passed over his spirit. For one winter he quite forgot his apple trees in his solicitude for the children, whose parents had brought them into the forest. The full realization of their loneliness, their privation, and their starved lives came to him with the shock of a revelation. To his startled mind, the awful space that separates a desert from an orchard was not so great as the abyss that stood between the scant happiness and opportunity of these forest-born children and the rich years of his childhood in the old New England town.

It all fell out after this fashion. The year was 1799 and the month October. One afternoon, standing on the banks, looking out upon the Ohio River, he saw a herd of buffalo fleeing from the clouds and storms of winter, and making their way south toward the summer land. The river shone like silver under the slanting rays of the sun. Across its white page lay a black mark made of swimming buffalo, a line that extended quite

across the river and back into the forest. Putting out in his boat he drew near, but found that the herd quite ignored his presence.

One thing greatly impressed John Chapman, — the solicitude of the strong cow and bull for the young calves, swimming in the powerful current. He noticed that the big bull was held up well out of the water by the fatty deposits on his huge neck, and that in like fashion the cow was supported by her weight, while the young calf, being all bone and sinew, found difficulty in keeping its head above the swirling eddies. So two of the larger buffalo put their noses together, and the calf, swimming in between the two, laid its nose upon the nostril of the parent, and so was supported as it swam — an incident that this explorer was destined to see afterward scores of times. While he watched, a disturbance in the forest lent alarm to the herd. Rushing out of the woods, the buffalo leaped down the banks, and in unordered multitudes splashed into the river and swam forward. A half-hour later the last remnant of the herd climbed up the bank on the Kentucky side and disappeared in the forest.

That night, sleeping by his own camp-fire, John Chapman tossed and slept a troubled sleep. Strange that the buffalo should be so solicitous for their young, and men and women be too busy with the task of founding a home in the forest to remember the minds and hearts of their children. A thousand duties in forest, field, and cabin pressed upon these parents — hunger and poverty also pursued them with their scourge. The mother was busy weaving and spin-

ning, and the father was in the forest with his axe and gun.

For days these thoughts oppressed John Chapman. Deep were the sources of feeling in this man. Sometimes in the great city a spring breaks out on the hillside and the architect, with stone walls, shuts back the hidden fountain. But this huge granite wall is impotent against the little column of water that stretches back upon the hillside. Pushing and ever pushing, at last the waters crowd the wall from its place.

And now the parental instinct, so long repressed in this lonely man, welled up anew. Waking, he determined to give that winter to the children, as he had given his summers to his orchards.

The next day, kneeling in his canoe, and paddling up the river, he suddenly rounded a point of land, and lo! an opening in the forest and hovering on its edge a score of newly builded cabins. Upon the river's bank, a group of children romped and filled the air with merry shouts, while from a hickory tree near by came the cries of the larger boys, shaking down the nuts that fell like hail upon their companions beneath. Long time John Chapman watched the scene; and watching, wave after wave of tenderness swept over him, as he thought of the scant happiness of the children, of their rude cabin homes, without a library hour on Sunday, without church or school or books. Over against their loneliness, in his thought, he put the great shelves in his father's house, the old academy of his boyhood, the college halls at Cambridge, where through four happy years he had lingered.

With him, thought was soon turned to purpose — emotion was swiftly transmuted into action. A half-hour later, when he stood on the edge of the clearing, he met the children, as one who had come to be their teacher and found their school.

But John Chapman was no stranger to those who were newly come into the wilderness. Long before, they had found his little orchards, and the sign scratched on the blazed tree, "Take what you will, but guard the fence." With instant enthusiasm they welcomed him whom they counted their benefactor, and who had made possible their orchards and vineyards. With eager hospitality they gave him welcome to their cabins. That night he talked long with the parents after the children slept. He told them that in founding the republic the fathers assumed that every citizen who cast his vote would be a scholar, a patriot, and a Christian; that they founded the free school to make the child wise toward problems, political and economic and social; that they founded the free church to save the child from the perils of moral illiteracy; that they founded the republic to educate the child in power of self-government.

There were twenty fathers and mothers crowded in the cabin. John Chapman was now a man of thirty-three, but the frost upon his hair made him seem ten years older. He spake as he never before had spoken, for the children's woes rested heavily upon him.

"We live only for our children. In the long ago a baron was besieged in his castle. Soon after the enemy surrounded the fortress, the baron's young

son returned home from a long journey and was captured by the enemy. In that hour, the baron threw wide his gates, went forth and surrendered his all, — castle, lands, herds, horses, and jewels; for all that a man hath he will give for his child — yea, life itself.

"When I was in college I read the history of the 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand.' That march of the Greeks through the enemy's country is counted the great march of history. But I know a path across the Alleghanies that holds the history of a retreat still more thrilling. Have you never heard of the march of one hundred captive children over the Alleghany Mountains? When Colonel Bouquet captured the six Indian chiefs here on the Ohio, he took them to Fort Pitt, and there held them as hostages, until every child who had been captured and held in bondage by the Indians had been brought back by the various tribes. Coerced by fear, sullenly the Indians began to come in, bringing their captives with them, — women, children, boys, and young girls, — in all about one hundred.

"Then, when he was sure that all the captive children had been surrendered, the soldier started on the trail that led over the Alleghanies to the far-off settlements. One night he camped near Carlisle. While the fires were blazing and the captives were eating their supper, suddenly a horse, bearing two riders, appeared before the commander's tent. The woman and her boy had ridden all day, and all the previous night. And what a tale was theirs!

"Nine years before, the mother and child left

the cabin to visit a far-off settlement. At noon the Indians hovered on the edge of the forest. Suddenly a rifle cracked, and the father fell on his own threshold. Half an hour later the cabin was a heap of ashes, and the Indians were far away in the forest with the captive child. That night the mother returned to find her home a ruin, and in the ashes she found the charred bones of her beloved dead. Then for years she was in ignorance as to the fate of her little daughter.

"'Perhaps she is one of these captives?' With what pathos did she put her question!

"Colonel Bouquet bade her eat and drink. Afterward he lighted a torch of resin and pine knots, and with the mother passed in front of each young girl. But the woman found no child with rich yellow hair and blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, that answered to her daughter. Nor did she recall any mark or cut or break on her perfect body, by which she could identify her daughter.

"'But is there no hymn with which you used to sing the child asleep?' And then the mother remembered! In the darkness, with low trembling voice, she sang the old hymn with which she rocked her children's cradle during those early days in the forest: —

> "'Alone, and yet not all alone,
> Am I in this lone wilderness.
> I always feel my Saviour near;
> He comes the weary hours to bless.'

"In that moment, something broke loose in a young girl's memory, and a flood of recollections

came rushing in. With instant answer the girl sang with the woman the next two lines: —

> "'I am with Him and He with me,
> E'en here, alone I cannot be.'

"From the hour that the old soldier rehearsed that scene," said John Chapman, "I have never been able to look upon a child in this wilderness, surrounded by the Indians of the forest, without seeing that young girl leap into her mother's arms, and without lifting a prayer that there may never be another march of the settlers' children, going over the mountains to find the old home a blackened heap, to find the parents dead of suspense, loneliness, and broken hearts. There is only one door into the futurity, — the door named childhood. It is not enough that the bodily hunger is satisfied and that the roof keeps off the rain. Childhood must be made rich, and ample, and self-sufficing."

That night, before they separated, the settlers decided to come together in the morning and with their axes build a log schoolhouse, where John Chapman was to be the teacher on week days and carry on his Bible school on Sunday.

Never were appliances more meagre, and never did a good man's skill make appliances less necessary. For blackboard, they had a smoothed plank, on which the teacher wrote with a piece of yellow ochre, found on the banks of the Ohio. Copying the letter or word, the children learned to write. Each scholar had a little box, filled with white sand. With a stick the boy traced in the sand the word

the teacher had written on the board; to erase that word he rubbed a round stick over the sand, and then wrote another. Paper was scarce enough. For pens, the children searched in the forest for a feather, dropped by some wild fowl, flying southward. For ink, they scraped the soot from the chimney in the cabin, mixed that soot with a little water, and with it boiled the husk of the black walnut, that made an excellent ink, — ink, indeed, with which Washington wrote all his letters, in his first surveying expedition in the forest.

But the great need was of books. Fortunately one old settler had been a soldier in the Revolution and owned a "Life of Washington." Another loaned the teacher a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and of "Poor Richard's Almanac." But the basis of instruction in the reading classes was the grand old Psalms, with which Oliver Cromwell led the Ironsides, the Sermon on the Mount, and the great chapters of Paul. When the classes began to read, these books passed from one child's hand to another.

Every passing winter day strengthened his enthusiasm for his task. Old memories began to sing in his heart. It seemed but yesterday that Dorothy was going to and from that old schoolhouse in Redham. With what immeasurable tenderness would she have taught these children! What if this child, which he lifted upon his knee, had been her child? In those days, he wrote the children's names on a piece of paper, and sometimes in the deep forest, alone, he fell upon his knees and commended their lives to God, — this man, who had come through all the thunder of life's battle,

the fruitage of whose toil was obscurity, loneliness, and privation.

But the children loved their friend with love immeasurable. For them, the golden hour of the day was the final hour, at three o'clock. And then Uncle John told them about the heroic age in their country's history, about their forefathers, and the December day when they landed at Plymouth Rock; how the surf ran so high that the men waded through the icy water, carrying the women and children in their arms; how they were met with a whirl of snowflakes, and how, within three months, one-half of the little company were sleeping under blankets of snow. To-day Miles Standish was the children's hero; to-morrow they forgot the old soldier, in their excitement over John Alden and Priscilla. One of their teacher's treasures was an old silk handkerchief, which was stamped with the new banner that is now the flag of the republic. When he waved the handkerchief at a given signal, he taught the children to rise, and with shouts to greet the banner of their country. The boys worshipped him as the Scottish clansmen worshipped Robert Bruce. Surely this was a form of teaching worth while. His school was a school of patriotism and of heroism.

Little by little, it came to be understood that the last hour of each afternoon was to be an hour of reminiscence and story-telling. With a thousand questions they plied him, and he told them about the great men whom he loved the best. One of his heroes was the first school teacher of Pennsylvania. For, passing through this state, the New

England boy had been deeply influenced by the people of Pennsylvania, the Germans and the Quakers, among the wisest and best educated of all the settlers who came to the republic. And one of the few books that Uncle John possessed was a book on pedagogy, the first one written and published in America, and the only picture of the school of the colonial days. Christopher Dock loved his teaching and his boys and girls, as Demosthenes loved eloquence, as Burke loved wisdom, as Webster loved patriotism.

He made an agreement with the parents to reward each child who was perfect in his studies and behavior. As the teacher had no paper with which to send word home to the parents, he finally worked out a plan for registering perfection. At the close of the day all the scholars passed in procession before the teacher's desk. With a piece of yellow ochre Christopher Dock put a circle on each thumb nail, that told the story of the day. On reaching home, each boy that could show the coveted yellow circle received from his mother a hard-boiled egg, and the father gave him a farthing. In his fifty years of teaching, the old bachelor schoolmaster trained practically all those heroes of Pennsylvania, who made name and place for themselves in the Revolution. He had no home, he supported himself by outside work during the summer; he received no pay, he lived a week or month about with the parents, in order to advise with them about their children.

At last men asked the old educator to write a book on the art of teaching. Under pressure of

insistent request, he did so. Christopher Sauer, the first great printer of Philadelphia, was to publish the book. When the volume was half through the press, Sauer sent the author a letter, saying the volume would make his name and fame.

This high praise disturbed the old teacher. All the week he was troubled by day, and sleepless by night. On Friday noon he suddenly dismissed the school.

Staff in hand the old man walked to Philadelphia, and early Saturday morning he knocked at the door of the printer.

"What will it cost to stop the printing of my book?"

The publisher was astounded, but the old man was insistent.

The great peril was pride. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." Reading between the lines, the printer knew that the old teacher was afraid of praise, commendation, and success.

So Christopher Dock offered his publisher a little gold for distributing the type, but told him that he might publish the manuscript after its author was dead. Then he trudged home again.

A score of times Uncle John told the children the story, and showed them a copy of that book on the Art of Teaching, — a book that he little suspected would, a hundred years later, sell in Philadelphia for a man's ransom.

"Tell us the story of the teacher's death."

Then for the twentieth time the teacher told the story. "Christopher Dock used to close the door

of the schoolhouse after the children had gone, and there review the events of the day, the work of his pupils, the weakness of one boy that must be strengthened, and the over-strength of another that must be restrained. One evening darkness fell upon the farm-house where the teacher was staying, but the old man did not come home. As the darkness thickened, the farmer grew anxious. Lighting a torch, the father and sons went to the log building and broke the door in. There they found the old teacher seated in his chair, his face lying on a page that held the names of his scholars; his work was done. That was one of the bravest men that I have ever known."

"Now tell us about the man who saved a whole state," cried the children.

"His name was Christian Post. His ambition was to civilize the savages. He left Fort Pitt for his first trip among the Indians about 1755, and he did not return until years later. During those years he lived with the Indians, travelling with them as far as the Wabash. He learned their language and became their teacher and physician. He was their nurse when wounded or ill. By simple remedies he cured the diseases of the eye so common to Indian children, living in the incessant smoke of the tents in winter.

"At last, through exposure and bad food, he was overtaken by consumption, and the Indians brought him back to Bethlehem."

"But how was it that he saved the people of western Pennsylvania?"

"Well, some time after the French and Indian

war, it was noticed that the Indians were slowly assembling at Beaver. The warriors came in from every direction, representing all the tribes of the great West. The French were back of the movement, and they were drilling the Indians. Their argument was that a handful of French soldiers, with a few thousand Indians, slaughtered General Braddock's force, and all but destroyed Washington himself; and now, with twenty-five thousand warriors, the French proposed to their Indian allies to cross the Alleghanies and burn and pillage as they marched. When the assembly of savages became a great host, the settlers east of the Alleghanies were warned, and soon the whole region was in a state of panic.

"Our people knew that there was but one man who could influence the Indian chiefs, and riders were sent to Bethlehem. Christian Post was dying of consumption, but the brothers lifted him to his saddle, and, tied upon his horse, he rode three hundred miles on a trail through the woods, and came to the place where now is Beaver. One day he appeared at the tent of the chief. That night the great chief called a war council, and set the missionary in the midst. Christian Post talked to the chiefs, young and old. He said to them: —

"'My red brothers, for ten years I lived with you. Your tent has been my tent; your children, my children; your sickness, my sickness; your troubles, my troubles. You all do know what manner of man I am. I have never told you lies; I have done you good and not evil. Why have these French officers called your warriors together?

That you may cross the mountains to burn the houses and kill the people. And what people do they wish to kill? *My* people. My brothers, my sisters! I ask you, my red brothers, not to kill my people. Leave these Frenchmen to fight their own battles with the Englishmen. The Great Spirit does not want you to make your hands red with the blood of my people. Turn your arrows against the deer, I beseech you, your bullets against the buffalo, that your children may have warm furs and much meat against the winter.'

"Then on his knees the old missionary besought these chiefs to wash off their black war-paint. The French officers were furious with anger, and were ready to kill Post, but one of the Indian warriors arose in the council and told the Frenchmen that their missionary's life would be demanded at their hands. At last the Indians continued their war council alone, and, as a recognition of what Christian Post had done for them, the older chiefs carried the vote for peace. Then the brethren lifted the dying man to his horse, and started back over the mountains; they travelled slowly, for he was dying. When they reached the summit of the Alleghanies the hero died from pain and exhaustion. The morning after their white friend started home, the Indians folded their tents and returned to their hunting-grounds. The French officers retreated to Fort St. Clair, at Detroit. This is the story of how Pennsylvania was saved. And that bluff in Beaver, where the war council was held, is one of the spots to be marked by a monument and to be remembered forever by all citizens of that great

commonwealth of Pennsylvania. For the time will come when multitudes will make a pilgrimage to a spot made forever sacred by that man who, single-handed, delivered his commonwealth out of the hands of its enemies."

What a transformation the orchardist wrought in the community! His early days had been spent in his father's library, and all his instincts were the instincts of a scholar. He loved the truth and he knew how to send the truth home, with the full power of the living man. Little wonder that the enthusiasm of the school became a sacred contagion in the new settlements.

This man who worked for his orchards in the summer, now toiled as tirelessly for children in the winter. He knew each boy as an open book, with all his strength and weaknesses. And, working with the father and mother, he straightened the faculty that had been crooked, and wrought wonders upon the forest children.

Then, no parent was allowed to be recreant. Father and mother and teacher supplemented one another. No parent farmed his child out as an intellectual orphan. When a man owns forty young colts and wishes to train them for speed, does he put them in a large race-track, drive them around for three hours, from nine till twelve, some of the colts trotting, some galloping, some running? Does he, at twelve o'clock, give them half an hour for a cold lunch, and then start the herd in for three hours more? Colts are too valuable for that. Horse-flesh is so precious that the trainer must take each colt by itself, give it personal atten-

tion for two hours each day, and so bring up the speed and develop the latent swiftness. It is only children, made in God's image, who are so worthless as to be herded, forty of them committed to one trainer to be developed at the same time for six hours any day.

The orchardist's work was all personal work, hand work, and represented the skill of a specialist. Little wonder that he reared great men in regiments, who became soldiers and the fathers of soldiers, who gave the state of Ohio a generation of heroes against the time of the great Rebellion.

But the Sunday was his golden day. To the very last his love of the church and his plans for the Christian ministry represented his earliest, latest, deepest love and delight. During that long winter, he who taught the children during the days of the week, instructed them on the Sunday. After his hour of song, in the children's hour, at eventide, he told them stories of the old Puritan epoch and the Puritan preachers and the bare, unadorned Puritan meeting-house.

"Tell us about your father."

"You know my grandfather preached in a candlestick pulpit. In those days there were no books, no newspapers, no magazines, no travel. The preacher was the sole educator. Every minute of the sermon, therefore, was precious to the congregation. My grandfather began the service at nine o'clock, and preached and prayed and sang until half-past twelve. Then the congregation went out to their wagons and had half an hour for cold lunch. Then they poured into the meeting-

house again, and grandfather preached until sundown. All who did not die grew up and became great.

"One day in August, when he was an old man, grandfather climbed into the pulpit. It was the exact copy of an old brass candlestick; ensconced therein, the preacher was the moral light and shone forth upon the darkened minds of the congregation. Exhausted with the heat, grandfather fainted away and his face was as white as though he were dead. One of the deacons brought a gourd of water from the well, and, climbing up the spiral stairs which led to the pulpit, he threw the water on grandfather's face. When he came to, he gasped out these words, 'Now let the congregation stand and sing as appropriate to this providential dispensation, the Thirty-second Psalm, "My bones waxed faint, because I roared all day long."'

"Once, at the end of the winter's day, my grandfather was only half through his sermon. Now the men in the congregation always took notes and discussed the sermon through the week. Sunday was their one red-letter day. Because the evening was cloudy and the twilight was early, the people feared that the minister was going to stop the sermon. When they saw the preacher stop and waver, they were on the tiptoe of expectation with anxiety for the sermon to go on. Suddenly he decided, and, stretching forth his hand, he took the hour-glass, whose sands had now run out, and turning it over said, 'We will now take another glass;' and the congregation so far forgot themselves as to all but burst into applause."

"Did they have no fire then, Uncle John, in the churches?"

"Yes, a great deal of fire in the pulpit — fire for head and heart. For the feet they had only hot soapstones. But that stern old race always claimed that they were never cold in the house of God. In the diary of Judge Sewall, he says that 'The January weather is severe beyond all experience.' He writes that while he was seated beside the blazing logs of the fireplace, it was so bitterly cold that his ink froze in the well on the table beside him, notwithstanding the bank of coals. But old Judge Sewall adds that during the three hours in the church to-day, he suffered no chill whatsoever."

Oh, those long winter days in the log schoolhouse and the winter nights in the great central cabin where the tired men and women met! Oh, those happy Sunday hours when John Chapman, who had planned to be the preacher, now, with no rank as pastor, did the work of moral teacher and received the inner reward thereof! He had his work; he did it well; for the time, his work was the manufacture of manhood. Of his boys we can only say that long afterwards they were known as the architects of states.

CHAPTER XV

THE REDEMPTION OF MEG AND CAPTAIN PICQUET

In the old Redham days, June was his favorite month — June with its tenderness, its sweetness and beauty, and also its birds. Ever since her death he had loved October most of all — October with its brilliant mellow days, its bracing, stimulating air, rich as spiced wine. When autumn entered the scene, and robed the trees with rich tints, every deep thing in him rejoiced. For autumn meant not death, but rather preparation and birth for infant buds sleeping in their cradles and waiting for the return of the angel of spring and resurrection to break the cerements and call them from the sepulchre. What days of delight he spent in the forest! From his view-point no one had ever praised enough the autumn colors, the sights and scenes of September. When the moon was full and the October nights were clear, he spread his blanket on the ground and looked up at the stars and the open sky. Now and then he spent whole days in the woods searching for objects of beauty and delight.

Slowly he went through the forest primeval, gathering boughs that held unusual color and brilliancy, and after an hour he would come back with arms full to overflowing. Then he spread his treas-

ures out on the bank: boughs of yellow and deep brown hickory, beside them maples with their crimson and blood-red leaves; in the foreground, the ash with its tender lilac and purple. For scarlet effects he sought out the sumach's red, that red beyond all redness; and on either side he placed boughs of oak leaves, brown and stiff with richness, like a dignified and prosperous merchant. With luxuriant hand he laid on pigments of forest boughs, in colors royal enough to have satisfied Rubens himself. When the first frosts began to brown the bunches of hazels, and turn the acid of the wild grapes to sugar, and plump all the nuts with their ripe kernels, then he went under the trees in the full spirit and memory of his childhood. Shaking the boughs, he filled his bags with nuts, with walnuts and hickory, and beech and hazel. Sometimes he carried his treasures to the Indian camp near by; sometimes to the forest children in the settlement by the river; sometimes he sat on a log and rolled the nuts down a path to tempt squirrels. Oh! those happy October days, steeped in color and in sunshine! How wondrous yonder valley and hillside, so brilliant with autumn tints that it seemed as if a thousand rainbows had fallen from the sky and become entangled in the forest branches! Deep, quiet joy filled all these days; the nights were not less happy. Sometimes he could not sleep for the tumultuous tides sweeping through his heart. Then he lay upon his blanket and looked up at the star fires, and drew long breaths of the cold air and exulted in his work. A thousand times he whispered to himself, "And he walked under the trees of the

garden, and it was Eden," and slept to dream of one whom he had lost and lent to God.

One early October night, when the messengers of frost were abroad, he made his camp-fire warm against the unwonted chill. Suddenly he heard a sound as of an oar catching in the water. In a moment he was on his feet, alert, leaning forward, straining for the sound of the next stroke. Some one was coming up the river. Who could it be? The stroke was like one ignorant of water, and inexperienced. He knew it was not a hunter, for the hunter paddles so silently that the deer feeding on lily pads would not lift its head. It was not an Indian, for the Indians have such skill that the paddle hardly spills a drop of water as they glide down the river. The newcomer could not be a traveller, for all travellers make their camp long before night, so as to be ready when the darkness falls. Instantly he knew that something was wrong. Just then the keel of a boat scraped as it touched the river bank. Hastily gathering a bundle of boughs, the orchardist threw dry brush upon the fire, and in a moment the forest was lighted up Then on the bank, in the path of the fire glow, he saw a boat, but what surprised him more than all else was its occupants. Up the path now came an old black woman, carrying a sleeping child, and before her walked a young girl, tall and strong and dark, with a strange, wild beauty. It stirred his sense of wonder to see a woman alone in the forest, and more than all, at such an hour of the night, but he gave her instant welcome to his camp, and led the servant and child to a seat beside his fire.

"You are the man who always carries seeds with him? Oh, sir, you must help me! I am in such trouble. I have come far. I know that you will listen to me, if no one else will. Surely you won't fail me, sir?"

"The night air is cold, and you have come a long way, madam," said the startled orchardist.

Plainly she was quite beside herself with trouble. The piercing note of pain stirred his sense of fear. Embarrassed to the last degree, the orchardist knew not what to do or say. He was not accustomed to meeting women in the woods. Suddenly he realized that it was ten years since Dorothy had slipped away and over twenty years since his mother had gone. No longer did he understand woman's words or woman's ways. For once he was quite dumb and agitated, and more moved by the sight of sorrow than he could have thought possible.

"You have come far; you must be very tired," he said gently to the young stranger. "Won't you sit here and rest?"

Then he made haste to bring a buffalo robe that he spread out, and brought his rude chair, wrought of bent boughs, and made her comfortable. With a wolfskin spread before the fire, he made a nest, warm and soft, for the sleeping child, now sadly worn by the long day's travel and sleeping the heavy sleep of childhood. But not for a moment could she forget her errand.

"You do not know who I am, sir, but everybody knows you. You are the man who plants the orchards. Why, when I was a little child, I heard

my father talk about you, for all children know you. I have come from the new settlement, sixty miles down the river; we started before daylight."

Just then the camp-fire lighted up her countenance, and he saw what grievous ravages toil and sorrow had made on the girl's face.

"My camp is very simple, madam. I have no luxuries, but what necessities I have are at your service."

"I want nothing, sir. We brought food with us, and have eaten as we rowed. Two days ago one of the settlers told me that you were camped here. You do not know me, but my husband has known you for years. I am Captain Picquet's wife."

The words staggered him. Leaning forward, he studied her face to see whether or not this was indeed the truth, but in a moment he knew that her words rang true.

Then there swept over him the memory of all that he had suffered at Picquet's hands: the thought of Colonel Durand, and how Picquet robbed the soldier of good name and lands. He thought of that night when the will was burned; he thought of the soldier's exile, and of Dorothy's death that followed in the long train of sorrow. He recalled those awful days of illness in the wilderness, when his enemy spoiled him of all his possessions and left him to die alone in the forest. Unconsciously he lifted his hand to his eyes to brush away the awful memory.

She saw his pained expression, and exclaimed: —

"I know Captain Picquet's wickedness, and all

about his trouble with Colonel Durand. Oh, I am not blind. I know how bad he has been. When a man drinks, his wife has to understand; but now he is in such trouble! Unless we can do something to-morrow, it will be too late. And he must give my child a name, he must, he must!"

And now young Meg wrung her hands, and swayed back and forth, and rocked from side to side.

The black woman knelt beside her and patted her hands.

"Don't take on so, honey! He ain't worth it! No man ain't worth it!"

Then she looked across to the orchardist, and nodded her head, as if to say, "She is very bad to-night."

Again embarrassment passed over him, wave on wave. He knew not what to say; he knew not how to abate her grief one jot or tittle. So he arose, saying he must bring more wood. When a few minutes had passed, he returned laden with boughs that he threw crashing upon the ground beside the fire. When again the fire blazed up, and there was less chill in the air, he said in a gentle tone: —

"I fear I do not understand your trouble. When you are rested, you must explain it to me."

"Oh, the trouble has come so suddenly that I hardly understand it myself. You see for the last year things have gone badly with us. Several weeks ago we left Kentucky and came across to this north shore, and I brought the black nurse with me. My husband ran a little store for woodsmen, and

sold flour and bacon and guns, but most of all he sold drink. On Saturday nights the men gathered there and drank and played, until one night there was a stabbing scrape. Then the settlers got together, and smashed his barrel and burned the log store. After that we lived in an old cabin on the edge of the forest. One day a settler came in to say that his horse had been stolen, and after a few days the men found several hidden in a thicket thirty miles away; they also found my husband with the thieves. You know that nothing makes the settlers so angry as to lose a horse. There are so few horses in the country, and no one wants to lose one."

In a flash he understood the situation. Two things the settlers would not stand, — horse stealing and jumping claims. He who jumped a claim, in taking the land and the means of life, often took life itself. The settler's horse often represented the only thing that stood between him and starvation, living as many pioneers did, miles back in the forest and remote from the river. At best, the process of law was slow, sometimes it was a hundred miles to a justice of the peace. But he knew the settlers would take the law into their own hands and have a "hanging bee." It was only a question of time. The settlers would take a short cut to "justice." A rope thrown over a limb of a tree, the thieves strung up — it was swift, inexpensive, easy, and certain. He understood the emergency. He looked at this young girl, and thought how Picquet's evil influence had travelled out in concentric circles and blasted whatever it had touched. Then he thought

of the little child. The sight of that sleeping babe decided him.

"You need not urge me," he said; "I will gladly do what I can for your child and its mother. I must leave you to follow with the black woman. But I will be up and off before daybreak. To-morrow is Saturday. The men will come in on Saturday night, and if there should be an uprising against your husband and his companions, it will be on Sunday, or Sunday night, when all the river men and woodsmen have come in and have had time to carouse and drink. I will reach the settlement before to-morrow night. Now you must tell me about yourself."

And now with the return of hope came self-control. Once her agitation was allayed, she talked in more quiet tones.

It was the old, old story.

"My father and mother came down the river twenty years ago. I was but a little child, yet I remember those first days in the forest. Father and the men rolled the logs together and built the cabin, and opened up the clearing for the first little field. Mother was not strong, and I was the only child. From the very first she suffered with malaria. What with the tearing up of the soil, the rotting of the roots, the rising of the gas from the new, sour ground, all the family had the fever. After a while father took sick and died. I was only ten years old then — and mother died shortly afterward. It was a long way back over the mountains to my mother's people, and there was not money enough to send me to them. So

my uncle and aunt took me in. They always looked upon me as a poor relation. They made me feel that I was in the way, a great burden and care, and that I was eating bread that belonged to the mouths of others. Early and late I had to work. I had nothing, everything had to be kept for my uncle's children. Night after night, for months, I cried myself to sleep and wished that I were dead.

"Then Captain Picquet came to the village. One evening, walking beside the river, I met him. He flattered me, and I saw him often. My uncle did not like him, and forbade my speaking to him. But the trader was the first person that had ever been kind to me. One evening I went out and met him, and we went for an hour's walk. When I returned, it was dark. My uncle had locked the door. I was very badly frightened, and called to my aunt. Uncle opened the window and called out that I had disobeyed him; that I had made my own bed and that I must sleep in it. I begged, but he would not let me in. I was only a child, and cried and pleaded with him, yet he shut me out in the night and the woods. I would not have treated a dog so. I had but one friend who was kind to me, and so with Captain Picquet I went away. You know the rest. He promised to marry me, and he says he will yet — and I love him — and if I can only save him from this trouble, I know he will do better. He has gotten in with bad companions; these two men have been stealing horses and hiding them in the forest; at night they planned to take a boat, and lead the horses,

swimming them across the river. They intended to sell them in Kentucky. My husband's mistake was in allowing these men to tell him their story. They owed him some money, and as he knew where they were, he went into the woods to collect it from them. Now the men in the settlement don't like him, and they are going to hang all three."

When long time had passed, John felt less and less sure that what the girl was telling him was true, for he knew how easy it was for such a man as Picquet to deceive a woman. From that moment he began to see his way more clearly.

"Suppose I get him off to-morrow night — then what?"

And now the old weary look returned to her face.

"Oh, if he will only give my child a name! And if we can get away from the settlement and have a home in the forest, we may yet succeed. I can work — I am very strong. If I only had a chance, I know we could pull through. I don't want to go back to the settlement — I hate the women in the settlements! They are cruel as death. I never want to see a woman's face again. If it were not for the baby, I would have jumped in the river yesterday."

Once more he arose to put fresh wood on the fire. Now he began to understand that before he started on his mission to help Picquet he must do something for this distracted girl. All the well-springs of her life had been poisoned. Plainly she had no support from within, in the hour when events without had dealt harshly with

her. Evidently she had rude, wild views of God. Probably she had heard some circuit rider in the wilderness pour forth lurid words on the terrors of hell-fire and its abyss of flame. For her, going toward God, was like going with bleeding hands against ten thousand spear points. He had noticed the terror-stricken way in which she spoke the name of God. His first duty was to help this girl mother.

At first he knew not how to begin. Then he began gently and a long way off. Perhaps the child would furnish the clew that would lead her through the maze into the garden of hope and peace and happiness.

Stooping down, he looked upon the sleeping babe. It lay cuddled up in the soft wolfskin, with its little hands and feet all rose tinted in the fire glow.

"How beautiful your child is!" he exclaimed.

The mother rapture swept over the girl's face. The weary look passed away. A delicious smile brooded her lips. She looked long and lingeringly upon the sleeping babe, and then, stooping, she began to fondle the little coral feet and legs — all made for kissing.

Something rose in John Chapman's throat. He found himself catching and swallowing hard. Embarrassed, he exclaimed: —

"What an exquisite rose tint! The child must have been dear unto Him," he said softly. "When God took it in His hands, and laid it in the arms of an angel, and bade His messenger carry it to you, and bid you train the child until such time

as He send for it again, He must first have wrapped the babe up in red blossoms of the tree of life, so that the color stained through and lent the flesh these rosy hues."

The girl looked up gratefully and, falling on her elbows, cuddled the child. Lifting it to her breast, with love pressure and bosom words the mother fondled her babe.

Now, in his vision hour, he saw that Star of Bethlehem brooding over the manger.

After a little he went on:—

"Last summer I had a beautiful experience. Up in the north country a new settlement has been opened up. Because the river bottom was flat, the settlers made the clearing on the hilltop in the woods. Soon there stood forth a half-score of cabins. One morning a settler took his axe and started toward the forest, and on the edge of the clearing bade his four-year-old child good-by. The little one returned to the cabin and played about with acorns and walnuts and with bright leaves. When several hours had passed, the older children came in, but without the youngest child. Then it was discovered that the children had thought the little one was with its mother, while she had supposed it was playing with its older companions. At once the alarm was sent out. Soon the father returned from the woods, settlers came in to help, and the men went in every direction. Coming together at night, the searchers made a careful plan; lighting their torches and lanterns, all set forth upon a second search. Now the men looked at each other with white faces. A whisper ran around the

group of woodsmen. One said, 'I fear the wolf.' Another, 'It was a panther!' A third whispered the name of the red sons of the forest. Having no hope, all went forth unto their search.

"But if others were hopeless, the mother was not. Eluding those who watched her, she slipped out in the darkness. Going to the edge of the clearing, she found the path down which her husband had gone in the morning. The mother instinct told her to take the path that led down the hill. She knew that the little feet would follow the easier way; so she allowed her own tired steps to feel their way down the hill. Down and ever downward, always following the path of least resistance, she went on, and still on. She would walk a little way and then stop, throw back her head and listen. So might a mortal stand, straining the ear to catch the faintest note of the angels' song, retreating from the town of Bethlehem, towards heights that are inaccessible.

"At last, amidst sounds of innumerable crickets and insects, suddenly she caught as it were the breathing and the muffled gasp of a child, sleeping, and crying as it slept. Feeling around in the darkness, there, beside a log, she saw a speck of white, and, leaping forward, she found the babe, worn out with fatigue, and fear, and crying, and gathered it into that sweetest place of refuge that this world holds — a mother's heart."

And now, looking up, he saw the mother love again upon the young girl's face, and knew that he had scarce ever looked upon a more beautiful sight. The girl was starved with love hunger.

Stooping now over her child's hands and feet, she satisfied herself with a thousand strokes of love pressure and with kisses.

"You love your child dearly?"

She lifted her eyes, startled. A grieved expression swept over her face.

Then as if she had no words with which to answer such a question, she bowed her head in silence.

"Why, then," said he, "are you so unjust toward God?"

She looked up quickly, not understanding. Then he went on: —

"You love your child a little, and God loves you much. Indeed, the babe itself is the special token of His love. God sent it to you. Its love is a gold thread that binds you to His throne. You may wander far, but this golden cord will not break, and by it at last God will draw you back to Himself.

"God's solicitude for you is ceaseless and will not let Him either slumber or sleep. You do not understand His plans, but events are only seeds — no one understands a seed until it is grown into a tree. God never leads His child to a precipice — if only you follow Him, soon or late you will come into a garden. Remember that God is fully equal to your emergency. Never forget that you are very dear unto God."

Young Meg's eyes were bright and dry.

She looked steadily, earnestly, into his face, and found only truth written there.

And now he said: —

"Why, then, are you so afraid of God? Ah!

You do not know!" And now the blood rolled in scarlet waves over the girl's face.

"My uncle said that I had disgraced his name and that God would burn me in hell forever. Oh, I am so afraid of God that sometimes I can't sleep for fear."

"But God is very pitiful. He is a father, kinder than any fatherhood. My child, you were an orphan. You have never had a fair chance. When I think of your uncle locking you out of doors in the forest, I am beside myself with indignation. I know men, and I know that you are pure and sweet at heart. If I understand your emergency, how much more does God? He will not be hard upon you. You may be His erring child, His sinning child, His wandering child, but still you are His child. You may wander into the byways and thickets, you may come to the dungeon or scaffold, but you cannot wander beyond His love. One light will always burn for you — God's star of hope."

"Oh, sir, I did not know that God was like that. No one has ever talked to me before. My uncle did not believe in these things. I was always told that I would be sent away into everlasting punishment. You are not deceiving me? Do you really think that there is any chance for me?"

"This is the guide," he said, pulling forth a little worn New Testament. "Here is the story of the God's evangel of Love, of the great Master and Saviour. When a young girl came to Him with her broken heart, He did not condemn her, but said,

'Go and sin no more.' If you feel hard and bitter, why not lift your eyes to Him?

"In my old home, in a book of my father's, there were several drawings of the life of the great Teacher and Saviour. One day, on the street of Jerusalem, the Christ passed that young girl who afterward came to Simon's house and washed his feet with tears and wiped them with the hair of her head. Going along the street, He saw this beautiful girl, with her gay, bright colors and her bewitching arts, and hovering about the flower were the buzzing bees. For one moment Christ stayed His steps, and, while His disciples wondered, He lifted His eyes and looked long and steadily at the girl. When she beheld those wonderful eyes that read her through and through, she turned pale and trembled. One moment He stayed His steps, no more, and then passed on upon His work of healing and recovery. After He had gone, remembering His look of sorrow, the light faded from her face. The fruits that she was eating became ashes in her mouth; the wine was bitter as gall. She stripped the rings from her fingers, the jewels from her ears, and flung them down and trampled them under her feet, while her companions fled. Remembering that stranger, she put on sackcloth and sat in the gray light alone. Locking her door, refusing all entrance, alone in the darkness she wept the long night through. Ever that divine stranger and those all-seeing eyes—the look of sorrow—was in her thought, and now she remembered the face of her father, long since dead, and of her mother whose heart she had broken. Lifting her hair, she

made a golden veil, behind which she hid herself and wept now with her own heart broken. Then the days came and went again; and still the earth was iron and the heavens brass. One day grown desperate, she heard that the divine stranger was again in the city; after the darkness fell she went to the house of Simon. Once again he lifted his eyes and looked upon her, this time, not in rebuke, but in pity and in forgiving love. In an abandon of gratitude, not caring what men said, she fell upon her knees and stretched out her hand to touch the hem of his garment. Unworthy to touch his hands, her hot tears fell upon his feet; tears that she feared would blister him, tears that she wiped away. And only one word she heard; it was a word of pity and forgiveness: 'Go and sin no more.'

"Then a path of light was ploughed through the sky.

"That night, in the darkness, she fled home, back to the old village. Coming late to the door, her mother knew her step even in the night.

"'I have come home to die, mother.'

"'Nay, nay, my child! You have come home to live! The night has gone; you are to live and hope and work.' And tradition tells us that she served Christ's poor, was loved and was canonized by the early church. And shall you not look up?

"God will give you the grace of forgetfulness.

"There is hope for you — infinite hope for your child. God is equal to your husband's emergency."

"Oh! sir, it is too good to be true," Meg cried.

"I did not know that God was like that. How good He is! I could die for Him!"

And once again the girl wept, but this time not in a transport of agony. For very joy she disbelieved the evangel of love.

The camp was still; long he sat in silence. At length he lifted his head, and without a word passed into the darkness. Taking his blanket to the boat, the orchardist paddled across the river to an open clearing, where he prayed and slept and wakened again. At daybreak he returned to the camp to make ready for his journey, and then started down the river. Just as he was pulling into the stream, the young woman appeared on the river bank.

What a transformation one night had wrought! Gone the old broken look. How tall and straight she seemed! What dignity and beauty were hers! Evidently she had some message for him and had carefully thought out her words.

"One word before you go, sir. I owe you very much. Last night the light came. I don't know how it is, but I know that God is to save my child's father and that all is to be well. My burden is gone. I came to ask for my husband's life, and now you have given me my own as well."

As she stood there, he thought she looked like the goddess of Pathos or of Sorrow. Wave after wave of emotion swept over him. He dared not trust himself to speak, but, lifting his hand, indicated that he must go at once, and so bowed to the oars. In half an hour the camp was but a speck up the river. All the morning through he toiled. When noon came, he stopped and rested long, and tried

to forecast the coming events. He planned to reach the camp about dark. The day was Saturday; he knew the settlers would come in from the forest for Sunday and that the day of rest would be a day of racing, drinking, and carousing. He knew also that these men would probably have a hanging bee. He pondered much upon man's thirst for blood, and asked himself why it was that men under the influence of hate will make sport of killing, and hunt a man as they hunt the wolf or bear.

Planning out many words and arguments, he tried to anticipate his coming battle for Picquet's life.

Just after dark, he drew his boat up on the bank and found that a score of settlers had drawn their hollow logs up before him. In the dim twilight, he saw a group of men gathering in front of the trader's store, while about the clearing were many saddle-horses. Joining himself to the group, immediately one settler recognized John Chapman and gave him tumultuous welcome. Hands were outstretched in greeting as one cried, "It is the man who always carries seeds with him." His cheeks flushed with pleasure. Surely his work had been worth while. After a few minutes they led him into the great provision store. All crowded about him, to see and to hear some new thing.

The next hour passed all too swiftly. Not often did these rude woodsmen and river men meet a man of his stamp. The trader's store on Saturday night was the clearing-house for news. What is now done through the press, the magazine, the lecture, and the sermon, was then done by conversation.

Coming together on Saturday night and Sunday, men gathered the news of the week. One man told the story of his escape from a fire in the forest; another rehearsed his adventure with a wolf or bear; another had a marvellous tale of wild game, turkey, or deer. One had heard news of an uprising among the Western Indians; a river man told of his trip to New Orleans; another had been up to Fort Pitt and returned again! How these men hungered for news of the great world around about them! What loneliness and privation were theirs! And now the man who carried seeds with him called in his every reserve. He poured forth a flood of reminiscences. He had the art of putting things, and with many a tale of his early life and his forest experiences, he filled the hour and made the settlers his. At last he felt that he held them in his hand and that the moment had come. Suddenly, when all were still, and listening, he said: —

"Men, I had a strange experience lately; I want to tell you a story and ask your counsel. Here in the woods we must help each other and lift the shield above the one who is in trouble. Some years ago a young settler and his wife came down the river. Leaving their old home, the two lovers laid the foundation of a new fireside and lit the lamp of love. He built his cabin in the woods, he dug the spring, he brought in the wild berries and planted them, he lifted his axe upon the trees, he rolled the logs together and burned them, he tore up the stumps and drained the swamp. He fought with the wilderness, while his girl wife struggled against poverty and loneliness. Just at the hour when they

were about to win their victory, the young man came down with fever. Soon the fever burned him up, and they buried him under the trees; then the young wife fell on death, weakened by the long battle and now broken of heart. Before she died, she took her little girl in her arms and told the child that she must carry on her father's and mother's work, that she must keep a good name, and that God would take care of her. And then she gave her child into the hands of her brother, the girl's uncle."

Looking around, he saw that the settlers were deeply moved, because each one was saying, "This man's story of yesterday may be my story to-morrow." The men were many, but they had one heart, and now all leaned forward listening.

"Then it was, men, that the real tragedy began for the child. Her uncle was a hard and selfish man, and his children had a stepmother. Both looked upon the girl as an encumbrance, and made her feel that she was a poor relation. They wakened her early that she might toil; they taxed her late that she might earn her living. They clothed her scantily, and work that should have been done by a black servant she did until she was seventeen. One day a man appeared in the settlement. He was handsome, he was educated, and, having met the orphan girl on the banks of the river one evening, he made her overtures of flattery and affection. Little by little he gained her confidence, and finally he won her love. Again and again he tried to break down the buttresses of honor, and he failed in every assault. Then when the uncle feared that he

might lose her as a valuable worker, he forbade the girl seeing her lover, and she disobeyed him. One night, contrary to his command, she went out, and when she returned it was dark. The child found the door was locked. Lifting up her voice in terror, she called for help. Opening the window, the uncle called down that she had disgraced his name, and he would not let her in. He locked the girl out in the darkness, locked her out when there was no one to take her in save her lover. And to-day when I have thought of it, it has seemed to me that no scourge could be heavy enough for lifting upon the shoulders of that recreant relative. Then when long time had passed, there was a little child in the girl's arms, but without the father's name. And yet remembering her father and her mother and their heroic struggle, the girl toiled bravely on for her babe.

"Now things began to go as bad as heart could wish. Leaving Kentucky, the man brought the girl, his child, and an old black nurse across the river from Kentucky. In the new home he found evil companions. Reverse and failure overtook him. Every week he grew poorer, and every day the girl's garments grew thinner. At last bad men made him an overture. He knew that they were thieves, but he kept up his relationship with them. One day this young girl awakened to find that her babe's father had been caught with two horse-thieves. But before you hang him I want you to think of that dead settler who went down in his battle with the forest and the wilderness, as you may go down in your battle to-morrow; and I ask

whether you will help me lift a shield above the settler's daughter and this babe, as you would like to have a shield lifted above your daughter and her child, if to-morrow you died in the wilderness and left your little one. For the man's name is Picquet, and you are planning a hanging bee for him."

The surprise was so great that the settlers were stunned. No one had anticipated this. He had caught them unawares, but in a moment they recovered themselves. Men began to say that he had played a trick upon them, he was going to rob them of their prey. Some who had listened a moment before with tears were now scowling. Each man looked into the face of his brother man, and with ever increasing disapproval. The orchardist found himself alone. He was like a soldier going out with his sword against a regiment of armored men.

At length the merchant found his tongue.

"Plainly, you do not know this man Picquet! He is a bad lot. Within a week after he came to this settlement he opened up a drinking place for all the worst characters on the river. Then they had a stabbing affair. It was so bad we could not stand him, and so we burned his cabin. You are taking sides with the wrong man. Picquet is an all-round rascal, and a bad man."

"That's right," said one of the settlers, "and if he'd stolen your horse, you'd know how it feels. When a man kills you, that's the end of it; but when he steals your horse, your crops are gone and you've no way to get in from the woods when your children are sick; why, I'd just as soon a man killed

my family as steal my horse. If we don't end this horse-stealing, we'll all go to the devil. Hanging is too good for these fellows; I tell you, Picquet is just as bad as the other two."

"I am surprised, sir, that you are such a friend of Picquet's," said the storekeeper.

"He is no friend of mine," answered the orchardist, "quite the contrary. Ten years ago he forged a deed and got possession of the lands of my dearest friend at Marietta. By that act he cost me the dearest friendship of my life. Later on, when I was sick in the wilderness, he robbed me of my boat and box. At the time I was dazed and I was alone; even now I cannot prove that he did it, but I am sure that he did. If any living man has reason to hate Picquet, I am that man. But we are not here to hate men and kill them; we are here to save men and redeem them. That is what God does for us; that is what we ought to do for others."

"But what can you do with such a man? Men thirty-five years of age don't change."

And now John Chapman began to hope. The settlers were willing to argue the case. He must play for time. Hurriedly he cast about for some event that would call their thoughts into other channels, until he could return to his argument and reënforce his plea for mercy.

"Why do you say that a bad man cannot be made good? Moses was a bad man; he killed an Egyptian, and yet he became a great hero. David was a bad man; he murdered Uriah, and yet he became the poet of Israel. Saul was a bad man;

he killed Stephen, but Saul became Paul, the apostle of Christ. Why, not even you men are altogether good! In Daniel's time man was half gold and half clay. I will admit that any settler who is brave enough to come to this wilderness and lay the foundation of a state is ninety-nine-one-hundredths gold, but I think that there is a little tiny bit of clay even in a settler brave above other men. All this emphasis of the clay part with apologies to the gold part in you."

The smile ran around, and he saw that they were getting back toward friendship.

"Some years ago, up at Fort Pitt, I had an experience that taught me much. One August I went up the river to cross the mountains into the orchards of western Pennsylvania. I wanted more apple seeds for my orchards in the wilderness. Fortunately I found the friend, to whom I had sent the message, had anticipated my coming, and had two sacks of seeds at Fort Pitt, waiting for me. Grateful enough, I went to the little inn, and at nine o'clock I took my candle and climbed the stairs to my room under the roof. I was scarcely settled for the night when there came a knock at the door, and a man entered. He was a stranger to me — he was about fifty years of age, and he seemed broken with trouble. After a few words of apology for troubling me, he asked me if he might tell his story. When I had consented, he began to say on: —

"'Twenty-five years ago my wife and I sold our little store in Philadelphia and came into this great West to make our fortune. We were very poor,

and we found things very expensive. I soon had to shut up my little shop, and went to a farm that had been given up by a settler. There our child was born — a beautiful boy. Broken in spirit, I transferred all my ambitions to him. No child ever had a better mother. She rose up early to teach him ; she toiled all day for his happiness and growth and development. She sat up late to sew and plan. We earned money and saved it, to give him opportunity. We sent him back to Philadelphia, that he might become a scholar. Our hope was that we could climb up upon his shoulders, for God had given him gifts denied to me. And when he returned, so tall and handsome and brave, his mother was in a transport of happiness. No hive ever held half as many drops of honey as her heart held sweet thoughts for him. And then it was that she fell on sickness, and died ; and now I see it was better so. After that he went into the store to work as clerk, and when his birthday came, and he was twenty-one years of age, he married his employer's daughter. Just a year ago he laid his first-born son in my arms, and then my cup of happiness was full to overflowing. This world had nothing more to offer me. And now — now to think that every hope is dead!'

"Then the old man walked up and down the room, and pulled himself together, while I looked and wondered. At last, recovering himself, he went on : —

"'After that my boy grew in popularity by leaps and bounds. He became a universal favorite. No one could tell a better story. His laughter was

a kind of sunny contagion. He could pour forth bright sayings and witticisms by the hour, and keep everybody in a peal of laughter. Little by little the men of the town got to hanging around the store of nights to hear him talk. They flattered him, and made him go to the drinking places, because they wanted his companionship. He was pleased, and among Romans you know you must do as Romans do, which means that when you are among devils you must do as devils do. He loved praise, he liked to be well thought of, he was hungry for approbation. He went down, at last, slain by his godlike temptations. Night before last he insisted on going up to the garret to sleep. At midnight I heard him walking up and down in his room, and once I heard a groan. At last, when he cried out, "Oh, God!" I could not stand it any longer, and going up I opened his door, closed and locked it, and made him tell me what was the matter.

"'He has been at the gaming table. First he lost ten dollars; his salary is small, he is only a clerk, and he could not pay it; so he took ten dollars from the till, expecting to put it back at the end of the week. Then all the week long he lost steadily, until now he has taken a hundred dollars. Last night his father-in-law became suspicious, and took the books home, saying that he wanted to look them over, and check them up. He still has the books, and before to-morrow he will have discovered the theft. My son is all but crazed. Think of it! His good name gone! His wife disgraced! His child to be ashamed of its father! His own wife's father to expose him as a criminal! The

merchant is hard as iron. He has no pity and no sympathy. He will simply put my son out, and take his daughter home. Oh, how can it be possible that by a single act in one hour, all the structure of life can come down in ruins!'

"Seldom have I ever been so deeply moved. Long time the old man and I talked together. Little by little, I began to see that the father's chief desire was to save the son from exposure. It was not the boy's sin that troubled him, it was the public knowledge of that sin. It was not so much that the theft was wrong; it was the exposure of that theft that distressed him. Then I thought I saw the way of helping him. I told him that a child is not saved when it is carried from a burning house; that it still remains for the parent to save the child to wisdom, to industry, to sobriety, to character. Yonder in Italy grows the wood on the hills near Cremona. The violin maker puts the wood in his dry kiln against the hour when he needs the sounding-board for his instrument. Then fire breaks out. But is the wood saved when it is carried out of the fire? It is never fully saved until it is built into the violin that trembles under the stroke of a master's hand, and by the camp-fire, or in the home, breathes forth the music that exalts, refines, and cleanses.

"'It is one thing to save your boy from exposure, but what if he goes out and repeats the sin? You must change him, so that he will hate the evil that he now loves, and love the good that he now hates. Even God does not save a man by merely keeping him out of hell.'

"'Why, what do you mean?' exclaimed the old father. 'What is salvation, if it isn't being saved from hell?'

"'Well, here is Saul. He has slain Stephen. Stephen's child is left fatherless. Now God and Christ must bear Saul's sins. But one of his sins is that he robbed that child of its father. So God raises up a father to the fatherless. He raises up teachers to instruct those who have lost their guide, named Stephen. When these children come to the different emergencies that would have been supplied by their dead father, God assumes the responsibility, and by a thousand devices secures the happiness and well-being of these orphan children. When all the work has been done by God's providence that would have been done by Stephen, God and Christ have borne Saul's sins. In addition to that, they have to prepare for that hour of the heavenly vision, meet Saul himself, and change the murderous Saul to Paul. Calvary is simply the dramatic exhibit, at a single moment of time and point of space, as to what God and Christ were always doing. What Christ was on Calvary, God is in all worlds. What Christ was in that single point in time, God is through all eternity. What Christ said and did at that sacred place, God is always doing. Not until the last pulse-beat is over is the man fully saved: saved from ignorance, by wisdom; saved from sickness, by medicine; saved from depression, by hope; saved to-day by the faith of to-morrow. And *you* must suffer, that you may transform your son; you must suffer for him, that you may save him. You are his father.

You alone understand him, and if you come to your Calvary, he will climb and be saved by your suffering.'

"'You mean it will be wrong to save my son from exposure?' he said anxiously.

"'No, I do not say that. What I say is that in saving him from exposure you must so change your son that he will hate the wrong that he has done, and love the things that he has not done. You must so suffer as to transform him.'

"'But how can I do this?'

"'I do not know. I only know that you are his father. You know that salvation for your son is a great treasure, and you must buy it at a great price. God will show you the way. Go home and work it out alone.'

"Then the father went away and left me, and I retired, but not to sleep. Early the next morning I arose and went down to the street in front of the store where that son worked as clerk for his father-in-law. About seven o'clock, while I was waiting, I saw the merchant come down the street. The first glance told me that he was a man hard to get along with, selfish and cold. His jaws were as heavy-set as a bulldog's; he carried a big stick, and cut down the weeds beside the path. He had some papers under his arm. When he entered the store, I followed close after. I found the boy and his father were already there. Scarcely had the merchant entered when the father stepped forward and said:—

"'Will you give me a moment, sir? I wish you to go to your till. You and my son will find that

the accounts are short fully one hundred dollars. I am going to the judge and ask him to send me to prison for a year.'

"No words can describe the merchant's astonishment. The veins in his temples stood out, his jaws came together with a click, he stamped his stick on the floor, he looked at the man savagely enough to eat him up, and then began to exclaim and curse.

"'So you have come into my store and robbed me? So you have taken advantage of your son's marrying my daughter to break into my till? You thief! You scoundrel! I'd like to break every bone in your body! A year, ten years would be too good for you!' and then he raged and swore.

"When at last he stopped, he stopped only because he was choking with anger. Never have I seen such a fury of hate.

"But it was the boy's face that I was looking at.

"A look of wonder, amazement, disbelief, and joy swept over him.

"He had never even dreamed that his father would assume his guilt. The relief was almost too much for him. So his reputation was to be saved! So he was to keep his position in the store. Now his wife and child would never know of his crime. Things were to go on in the old way. But oh! his father must go to jail in his stead.

"Now I looked for something more.

"Oh! If the fountain of the great deep would only break up in the boy! If his father's sacrifice and suffering would only save him!

"No watcher, after a long night, ever longed for the coming of the morning, as I looked for some sign of transformation.

"I knew that if this did not change the boy, and turn him into a man, and make him confess his sin, and so burn with fire the sin out of his heart, nothing ever would; and I found myself praying and watching the boy's face.

"Suddenly I saw the light come. The boy exclaimed:—

"'Oh, father! Oh, father! To think that you could do this for me!' In another moment I saw that the boy was going to say to his father-in-law, 'He is not the guilty one, he is assuming the crime for me;' but fortunately or unfortunately, the merchant leaped to his feet in anger and said:—

"'Don't call him your father! A thief can't be a father of yours.'

"And then to the man, 'Get out of my store; you have disgraced your son, you have disgraced my daughter, you have shamed your grandchild. I will put you behind the bars where you belong.' And then he stormed on incoherently, as a drunken man, and such he was, drunken with hate.

"In another moment I knew the boy would confess all. Some impulse came over me, so I put my finger to my lips and motioned to the boy to keep still and say nothing.

"Then I interrupted the merchant, saying, 'I know this boy's father; he is a friend of mine. I will become surety for the return of this one hundred dollars.' But the man would not have it. He said, 'No, I have already seen the judge; he has

promised to give me an immediate trial, and I wish to bear the penalty. I will not be turned aside; I know what is right. I have decided. I wish you, my son, here and now, to promise me that not one syllable concerning this matter is ever again to be spoken by you to wife, or child, or father-in-law. This incident is ended. If my new friend here will advance me the money, I will repay the one hundred dollars.' Then he went away. When he died a few months later in that little jail, I found myself saying that if I were at the end of my career and wanted some one to say a gentle prayer for me when I passed into the Great Unknown, I would like to have this broken man in that cell say the prayer that should usher me into the presence of my God.

"Since that time, several years have come and gone. Do you say you can't make a bad man good? That youth was changed from clay to gold. His father saved his intellect, saved his will, saved his ambition, and made him a man.

"And we can save Picquet and transform him!

"Give the man a trial. Let the matter be determined by process of law. Send all three up the river to the fort, and let the court pass upon them."

Now the owner of the horse demurred.

"If we let this man Picquet off, all the thieves will get bold. Nobody will be safe."

"But you must not think," said the orchardist, "of the man Picquet only. We must save his life that he may give his child a name; and we must think of the settler's daughter. She loves Picquet; she idolizes her child. That dead settler and his

young wife have left their daughter to your care and my care. To save her happiness, we must save her husband's life and her child's name. Can we not transform this man? I cannot forget how the dying mother told her child that God would take care of her when father and mother were gone. And we must make good our word. What if you were to die to-morrow and your daughter had made a mistake? Do what you will; as for myself, I stand for the girl and the babe and I propose to lift a shield above them."

"But how can we do it?" said the trader; for now he saw that all the men had gone over to John Chapman and meant to do his will.

"I have a plan," he continued. "This man Picquet is my enemy; I can do nothing, but you men can. During all these years I have been in the forest, I have never before taken up a claim, but some time ago I took out papers and entered this land where I have my orchard, some sixty miles up the river. I will now deed that land to you, to become the property of Picquet's wife and child. They can have the cabin and clearing and also the orchard. There are enough young trees for them to sell and get their living. I will not go back again, but the girl and the babe and the black woman will be here to-morrow. You can tell them what I have done. This event must have sobered Picquet. I have no one dependent upon me, and perhaps I have been sent here for such a time as this. The great joy of living is in self-sacrifice; I know that if you men stand for this woman and her child, you can save Picquet."

Before midnight came, he had fulfilled his promise, and a meeting that began in tumult and anger ended in tenderness, in sympathy, and in high resolve. Men who had not been sober for weeks did not drink that Sunday. And long after the orchardist had gone, the memory of that night lingered in the settlement. Years afterward the very mention of the orchardist's name brought tears to the eyes of old men. To them he seemed like some prophet and messenger of God. In his old age there was no brighter spot in the orchardist's life than the night when he started influences that ended in the redemption of Picquet. For now the angel who watched his seeds began to count the bundles.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SILENT YEARS AND THE MAN WHO WAS ALWAYS ALONE, BUT NEVER LONELY

Slowly our earth has grown rich. In the beginning this orb was a mass of rock. Then Nature began her work. The fire billows turned granite into dust; the ice ploughs ground rock into soil; cold and heat, snow and rain toiled by day and night. The winds rose and fell, the frosts split the rocks, the sun swelled them; the raindrops wore away the surface; at last the soil was ready. Then roots of fern and grass took up their task. Soon the wild thorn came. Bitten by frosts in autumn, the rose fell again, but in falling the sweet blossom lent a redder hue to the next summer's rose. Then came the giant trees. Pines and oaks waved their branches in the air, only to fall again. Decay pulled in pieces the fallen tree, but out of the log the snowdrops sprang. Moss, too, healed over all unseemly spots, and made death itself beautiful. When long time had passed, the earth was all aflame with fields of wheat and shocks of corn and apple boughs, the orange with its golden meat, the pomegranate, with crimson-veined heart.

Slowly also the man who always carried seeds with him went toward full manhood; toward love and universal sympathy. Time did not heal his

grief; the years came and went again, but they did not lessen his loneliness. His sorrow was one that could never end until the separation ended also. His fever would never be allayed until death laid icy hand upon his fevered brow. For him, no word was so foolish as the conventional word, "Time will cure your wound!" He knew that years and distance could never dim her memory or steal away his heartache.

One thing alone brought comfort, — the foregleams of immortality. What questions he asked himself. "Would she still be young and clothed with beauty?" "Fulfilling what tasks would she fill up her days?" The miracle of the swelling seeds of buds that ached with a crimson blossom; the sight of bulbs that opened into lilies; the mystery of the bird that in October days discerned the signals of coming winter, and guided by some secret instinct found its way into some soft summer land, filled his heart with hope. It was the first snow of winter that brought him trouble, and suggested problems. When frost gripped the fields; when ice locked the river; when the clouds were over all the land, it became hard to break through the frozen clods into the realm of the invisible, where summer ever filled the air, and where the trees bore fruits every month. Then when the 21st of December came, and each day the sun lingered a moment later at night, and came a moment earlier in the morning, every deep thing within him pulsated with hope and expectancy, with tumultuous joy and gladness.

At forty his hair suddenly began to whiten.

Now the genius of his life was work; his spirit was tranquillity; his atmosphere was gentleness. Only at long intervals was he ever seen, for he loved solitude. His companions were the angel of Memory, the angel of Sympathy — and Dorothy. More and more his heart overflowed with gentle thoughts toward every living thing. When a heavy rain-storm fell at night, and wrought havoc among the trees, at daylight he left his camp and went softly through the forest, to find some vine that had been torn by the wind from the tree to which it clung. With gentle fingers he would lift the honeysuckle or woodbine from the ground, bind up its wounds, tie it to its place, that the bleeding vine might live, — where a broken heart can never dwell — in perpetual sunshine. With such tasks he filled long, happy days in the Eden forest, where he was set to keep the trees of the Garden.

And when the cool of the day came, he walked under the trees and kept his tryst with God — and Dorothy.

Sympathy made him a passionate lover of the birds. Working among his trees, his keen ears searched out from afar the danger of a mother bird, sending forth her cries of fear and alarm by reason of the enemy come to rob her nest. Driving away the hawk, he stood long in the edge of the thicket, watching the mother bird that feared to return to her nest. But soon the birds came to trust him, and he was never so happy as when the mother bird, knowing that her new friend would watch against the hawk, settled down upon the nest that was lined with down plucked from her own breast,

and let fall from the tree above, her coos of contentment and delight, while he stood guard at the foot of the tree below. Looking upward, he breathed his prayer, that no enemy might spoil this mother bird of her young, nor leave her nest as empty as his arms.

One sight always touched him to tears, — a boy setting forth to make his fortune. Whenever he saw a group of white-covered wagons coming through the forest, he left the road and plunged into the thicket, that, from afar, and himself unseen, he might look upon the settlers. From some cluster of trees he loved to watch the pilgrims make their camp beside the stream. With eager eyes he followed the boys lifting harness from the tired horses, tethering them where they could pluck the high grass; but all the time he was thinking of what the future held for each youth, setting forth upon life's voyage. In his thoughts he followed the boy's every step, ever praying that the craft might strike no hidden rock, and end in shipwreck, just at the beginning of the happy voyage.

During all his later years he was a vegetarian; he could not bear to kill any living thing. He urged that the deer was unequalled for fleetness and strength, and that with food of leaves and grass it built its bones of steel and its muscles of silk. He held that the buffalo drew its strength from the bluejoint and the prairie grass. And so he used the nuts of hickory, and walnut, and hazel, and in the autumn he dried the sweet corn that he raised beside his orchard, and in the autumn he covered the beans and potatoes against the winter.

Having given much through his orchards to the honey bees, they gave him much in return. For the very bees seemed his friends. One summer day he beheld a queen settle upon a hanging bough; immediately the swarm gathered about her, making a living bunch as large as a man's head. Knowing that the night would soon fall, and that the bees evidently had found no hollow tree in which to find shelter, the orchardist was greatly disturbed. Looking hastily about, he soon found a great tree, with a large opening, full five feet from the ground. This aperture he hastily burned out, and, cutting off the limb to which the insects were clinging, carried the swarm to the log, and housed them into the new home. Then he put in two or three cross sticks on which the workers might hang combs. Often he used to watch the bees, going out empty and returning laden with wax and honey drops.

Long before, in college, he had read Plato's comment on the wild bee, whose tiny brain, no larger than a pinhead, built a six-sided cell, mixed the wax by chemical formula, put the light honey of the linden tree in the one cell, and the dark honey of the locust and wild plum into another cell. One day John Chapman noticed something that filled him with wonder and surprise. The summer day was filled with unwonted heat, and the hive was so hot that the wax of the cells was about to run and the honey to break through and waste. In that moment the bees organized themselves into companies. One line, like a line of soldiers, glued their feet down to the entrance of the hive, and

then, setting the wings going at an inconceivable rate, they created a draught, and sucking the air through the tree, they cooled the cells and saved their honey for the coming winter.

Who taught them to work in companies? he asked himself. Who taught them how to cool their store of sugar? From whence did they learn their use of draughts? How did they know that the wax in cells would melt if the temperature was above one hundred, and stand stiff and upright if they could keep the temperature below that point? The bees filled him with wonder and delight.

He used to say that he knew a hundred trees that held sweetness and honey for his need, and all within a single forest, — food that they would share at any time with their new friend!

Each year increased his tenderness for all the animal world. He became a little brother to squirrels, birds, and deer. In his childhood, once he heard the shrieks of a child, quivering under the blows of an angry man or woman. And sometimes, in the rude settlements, the very thought of little children in the hands of low and drunken men brought him torture unspeakable. At last he could not hear the whip hiss and writhe around the flanks of a noble horse, without interfering or fleeing from the scene. For joy and sorrow had made him sensitive. All the strings of mind and heart highly attuned, he rejoiced in all the joy of the forest life, he could have wept with every mother bird despoiled of her nest. His soul was an Æolian harp, and every wind that blew made music in the strings.

He was long past sixty when he began to fore-

cast the end. Without wife, without child, without relative, he knew that his name was to die unto utter oblivion. Sometimes the hunger to be remembered came upon him. Hours there were when he envied those who had polished their statements into classic form, and whose names were immortal. But in those hours of depression he recovered himself by the thought that God intends every man to work for his own generation, and for it alone; that He will raise up other men to teach succeeding generations, and that he who neglects to-day and appeals to futurity misses usefulness and remembrance alike. Sometimes, indeed, the ingratitude of his own generation disturbed him. At sixty he wakened to find that by his very success he had made himself unnecessary. Going to those open glades in the forest, the settlers had carried away roots for their orchards, and the bloom of these boughs had now sown all the land with beauty. Verily, already the wilderness rejoiced, and blossomed as the rose. He was like a physician who had been so successful in keeping his people in health that he himself was in danger of starving to death; like a lawyer who had destroyed the springs of litigiousness, and had healed the quarrels upon which his very livelihood depended. For now the land itself was rapidly becoming one vast orchard. All forgotten now the man who first opened up the glades in the wilderness.

But such thoughts brought him also the sense of joy and victory. He had labored; other men had entered into his labors. What his hands had sown, other arms had reaped. But was not this the joy

of all good work? Sometimes it seemed unjust for one man to sow and another to reap, but in those hours he thought of the Pilgrim fathers. To inhospitable shores his fathers came; nature greeted them with bleakness, with savage beasts and men. Slowly they cut roads through the wilderness, slowly they subdued the wild grasses and conquered the unfriendly soil; slowly they bridged the rivers, levelled the mountains, and uncovered the coal; slowly they laid the foundation of town and city. They sowed the seed of the spirit, and their children reaped the harvests — harvests of law and liberty, of literature and science, libraries, colleges, fine arts, cathedrals of worship. The hands that sowed the harvest long since were dust. The fathers labored, the children entered into the fruit of their labor. It was not given to the pioneer to see the result of his toil. In those hours he thought of the privation, the suffering, the heroism, and the premature death of the colonists who had crossed the Alleghanies with him. On their tombstones he fain would have written these words: "In the wilderness they came; in the wilderness they lived; to transform the wilderness they died." But what they desired to see, and died without seeing, the children would behold.

The fathers wove a rich texture out of threads named thoughts, and affections and ambitions — a texture of civilization, lying like the cloth of God over all the land, a texture whose cloth was spun of golden threads of intellect and heart, and whose shining beads were towns and cities. What mattered it, therefore, that he received no recognition?

His reward was in his work and not in weight of praise. More and more, therefore, he retired into the wilderness. Coveting the hardest task, he plunged into the forest, opened up new glades, planted new treasures; for it was his ambition to undertake work that other men refused. He would fain live like a prince and distribute treasure, asking neither recognition nor reward. His mission it was to open the furrow and sow the seeds; God's angels would count the boughs, and number the multitudes who would stoop at the spring he had opened up in the desert, — the pilgrims who would stay their steps under the bough that sheltered them from life's fierce heat, the people who would find his apple trees like unto that tree of life whose leaves heal the nations.

For forty years, one thing he always carried with him, — a certain piece of silver that he used as a measurement of value. In the heart of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, where cold and heat cannot alter them, are certain cavities. These are the standards of measurement for wheat and oil, for corn and wine. Now this piece of silver, which Colonel Durand had given him, was one that Dorothy had left in her last letter to him. It was a two-shilling piece. Once it had been Dorothy's! Sacred forever that coin! Henceforth it was his standard of value. That little coin held the explanation of something the people could never understand. When the new settler came to John Chapman, asking for apple trees from one of the orchards, and offered him recompense, he always answered, "The price is two shillings." If a man

took one hundred trees, the price was two shillings; if he took two hundred trees, the price was two shillings; if he dug up a thousand of the little shrubs, he paid two shillings. All settlers knew that they were free to go and dig up such trees as they needed, and only now and then did a settler pay for what he took. No man ever knew why he paid two shillings. Many years came and went. When the old man died, he left a packet, in which some letters were found; the letter he had given Dorothy on the midnight ride, her letters in response, and, wrapped up in a paper on which were written these words, "Her contribution," was a two-shilling piece. For the spray of apple blossoms and that little piece of silver, for forty years, lent color to his entire career.

Many other things that people could not understand also had their hidden explanation. Little did the settlers dream that a spray of apple blossoms could control, not only a man's outer life-work, but his inner thought as well. Once a friend found in John Chapman's testament a page pasted in that had been torn from the writings of Swedenborg. It seemed a strange writing for this Puritan to love. Now the paragraph that he had preserved was one where Swedenborg had said, that for every wild rose that blooms beside a stream here, there is a rose idea that blooms beside the River of Life there; that for every golden bough in the forest below the skies, there is a golden bough that releases its perfume above the skies. And so this man, for years, waited and searched his young orchards for the first apple bough that burst into blossom, and

then with uncovered head he stood looking upward. Strangely enough, because of a page that held a thought clear unto him, some men supposed this Puritan was a Swedenborgian.

For him it was as if there had been a rift in the sky, as if he had discerned the outlines of the heavenly battlements, as if he had seen some angel of God draw near, to break a tiny branch from the tree of life, to flutter down and fall upon this apple bough, beside which stood a man with uncovered head, looking upward. That thought lent a rosy tinge to the clouds above his head, as if the apple bough, in falling, had come "trailing clouds of glory" with it. For this patrician scholar never lost his early faith, nor changed it; he was a citizen of God's wide-lying universe. Wherever he found a truth, his hungry mind seized upon it. Nevertheless, he never spoke to strangers about the day when, from the gallery above, he dropped the spray of apple blossoms upon a young girl's lap, nor about that little grave in the forest.

But if men had had eyes to see, and ears to hear, and a heart to understand, they would have known why he dearly loved that page from the works of Swedenborg, for that thought of blossoms above the battlements reproducing themselves in flowers below lent a sacred perfume to the page he read. The perfume of the flower always seemed to be like the scent of apple blossoms.

One summer, in 1837, he penetrated the woods to the banks of Lake Michigan, to a point near where Holland now stands. Full three hundred miles he carried upon his back a bushel of peach seeds.

Hunters, returning from their autumn sport, had told him strange stories about the warm, sandy soil and the influence of the waters of the far-off lake, and he conceived the idea that if some peaches were put out there in that genial clime, the time would come when that region might become the peach garden of the world. On his way back to Ohio, as he traced his solitary path through the forest one evening, he was looking for a place in which to camp.

Suddenly he chanced upon a skeleton lying at the foot of a tree. Near by was an old flint-lock gun, rusted, with broken stock. In the open glade was a little bunch of young growths, showing that in his knapsack, amidst this food, the dead man must have carried some seeds. John Chapman was now an old man. All that night he lay upon the ground with wide-open eyes, looking up toward the sky and asking questions as to whether those who dwelt above yonder star fires would remember him in his final hour. One there was who would not forget; of that he was sure. Perchance alone he would fall in the forest. Perhaps he would die midst the trees he loved. The trees, oh! "they would be kind to him; the birds, they would not be blind to him, as out of the woods he went." And now he decided. In the forest he had lived, in the forest he would die. His grave, too, would be in the forest.

And then a flood-tide of memories swept over him. Once more he must see Dorothy's grave.

One task yet remained.

He must not delay!

When the day dawned, the old man started southward.

For weeks he travelled, oft spent and tottering.

At last he came to the banks of the Ohio. Carried across by friendly hands, he found the road and went on toward a little town named Flemingsburg. One evening, a farmer driving slowly westward saw an old man working about a little mound on the edge of the forest,—a mound whose story had faded from the memory of the people. From a distance he watched the worker in silence and then, wondering what these things might mean, drove on and was lost in the twilight.

That night the moonlight poured its splendors upon the old man, who sat beside balsam boughs, with his face in his hands on his knees, as he kept watch over her grave. Alone, he was not lonely. Again he saw the heavens open and the ladder let down and the angels of God ascending and descending.

When the dawn stood upon the earth, fearing lest some stranger would intrude, the old man crept into the forest.

Not understanding what he had seen, and curious about this stranger, the next morning the farmer drove back to the village. But the old man had disappeared, leaving only evergreen boughs upon the mound and a few trees planted for the grave's protection. On Sunday morning, after church, the farmer told his minister, but inquiry brought no word about this stranger, who for two nights had kept vigil over a forgotten mound, but who was

invisible by day. Then the winter came and went again, and all quite forgot the strange event.

The next June, when summer was on the land, the minister was walking on the edge of the forest. Suddenly he chanced upon that little grave, over which the strange old man had lingered. No stone was there, nor any headboard, that kept her name in remembrance. But there the minister found a growth of tiny apple trees that seemed to spell some word. And when some weeks had passed, going again to the spot, the farmer and minister spelled this word, that none ever understood: —

"APPLE BLOSSOM."

Grown heavy with weight of years, the old man knew that this was the last time that under cover of night he would ever return to that spot from which, nearly fifty years before, her feet had sprung from earth into the open clouds. Unwilling to publish her name and story, yet not willing that her grave should be unremembered, he had written, through lines that lived, a name so carefully hidden that it had never passed his lips since that night when he crept out of the rude cabin and knelt beside that little mound. On that far-off night, when first he knelt beside her grave, he was a youth, so strong that it seemed as if he could carry the world between his shoulders. Now he was an old man; and, threading his way out of the forest, he moved as slowly as a wounded deer. Oft upon him came the impulse to turn again and nevermore leave that little mound, for he fain would sleep beside

her. But he put down the impulse, and journeyed slowly northward. He must undertake one more task; and yet all the time he knew that he, too, would in the forest fall on his last sleep; that the aisles in the forest would be his temple and storied abbey, the birds be his choirs, and the boughs be the reeds of the organ, while the autumn winds, sighing from the trees, would chant forth his final funeral requiem.

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH AN OLD MAN ACHIEVES HIS QUEST

Now and then the orchard holds one old apple tree that thinks it has never done enough. Having put forth its bloom for seventy Aprils and Mays, and bent its boughs to the ground with clustered food through seventy autumns, the brave old tree in the very act of dying, when trunk is riven, and boughs are gaunt and bare, still throbs on at the heart, and, working on, down near the ground, in its last April, it puts forth one little twig and unfurls one more blossom. In dying, this apple tree breathes its life away in one last breath that is perfume, and, passing on, leaves behind the fragrance of apple blossoms.

Not otherwise is it with men. Every great and generous nature always feels that it has never done enough. To the very last hour of life a brave man must toil on. The image of his life is not some river that dies away in the sand, ere its course is half run; but rather, some great river, that turns mill-wheels to the last league before it leaps into the infinite sea. And now the man who had always carried seeds with him wanted to open one more furrow, plant one more apple orchard, turn one more wilderness into a garden. Long ago his own generation had gone. The time had now

fully come when the old man who for so many years had pursued his quest of apple blossoms was himself to be cut down, like the tree that is to be transplanted and grow again upon the far-off hills in the garden of God.

It was May of 1839. One morning the old hero stood before a farm-house in Ohio, and with outstretched hands bade farewell to the friends who had given him shelter during the previous winter. He had heard some secret voice; he had detected the flutter of a far-off signal waving for him; he knew that the long life day was all but over. Therefore he desired, with exceeding great desire, to spend his last summer in the forest. Sometimes, indeed, he felt an inner fear and shrinking, but it was only for a moment. The memory of the skeleton that he had found in the forest, the thought that he might fall and die alone, gave him no pause. To die "unwept, unhonored, and unsung" was for him a little thing. He was a man who had never known honor, who had never received praise, who had never held office, who had never had a home, who had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. For fifty years he had shivered under the snows, been drenched by the rains, waded through the rivers; a thousand times had he slept under the open sky. He was a man who, loving home, had never owned a house; who, with a passion for children, had never lifted his own child upon his knee; who, so far as living men could tell, had never known the love of woman or loved a woman in return. Great Mother Nature was his best friend, the forest was his Eden, and he kept

his tryst in the cool of the day with Him who walks in the garden, under the trees, while man, His child, keeps the trees of the earthly Paradise.

Homeless, the old man was very sensitive, fearing lest he was a burden to his friends. Not that the settlers had ever been unkind to him, for they vied with one another in deeds of friendliness, and with eager words urged him to their homes and made him one of them. But he could not bear to be a tax on any one; he who had always borne others' burdens now shrank from burdening others. Deep down in his heart, also, was hidden the wish that in one of his far-off orchards, hidden away in the woods, under the shade of one of his apple trees, and with the perfume of the blossoms on his face, suddenly the signal of release might come. In the great hour of mystery and revelation he wished to be alone — this man who had never been alone since that far-off May morning, when in the church at Redham he had dropped the spray of apple blossoms upon her lap. With sweet thoughts of her he wished to be alone when the messenger of convoy came to bring him home.

One day in September, a Quaker, dwelling in his great farm-house near Fort Wayne, received a message from an old friend who lived in Marietta. This friend wrote that Uncle John Appleseed, the old man who always carried seeds with him, had spent the previous winter at his house; that in May, despite all objections, Uncle John had insisted upon going into the woods to make his way across Indiana to a river's bank in far-off Illinois, where he had planted a new orchard; that early in August

the old man had written from the forest, a few miles from Fort Wayne, but now, for weeks, he had heard nothing from him. Would his friend, therefore, make inquiry, search out the old man's orchard, see if he were still there, and send word again?

How strange this question! Did he know of the old orchardist? Why, there was not a man in the great West but knew of this old husbandman, who went through the forests, the patron saint of orchards, who was ever flitting like a good angel from one settlement to another, who was always grafting and cutting, pruning and digging, in his orchards, bringing in new varieties of peach and pear, of plum and quince, with apples of every hue and flavor, with berries and vines, and shrubs and flowers.

Perhaps the old man had forgotten the story of Ceres that once in his college days he had read and loved: how the beautiful goddess entered the forest to touch the hills and fields, and embroider them with violets and fields of wheat and grass. Standing beside the bog, Ceres touched it, and it became a spring, bubbling forth crystal treasures, a fountain, pure and deep, to which the Pilgrims came to drink. Crossing the desert, her footprints were etched out by violets that sprang up after her. Sitting upon a fallen log, lo! blossoms enwreathed the log and wrapped it over. Waving her hand above bare hillsides, at the signal the yellow grain waved and smiled in the sun. Ceres made beauty follow bareness.

Oh, beautiful story, forecasting this old man,

who was the patron saint of the American orchard, — story, telling us how these starved settlers, these pioneers of hardness, poverty, and misfortune, used to trace this old man's steps through the woods by the orchards he left behind him. For wherever the man who carried seeds with him went, he left behind apple boughs and branches, and a sacred perfume breathed the air.

Little wonder that oft on winter nights, bringing up, from bin and cellar, apples for roasting, the father took the child upon his knee, and told him the story of an old man with bowed form, white hair and beautiful face, who, a generation before, had passed through that land, and who, perhaps, to-night, was somewhere out in the great forest, hundreds of miles away, exposed, perchance, to rain and storm. Little wonder, too, that oft the children, kneeling at their trundle-beds, mingled with their petitions a child's prayer for that Uncle John Appleseed, whom they had never seen, who long before had disappeared among the thick trees never to return, but who had left behind for them the great red apples, with their crisp and spicy juices. Not having seen the hero of the orchard, they all loved him.

Now it happened that when the old Quaker received the letter of inquiry, his home was full of unwonted happiness and joyous excitement. Ten summers, long and crowded and most successful, had passed since he, with his sons and daughters, with servants and treasure of wealth accumulated in the East, had journeyed hither to buy farms many and large. And what a work of transforma-

tion had been accomplished in that wilderness! Lo, the forest had become a field, a fruitful field; the wild prairies were subdued, and had become pastures and meadows.

Also, if other summers had been propitious, this summer had been fruitful above all its fellows. July had given rain with unstinted generosity; August had toiled with unexampled warmth and ardor. Every field had taxed itself for quadruple treasure. The harvest wagons had gone creaking toward the barns, groaning with weight of sheaves. Every bin was overflowing. Men looked forward to Thanksgiving with such an outburst of gratitude as they had never before known. Never had the summer lingered so long into autumn. It was as if the north wind, repenting itself of hostile purposes, had returned to its far-off caverns of ice. The later flowers of aster began to bloom again, and the honey-bees to think that summer days would never be over. Also the south wind once more blew softly through boughs that were stripped of leaves, even as hope blows like the breath of God upon an old man's cheek and whitened hair — those soft winds that come with healing in their wings.

To the happiness of the harvest season also was added another joy, for these who dwelt in the Quaker home were looking forward to a great event on Thanksgiving Day. That feast is the festival of the family. Surely the day dedicated to the home was the best of all days for a young girl's wedding day. All aglow with the forethought of the coming festivity, the Quaker household was filled with a

gentle tumult, a secret happiness, and a great, deep, sacred fervor lay upon this old Quaker's brow, father of splendid sons, and smiles enwreathed the mouth of the Quaker matron, mother of radiant and happy daughters.

At breakfast the farmer said to the family: "I have had a letter from my friend Amos from Ohio. He writes that Uncle John Appleseed is at his orchard in the woods over on Locust Creek, full ten miles away. He says he has not heard from the old man all the summer through, and he asks me to send some messenger, lest events have not gone well with his friend. I have been thinking that I would send this bride, with her brother John, for I need her lover to help about the farm," said the father, with sober face, looking across the table at his daughter.

But from that moment the happy girl knew that her kind old father had planned in his heart that she and her lover were to have a long, happy day driving through the woods, under maple boughs of gold and crimson, and that she was to spend one more summer day in the forest of enchantment before she entered her garden of Eden. So the two lovers drove off, and slowly journeyed, with many a stop under the trees, and many a shout of laughter, staying here to break off a golden bough, and stopping there to gather the red plumage of the sumach, and purple ash.

On and on, through the short September day, the boy and girl drove, until, with reluctant hearts, they came to the valley that marked the end of their journey. There, in the wild forest, they found

an open glade where some one had digged trenches, and dropped rows of apple seeds, with peaches and pears and plums. There, too, they found a rude hut, made of four poles driven into the ground; a hut with bark above it; a hut open on all sides but one, and in front of it a fire, and a few smouldering embers.

Hard by they found an old man, perhaps of seventy years, seated against an oak tree. He sat waiting, for he was expecting the messenger to come bringing release and convoy. At once the lovers knew him for the man they sought. No one could mistake the scarred hero. He was a man with great broad forehead and craggy brows, with two eyes burning like furnaces of fire beneath the overhanging cliffs; an old man bowed with years, unknown and yet known, obscure and yet famous, poor and yet rich beyond the treasures of gold and gems; an old man, dying in the woods among his apple trees, with no comforter save a little book lying open upon his knees. To him they brought their father's message, the message of invitation and hospitality and guidance.

Their father knew his friend Amos. Would he go with them? Then they told him their errand and story.

Yes, he understood.

Amos had written him also about their father, and their coming was not unexpected.

Would they give him an hour's time to make ready? He had certain things to do before going.

The old man knew that he was now to say fare-

well to his life task, and leave the orchard and the wilderness forever.

When the poet Cowper was dying, he went through his library for the last time. His books were his dearest friends. With gentle, reverent touch, he took each favorite book from its shelf, and spoke tender words unto it. Oft these old books had served him in hours of need, charmed his troubles from him, lightened his burdens, stolen like a soft sunbeam into his heart. They had laughed with him, wept with him, sung for him, and prayed for him.

How could he leave them forever! Oh, God! the sorrow of it!

Alone, with tears, he bade each book good-by. Then he slipt away, and an hour later, when the servant came in, he found a smile lying on a face where a soul had been.

And now the hour had come for the old man who carried seeds with him. For nearly fifty years the forest had been the garden of God for him, and, obedient to the heavenly vision, he had kept the trees thereof.

Slowly, and leaning upon his staff, he went with wistful face from vine to vine, from apple tree to apple tree, and breathed his silent prayer that the north wind would deal gently with these young trees, that the snows might be blankets resting lightly on the sleeping roots, and that soon, very soon, the angel of summer and resurrection might come and care for his seeds and orchards, and make the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Then, rubbing bright his pruning knife and spade, his weapons against the forces of wilderness and poverty, implements by which alone he had gained his victory, the old man buried them. Watching from afar, not understanding, the youth and girl marvelled what all these things might mean.

Then, with a great, happy smile upon his face, the old man turned from his orchard and left the apple boughs forever.

And so the boy and girl, riding through the forest, carried the old man over the hills toward the distant home. Bright were those hours with youth and hope, with love and sunshine. In their happiness they forgot the old man lying on the boughs behind them. Little wonder, for he seemed to rest and also to sleep. But he who watched their happiness knew a deeper joy than had ever come to them. It seemed like the special token of God's favor that to him it was given to behold such happiness.

The old man's heart was as white as a drifting cloud. His spirit was as tranquil as the summer sky. He smiled the smiles of youth, hoped with youth's hope, rejoiced with exultant joy, for the quiet man's heart held tides that ran deep. All the long afternoon through he lived his own youth over. Now he was young again ; again astride his favorite horse Pompey ; again he was riding through the night ; once more he drew rein beside a veranda, and the moonlight made her sweet face to be as clearly seen as the evening sunshine made the Quaker girl's beauty apparent.

In his dreams once more he heard her say: "I knew you would come. I have been expecting you."

Once more her hand crept into his, and, again with her, he was caught up into the heavens of youth and love, above all possibility of fear or loneliness or any such thing.

At sunset, in the twilight, the wagon stood in front of the Quaker's house, but the happiness of the afternoon had overtaxed an old man's strength. Gentle hands led him up the broad stairs, into a great room, with windows looking out upon an orchard. "I climb but slowly," he said, resting on the stair.

"It is always so with those who carry a heavy weight of honor," was the girl's reply.

The old man turned and looked long and wistfully upon her, saying, "It is a word such as *she* would have spoken to an old man."

In the great south room they laid the old man down — a man whose heart was now exhaling happiness and prayers toward Him who dwells above the stars, even as the sea exhales its whitest mists, sending them upward toward the summer's sun. For now the good God was calling the old man home.

With rest, on these autumn days, came a little respite, as if to make the hero ready. Life lingered a little, as the sun lingers in the western sky, after the day is done. Soon the happy days of September journeyed on into the rich autumnal beauties of October. Soon, also, Indian summer dwelt in November. And still the patron saint of the apple orchard sat in the great chair beside the fireplace,

and in the late November days watched these happy girls and boys decorate the house with woodbine and red berries. For these Quakers, who wore the gentle-tinted dress of gray, and named the one daughter Ruth, believed in the beautiful, if only God did make it.

Oh, those long, happy, and treasured nights of reminiscence and high converse!

At eventide it shall be light. The path of the just shineth more and more! What wealth is an old man's memory, richer than the Vatican with its storied treasure! What possessions of heroism, adventure, adversity, battles, victory, had this old man to bring forth! And so it came to be the custom for the family, when the long day was over, to gather around this old man's chair. With gentle words his Quaker friend plied him with questions, knowing that Uncle John lived in the far-off yesterdays.

One afternoon, when the sun was low, the young girl, looking forward to her wedding day, came up to the orchardist's room, to bring him down to supper. Her tender purity and beauty had drawn out his full love, and now she had come to seem to him only less than his own daughter. Stealing up behind his chair, she combed his hair.

Suddenly she discovered that the old man's face was tense, and his cheeks covered with a flood of tears.

With a gentle apology, he seemed disturbed and ashamed. "You know my mother died when I was a child. My era was the old Puritan's era. I never had a woman comb my hair."

"But, Uncle John, who sewed the buttons on for you during the last fifty years while you have been wandering in the forest?"

"A thorn stuck through a garment was the first button that your ancestors had, my dear."

"But who darned your stockings?"

"When the hole was large, I tied a string around it, — that is, when I happened to have stockings. When the hole got too large for that, being as large at the bottom as at the top — then I threw them away."

"But father says that you have planted hundreds of orchards in the forest glades during the last fifty years. Who taught you to cook, Uncle John?"

"I think I always knew how to cook, my dear. The first winter I spent in the woods, I came to a group of surveyors and explorers. I cooked for them for two weeks, and never lost a man," said the old man, with twinkling eyes. And with many a gentle reminiscence and laughing question and answer, these two built up their friendship.

"Do you want to win my heart, Uncle John?" she said one night.

"Win your heart, my child? Give me back the heart I have lost."

And then he left an old man's kiss upon a young girl's brow, and Spring threw her arms around the neck of Winter. And so, with gentle art, she brought him comfort.

When the eyes fail, and a man becomes blind, then the life forces strengthen the ears, and it seems as if the man becomes strangely sensitive to sounds and music. Not otherwise in old age;

the vital forces forsake the body, that they may strengthen the mind. In old age, why does the hand lose its cunning, the ear its skill, and the eye its light? It is that all the forces of man's being may strike in and lend their riches to the heart.

In those days, this old man who had been starved so long, and was famished for want of love, welcomed the tenderness of this young Quaker girl who gave him a daughter's solicitude and affection. Not that his love thirst was quenched. If his eyes oft lingered upon a girl here, his thoughts were ever upon one who stood on the edge of the battlements yonder. For his was a love hunger that God alone could satisfy — God, and that sweet girl whom he had lost. For the deep things in the old man's heart answered unto the deep things of God.

What happy days and hours were these in which the old man was ending his career and the young girl making ready for her Eden! Oft he became restless if she was out of his sight, even for a moment. Oft he followed her about in those days when she was decorating the house against the wedding day. Full oft, with gentle raillery, she put her strong young hands upon his shoulders, and pushed him down into the chair.

One day the Quaker boy, her lover, knocked at the old man's door and, with Ruth, entered the room.

Because her thoughts were his thoughts, and his thoughts belonged to her, something made the young girl bold, and she said, as she leaned over his chair, "How is it that you, Uncle John, who love so deeply and are so lovable, never had a lover?"

The old man started. Had he, then, betrayed his secret? Then still concealing, sensitive, — sensitive and reserved, — he who had his holy of holies in the temple of his heart, who had closed that door to all eyes, whose threshold no foot had ever crossed to look upon the face of one whose portrait was on the walls of that holy spot, now drew the door of his sanctuary the closer. Seemingly revealing, he carefully hid his story.

"I will tell you a story, my child. When our Pilgrim fathers went down into the hold of that good ship, the *Mayflower*, some men led wife down with them; but now and then a man there was who crossed the sea alone. It was given unto him, beyond the sea, to lay the foundation of his fireside, and on its altar kindle the sacred flame. Soon I am going down unto death, to sail away as men go down into ships. The ship disappears behind the horizon; it does not sink. Beyond the flood of waters I shall find a haven, as did our Pilgrim fathers. Who knows but that there I may have a home of happiness like yours here? Who knows, my children?

"For you must not pity me.

"In your happiness you think I am lonely — and yet I have never been alone in my life."

And then the Quaker boy and girl knelt down, while an old man blessed them.

Something seemed to be troubling the white-haired man, whose face was clear cut like the face of the patrician scholar.

"My boy," he said, taking the young Quaker lad's hand, while Ruth with both hands clung to

the boy's arm, and looked up into his face with quenchless trust and admiring love, knowing in whom she had put her faith.

"My boy," he began again, "to-morrow your Thanksgiving Day will know overflowing joy. Your feet will fall into new paths. Others will give you many a charge. One will tell you how to gain gold; another will tell you how to gain lands; another will tell you how to achieve honors. Some will say, 'These are the paths that lead to prosperity.' But I, too, have a charge to give you; and the charge is this! Trust your ideals, and hold them before you as a torch in the hand.

"If the torch burns low, replenish it.

"If the torch should ever fall, seize it quickly again.

"Losing the ideal, and ceasing to trust it, though you gain all other things, you will lose happiness.

"When this torch goes out and burns low in the socket, one moves forward into midnight. But, if only you keep this light burning brightly, and follow the gleam, so long as the ideals blaze and shine upon the path, your home will be happy, though you lose all things else.

"I have spent nearly all my life in apple orchards. Now that I am an old man, nothing is so beautiful as an apple tree, with vast trunk and widespread branches, that in May is one solid mass and overplus of blossom, and in October one glow of clustered fruit. What if an old apple tree should say, what many old men say? — 'Once I believed in apple blossoms, with their perfume. Once the birds sang in my boughs. Once the herds and

flocks found shelter under my branches. Once the school children and the lovers came to me for fruit. Once a little spring bubbled near my roots. But now, I put away all that sentiment. No more dreams for me. For me, no more blossoms. I believe in firewood and practical things. No more bird's-nests and sweet songs in my boughs — the rather clubs with which to strike, and shafts for spears.' Surely what seems foolish and wicked in an apple tree, to give up bloom and fruit, in favor of bareness and caterpillars' nests and gnarled boughs, must also be bad for men.

"My children, to the end, love one another. Once Jacob had a tent, and he brought Rachel to it. The lovers were so poor that the only lamp they had at night was the lamp of the firefly's wings, but love made the tent to be the gate of paradise. Love steals into the heart like a soft sunbeam into an open window. Love makes a bar of sunshine lie across the years. To-day it warms my heart to behold your love. I stretch out my hands to you as a pilgrim stretches out his hands above a blazing fire on the hearth."

Then silence fell upon the room. Then, also, Hope took up the Quaker boy and girl and swept them forward; pushed back their horizon also, and, lo! they saw the far-off years all aglow with lov and happiness.

But while they looked straight forward, and with shining eyes saw Hope's far-off harvest of tears lying behind the horizon, they quite forgot this dear old friend who desired with exceeding great desire to have them achieve every form of happiness.

They had no eyes for him, and wist not the smiles that played over his face. They knew not his thoughts — they could not know them; they dreamed not — they could not dream; they understood not — they had not the experience to understand the great, deep happiness that was his through a sacred love that passeth knowledge. Childhood is a bough of unblossomed buds; youth holds many a flower of promise; but neither childhood nor youth is ripe enough to understand what power for enrichment time, God, and the resources of His love hold for the human soul.

Music is not in the rushing air; music is in the rich reeds and pipes through which the air doth pass. Happiness is not in gold or house, in office or in land. Happiness is in the timbre of that rich harp, named the human soul. When it is in tune with God, music trembles upon all the chords. Bread borrows its sweetness from the keen appetite. For the healthy growing boy a crust is ambrosial food.

"My children," he said, speaking in a tone scarcely above a whisper, that the young girl remembered afterward as one remembers the strains of far-off music, — "my children, when I was a boy in college I read many strange legends." And then something whispered to Ruth that under the veil of some story he was revealing the secret of his inner life. Perhaps for a single moment the door to the sanctuary stood ajar, and, looking in, the young girl caught a glimpse of an altar, where Love lingered, and where the sacred fire had never burned low.

"Once there was a youth who was sent into a

far country, through the wisdom of his father. The youth found a land, strange and rich; its towns and cities were many, and the streets thereof full of strange sights that charmed the boy and held him in a spell. But when he had dwelt there now a long time, the father planned to throw the boy upon his own resources and make him strong and self-sufficing. Forecasting his future, he gave orders that the boy should go forth and do hard work and undertake a long and hazardous journey. But lest the way be too long and the journey too hard, unknown to the youth he put his son in charge of one of those celestial beings who, in the olden time, entered the earthly scene to help ignorant men.

"Now, when the youth beheld the face of this guide, he loved her, with love pure and deep even as she loved him.

"Standing beside him, the goddess whispered: 'I have been sent to guide you, but I must lead you over ways that you will not understand. The path may bring us into the wilderness, and oft the stones will cut your feet. It will take us over the desert, with its burning sands, but you must follow my footprints. It will lead us through the forest, where the thorns may tear the flesh. If the way hovers near the edge of a precipice, you must not fear.'

"'I will trust you. I will not be afraid,' was the boy's answer.

"So the two set forth upon the journey across the continent between the seas.

"Now, from that hour it was not given to the youth to behold the form of his guide. He fol-

lowed, but he seemed alone, and sometimes uncertainty dwelt within him. The path went farther and farther into the wilderness, through forests, over rivers, across burning sands, over the mountains, on, and still on.

"Going through the thickets, the thorns tore his robes to tatters; in rough places the stones cut his feet, and left them bruised and bleeding; sometimes his task seemed greater than he could bear. Also, it was a solitary way, save as now and then he came to a footprint, telling him that the one he pursued had certainly passed that way.

"Soon the morning became noon, the noon descended toward night, and such draughts had the journey made upon his strength that it seemed to him as if the weakness of old age was now upon him, while the occasional sight of that beautiful one he was now pursuing was the glimpse of one who was young and divinely fair.

"But in the hour when the darkness fell, and hope and fear struggled for the mastery, and he seemed to himself to have been defeated in the long quest — suddenly the forest opened, and lo! yonder stood the Palace Beautiful. In the air also dwelt the rustle of garments. The youth felt an unseen presence near, and there upon the threshold stood the one whom he had pursued. But when his feet touched that threshold, lo! his weakness and his old age fell off, and he was clothed with youth and strength as with garments. Victorious was he, after the long life pursuit. Then one glimpse of her face, one word of rapturous love from her lips, and he was repaid ten thousand times for the

life-long quest of one who bore in her hand the spray of apple blossoms — I mean — what did I say — I mean, his life-long quest — of one who had been to him as the angel of God."

That night the lover said to Ruth, "What is the mystery about the spray of apple blossoms?" But the girl knew not the meaning.

That night came the wedding.

From every direction came groups to join the great company, assembled to meet and greet the old Quaker, and all who dwelt within his home. Joy filled all the hours like a summer's brook that with unwonted rains overflows its banks. Unequal to the excitement and the tumult of voices, the old man sat in a nook beside the great open fireplace and knew great weight of happiness. Afterward, when all the company had passed before Ruth and her lover, and given her all good wishes and a thousand hopes of happiness and good fortune, the young girl bethought herself of him who seemed only less dear than her own father. Slipping away from the bridal circle, she came for her old friend's farewell, that she might cause him to know that hers was a daughter's love, a love that would not be dimmed by distance nor lessened by years.

And then, rejoicing with the young girl's happiness, himself aglow with pride in her beauty, his spirit rose triumphant, and he blessed her and she was comforted.

But from the hour that Ruth went away, the sands of life ran out for him.

Gone all the guests! The great house was silent

again. The hour was midnight. But, coming up to see his guest, the Quaker host found the old man strangely exalted in his mood. Against all protest he urged the Quaker to bring his children and his grandchildren up to his room. Then, stretching out his hand, he took the old book that was always near him, and read a psalm, and while the children knelt around him, the man who had always carried seeds with him breathed a gentle prayer, that seemed like the sighing of the wind through autumn branches.

Some instinct taught him that the hosts of winter were soon to be abroad in the land. Even now the north wind began to blow sharply, shaking the windows. Also the first snow was beginning to fall like ashes through the air. Listening to the storm and the wind whistling down the chimney, the little company shivered. The child clung closer to his mother, and the men drew their chairs about the fire. But the old man seemed to be thinking of his trees and the winter, as well as of the kneeling household.

He read these last words of Jesus Christ, beginning, "'Let not your heart be troubled.'

"The fruit on His tree grows high above man's head. None could have reached it had Christ not bent the boughs down low for us little children," he said. Then he closed the book!

After that he prayed.

His prayer was not the prayer of those who dwell in ceiled houses.

His words were those of a man who had always dwelt in orchards, and kept the trees thereof.

"Thou God of the north wind, remember now Thine earth garden. Blow softly, thou south wind, and bring summer upon thy wings. Come in, Thou Husbandman of Time, and rejoice in the trees thou hast planted! Give unto these children to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Tending the tree of life, may its boughs shelter them from life's fierce heat and its branches shade them from all fierce storms. May no sin expel them from their Eden, and no angel of remorse, with sword of flame, drive them from their Paradise. Oh! let their way never be solitary nor their arms empty. Journeying through the wilderness to sow all places with the good seed of wisdom and righteousness, let them return, bringing their sheaves with them. Oh, God, may the way that brings their young feet unto the City of God be a short way. And now, forgive our sin. If it be time to-night, give us release. Come soon, Lord! Delay not! Forgive an old man's homesickness for heaven. Sleeping amidst the storm, give him to awaken on the morrow to behold Thy face and to see his beloved dead! Amen."

At midnight the storm became a tempest. The old Quaker walked to the window and drew the curtain. The clouds were heavy, and the sky had stooped to touch the earth. "It will be a wild night," he said. Even while he gazed, the storm deepened into a fierce tumult. In the forest, the great wind bowed the trees like swaying wheat, broke the oaks and made their limbs come crashing down. But, looking at the old man's face, the Quaker understood. God had sent His messengers.

The storm clouds were His chariots and angels, come to give His servant release, guidance, and convoy homeward.

For while the Quaker stood looking at his friend's face, the old man began to talk of orchards and seeds.

Perhaps his childhood's teaching about the lost Eden had come back.

"'Thou madest man to tend the trees of the garden. Thou sendest an angel with flaming sword to keep the gate thereof.'"

Surely not for his own sin had God thrust this dying man out midst thorns and thistles, to earn his bread through the sweat of his brow.

The candle flickered lower in the socket; then once — and twice — flamed up again.

"'He shall be like a tree planted by rivers of waters.'" Here his words wandered.

Words, too, that he had loved and lingered upon for forty years were now unconsciously upon his lips.

"'And the tree of life yieldeth fruit every month. And its leaves heal the wounds of the nations.'" These words he whispered over and over.

Opening his eyes, he smiled wistfully, looking at the Quaker, who stooped to hear him. "'And they shall see God's face, and be satisfied.'"

The Quaker's tears fell like rain.

Satisfied! what word was this? Long and long hath the dove sought a resting-place for its wing, and found none.

At last, after the long, weary flight over the waste of waters, it is now to alight on the eaves of God's house!

Do dying men recount all the things of their youth?

The old man murmured certain words that his friend could not understand.

"And Evander said, 'O that I were as in the days of my youth, when I led my army out in the valley of Prænestе.'"

Were these the words of his favorite Virgil? Did the dying man fear that weakness and the broken faculties of old age betoken degradation? Perchance, for the moment, he had forgotten that old age and weakness would soon be shaken from his shoulders, as a strong man shakes the autumn leaves from his coat.

For an hour the candle burned low — then flickered up once more.

"I shall see her soon."

Then suddenly the sun cleared itself of all clouds. Starting up, with the old sweet smile upon his face, and with uplifted hands in greeting, he whispered:—

"My beloved! — my beloved! — Oh, my beloved!"

Then the light that had long burned low fluttered out forever.

Talking of apple blossoms, and green fields, and with Dorothy's sweet name upon his lips, he passed away.

After hard battles, on a far-off frontier, the scarred soldier had gone home.

Then the clouds drew closer about the house. Closer and still closer drew the clouds about that house, brooding it like the wings of God!

* * * * * * *

In the morning, throwing wide his windows, the Quaker looked out upon an untroubled world. The day had dawned, and the shadows had fled away. No mist stained the heavens. Clear and crisp and rich as wine seemed the spiced air. At noon, also, Indian summer was again upon the earth.

Swiftly the farmers' boys spread the news of the old orchardist's death.

The sorrow was a universal sorrow. When the second afternoon had come, all the people assembled to do honor to the memory of their old friend. In that hour it seemed impossible that they could have seen so little of one of whom they had heard so much for, lo! these forty years. Unseen by them he long had been, but they loved him!

For a generation their orchards had been his thought. Now his name and work were theirs. Near his apple trees he must sleep. And so, on the next afternoon, the farmers' wagons and the horsemen started for the long drive through the forest toward the little orchard in that far-off open glade. A soft, silken splendor lay like the smile of God upon the earth. Understanding, the Quaker broke off many golden boughs and branches of scarlet oak and golden maple and sable pine, of purple ash and brilliant sumach. When the little mound was made, and hidden beneath the rich boughs, it was as if all the flowers and fruits had assembled to cast their offerings down before the god of summer.

Standing there, the silent Quaker at last broke into speech.

"My neighbors and friends: —

"The old man whom we bury to-day, in dying, talked much about his orchards. For him, this world was God's garden, and he was sent to tend and keep the trees. His voice was the voice of one who planted in the wilderness, and his one ambition was to change the forest into the garden of God. For forty years he has gone through the wilderness, planting trees and vines, and making ready for the coming of pioneers and their children. For our sake he knew hunger, nakedness, cold. For us he endured fever and thirst, the perils of wild beasts, and the perils of still more savage men. Once, after weeks when he was lost in the forest, he returned to a settlement, dazed and out of his mind. For a long time afterward he went about with a heavy cloud resting upon his reason. Misunderstanding, some have called him crazy. What hands imposed his great task and made him equal to it, no man knoweth. His wonderful career is full of silence and mystery. In life he was pierced by many wounds, but I trust the leaves of God's trees have now healed those wounds of the heart. Now that he has gone, I give his achievement and career a place among the great things of the republic. In an era that produced great men, he stands forth among the greatest. He was such an one as could have been produced nowhere else, save in this new world, a man unique, original, rugged, pathetic, picturesque, broken-hearted, but victorious! To-day we bury his body in peace, but his name shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

Then they went away and left him lying under his apple trees!

Since that far-off November day, full seventy years have passed over the republic. Seventy times the snows have fallen and covered the earth, to melt again. Seventy times, also, under the stroke of spring, the apple boughs have breathed their perfume back to God. The great Ohio and Mississippi valleys have become the seat of mighty states. The whole land teems with towns and cities. Steamers ply up and down the rivers. Like shining shuttles, the trains flit back and forth, weaving the texture of a civilization that lies like a cloth of gold on all the land!

Every Thanksgiving time, also, comes with unwonted happiness to our earth. Then eighty millions of people understand the treasures of the orchards, for the markets in the cities are filled with apples and pears, with plums and peaches and clustered grapes. Gone want and poverty from our people. The whole land has become the garden of God. The new Eden has opened its gates for entrance, and the trees bend the boughs so low that the little ones may pluck the fruit thereof. To-day childhood rejoices, and all the people are glad. The orchards have ripened their fruits, and in peace every man sits under his own vine and tree. But now, all forgotten that scarred hero who made good fortune possible to the people of the republic! Forgotten the man who always carried seeds with him, who clothed the great West with its harvests of happiness, and whose orchards have added untold wealth to the nations!

In the forest, a few miles from Fort Wayne, — in the great state that has become one wide-lying orchard, — the old man sleeps. In the spring the wild thorn-apple waves its boughs of pink and white above his unmarked grave. In the autumn, the weeping vines, the solemn pines, the oaks, and elms chant forth his solemn funeral requiem. Searching out that little mound, that is one of the most sacred spots on this wide continent, I thought of the noble army of forgotten benefactors. Some die and leave monuments behind them, and some perish from earth and leave no memorial. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, but their works do follow them."

Gone the old man who always carried seeds with him! Gone forever the days when he found an open glade in the forest, planted his apple trees, and wove a brush fence against the deer and antelope! Gone all his perils in the wilderness, his perils in the waters, his perils of wild beasts, his perils of wilder men. Never again will he shiver under the drenching rains, or ache with biting frost and snow, or tear his way through thorns and thickets. Never again, through hunger and exposure, will his mind be clouded!

But in my dreams, oft I see an old man journeying through the wilderness. His hair is white, his hands are thin and worn. He is bowed down with care, and, toiling forward, he wears sorrow like a garment. On and on I see him go, through rain and mist, through snow and fiery hail! On and on, until he comes to the valley and shadow, — and then for a moment he disappears from sight; but

in my dreams I see him come up out of the river, and lo! as the hosts come forth to bring him in, all is changed. Again he is a youth, clothed with strength and beauty, and behold a young girl comes forth to meet him. Across the grass the young girl comes, with the love-light upon her shining face, and in her hands, lo! a spray of apple blossoms. Then hand in hand they go over the grass, wet with the dew of Eden, on and on, up the happy hills of God, to ask of Him their hard questions, and to tell Him their life story.

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